

THE
W O R K S
OF THE
P O E T S
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTH,
CONTAINING,
THE WHOLE POETICAL WORKS OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
INCLUDING HIS TRANSLATIONS OF
HOMER'S ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

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HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivaled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great Geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but steal wisely; for Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the Invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἵσαν, ὡσεὶ τε περὶ χθονὶ πᾶσα νέμειτο.

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“ They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.” It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor : it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand ; but this poetical fire, this “ *vivida vis animi*,” in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant ; in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes : in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art : in Shakespeare it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven ; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to shew, how this vast Invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections ; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters ; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his descriptions ; but, wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of Fable. That which Aristotle calls the “ Soul of poetry,” was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first ; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The Probable Fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature : or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of counsels, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer’s poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises ; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil

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and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the Allegorical Fable : if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us ! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons ; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed ! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer ; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner ; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous Fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them : none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set : every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful ; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons ; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprizing a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable ; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command ; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding : of Hector, active and vigilant ; the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition ; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people : we find in Idomeneus, a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom ; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage ; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence ; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner ; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike ; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree ; and we

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see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the Invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We often think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture; Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination: to which all things in their various views presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprizing as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer, shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the Gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction,

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which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This is a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motions of Hector's plumes in the epithet *κορυθαίολον*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *εὐροσίφυλλον*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of those epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels and consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Eolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is that fewer criticks have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our Author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspired vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners

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more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions are full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been said of Virgil with regard to any of these heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

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If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the Gods, and the vicious and the imperfect manners of his Heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with madam Dacier, "that * those times and manners are so much the more excellent as they are more contrary to ours," Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? on the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern criticks, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprizing vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his Gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed.†" Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would

* Preface to her Homer.

† Hesiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

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imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these criticks never so much as heard of Homer's having written first: a consideration which whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssæis* above the *Æneis*: as that the hero is a wiser man: and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations; this is the conduct of Perault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief Invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of criticks: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; Nature and Art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression.

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If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical intolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the Fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however it is the safest way to be content with preserving this to the utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style; some of his translators having swelled into fustian, in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would sooner pay don frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dullness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bold and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the means between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the Scripture and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired Writings, that the Divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the purity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

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There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly express'd in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *ἰνδοίφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἰνέβαλος*, or "far-shooting" is capable of two explications; one literal, in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that God; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the Author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authoris'd to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possess'd of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavour'd at this beauty.

Upon the whole I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequently interpolations of

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four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odysses*, ver. 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one may think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inasmuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Buffy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually loses them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: though they are confessedly the first in the common-wealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fullness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity; perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's *Telmachus* may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and

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Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few: those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the Publick, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the Great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet; that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) so complete a praise.

“ Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
 “ For all books else appear so mean and poor,
 “ Verse will seem Prose : but still persist to read,
 “ And Homer will be all the Books you need.”

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critick of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon: but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive

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that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shewn me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the Wits of after ages for his defenders, his translator has had the Beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner, neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

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THE
ENGLISH POETS.

POPE'S HOMER.

THE
I L I A D,
BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of
Jove.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power? 10
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.

Suppliant the venerable father stands,
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands :
 By these he begs ; and lowly bending down,
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
 He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother kings, of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors ! may your vows be
 crown'd,

And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground ;
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But oh ! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again ;
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
 And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Cræans in shouts their joint assent declare,
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
 Not to Atreides, he, with kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred fire, and thus reply'd :

Hence, on thy life, and fly those hostile plains,
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains ;
 Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain ;
 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in
 vain ;

Till time shall rife every youthful grace,
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
 Hence then, to Argos shall the maid retire,
 Far from her native soil, and weeping fire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main :
 Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
 The God who darts around the world his rays.

O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
 Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores,
 And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores :
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;
 God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

Thus Chryses pray'd : The favouring power at-
 tends,

And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
 Beneath his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ;
 Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound ;
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
 And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
 On mules and dogs the infection first began ;
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
 For nine long nights through all the dusky air
 The pyres thick flaming shot a dismal glare.
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
 Inspir'd by Juno, Theris' god-like son
 Conven'd to council all the Grecian train :
 For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd :

Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
 And measure back the seas we cross before ?

The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.

But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
 So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.

He said, and sat : when Chalcas thus repli'd :
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew :
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

Belov'd of Jove, Achilles ! would'st thou know
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow ?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
 Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies ;
 For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
 'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides. From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without con-
 troul.

Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare ;
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek of all the numerous band
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand :
 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies ;
 Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest,
 Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
 The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The prophet spoke ; when with a gloomy frown
 The monarch started from his shining throne ;
 Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
 Augur accurs ! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill !
 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king ?
 For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their Lord ?
 For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
 Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd ;
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
 And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold ?
 A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
 Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
 When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
 Yet if the Gods demand her, let her fail ;
 Our cares are only for the public weal :

Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies) 155
Fond of the power, but sonder of the prize!
Would'it thou the Greeks their lawful prey should
yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160
But to resume what'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilium shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers 165
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.
Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possist of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand shall seize some other captive dame;
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
But this when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the far the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend: 185
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
Or wife Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.
At this Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:
O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me: 200
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike couriers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-ruddying main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
To avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? 210
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Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
An' dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, 215
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial presents to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thetis's shore.
Lent by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atreides gain?
To this the king. Fly, mighty warrior! fly, 225
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the God's distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear: 230
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy:
If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength be-
stow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land:
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245
Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour.
Thou flood'it a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known,
That kings are subjects to the Gods alone. 250
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now ur'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw his deadly sword, 255
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty
lord:
This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade, 260
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind the flood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confest; 265
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.
Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear. 270
From Argus' son: then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind. 275
 By awful Juno this command is given;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel.
 But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
 For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285
 Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.
 To her Pelides. With reverend ear
 'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy d' states hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
 Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless. 290
 He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
 Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295
 Which thus redoubling on Atreides broke.
 O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
 Thou dog in fore head, but in heart a deer!
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die,
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base! 305
 Sent by Jove's anger on a slavish race,
 Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
 Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree:
 This scepter, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
 From whom the power of laws and justice 315
 springs
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
 By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, he shall call in vain.
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to
 the read
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness
 gave,
 Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
 Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.
 He spoke: and furious hurl'd against the
 ground 325
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
 The raging king returned his frowns again.
 To calm their passions with the words of age,
 Slow from his seat arose the Pelian sage, 330
 Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
 Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;

Two generations now had pass'd away,
 Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway;
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.
 All view'd with awe the venerable man;
 Who thus with mild benevolence began:
 What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what
 joy
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of
 Troy!
 That adverse Gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as you are, this youthful head restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom
 vain.
 A Godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345
 Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led:
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.
 Strongest of men, thy pierc'd the mountain
 boar, 350
 Rang'd the wild desarts red with monsters
 gore, 356
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd:
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise; 360
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atreides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
 Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside. 363
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like Gods in strength, and of a Goddess born;
 Him, awful majesty exalts above
 The powers of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
 Let both unite, with well consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king! to claim Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it Gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host. 375
 This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies.
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect controul.
 Before his pride must his superiours fall,
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourselves obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the Gods his matchless force hath
 given;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from Heaven? 385
 Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke:
 Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain;

Should I submit to each unjust decree : 390
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see return'd ;
 And seize secure ; no more Achilles draws
 His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
 The Gods command me to forgive the past ;
 But let this first invasion be the last :
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st in-
 vade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
 At this they ceas'd ; the stern debate expir'd : 400

The chiefs in fullen majesty retir'd.
 Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
 A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores : 405
 High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd ;
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
 Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
 The host to expiate, next the king prepares, 410

With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.
 Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid, 415
 The fable fumes in curling spires arise,
 And waft their grateful odours to the skies.
 The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
 Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
 To wait his will, two sacred heralds stood, 420
 Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
 Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
 Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize :
 Submit he must ; or, if they will not part,
 Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart. 425

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's com-
 mands ;
 Pensive they walk along the barren sands :
 Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
 At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
 Loth to advance, or speak their hard command ;
 Decent confusion ! This the godlike man
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began :

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
 Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods ! 435
 I know your message ; by constraint you came ;
 Not you, but your imperious lord I blame,
 Patroclus haste, the fair Briseis bring ;
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
 Witness to Gods above, and men below !
 But first, and loudest to your prince declare,
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear ;
 Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
 Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry
 vein : 445

The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
 Unkill'd to judge the future by the past,
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought ; 450
 She, in soft sorrow, and in pensive thought,
 Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
 And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the
 strand.
 Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore ;
 But sad retiring to the founding shore, 455
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother
 sprung :

There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main :
 O parent Goddess ! since in early bloom 460
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom ;
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
 Great Jove in Justice should this span adorn :
 Honour and fame at least the Thunderer ow'd,
 And ill he pays the promise of a God : 465
 If you proud monarch thus thy son desies,
 Obscures my glories, and retunes my prize.
 Far from the deep recesses of the main,
 Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
 The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide : 470

And like a mist she rose above the tide ;
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
 And thus the furrows of his soul explores.
 Why grieves my son ? Thy anguish let me share,
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care. 475
 He deeply sighing said : To tell my woe,
 Is but to mention what too well you know.
 From Thebè sacred to Apollo's name,
 (Ælion's realm) our conquering army came,
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils : 480
 Whose just divisions crown'd the foldier's toils ;
 But bright Chryseis, heavenly prize ! was led,
 By vote selected, to the general's bed.
 The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain ; 485

The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
 Entreating all : but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :
 The generous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490

The priest to reverence, and release the fair ;
 Not so Atrides : He, with wonted pride,
 The fire insulted, and his gifts deny'd ;
 Th' insulted fire (his God's peculiar care)
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the
 prayer :

A dreadful plague ensues ; th' avenging darts 495
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspir'd by Heaven arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives t
 woes.

Myself the first th' assembled chiefs inclin : 500
 To avert the vengeance of the power divine ;
 Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats per-
 form'd :

The fair Chryseis to her fire was sent,
 With offer'd gifts to make the God relent ; 505

But now he seiz'd Briseis heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
But, Goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urges all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth of all th' æthereal host,

515

When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, the monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven, 520
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven.

Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along:

Not * he that shakes the solid earth so strong:

525

With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropt the scepters, trembled, and ador'd.
This, Goddess, this to his remembrance call, 530
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall:
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl their headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the mores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:

535

Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.

Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies, 540
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of Heaven to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too! 545
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.

Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Mean time, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The fire of Gods and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555
Now mix with mortals, nor distant to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race:
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.

Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560

The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

* Neptune.

The Goddess spoke: the rolling waves un-
close;

Then down the deep she plung'd from whence
the rose,

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
Chryseis last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the Hero said: 575
Hail! reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful
dome

A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God, who scatters darts around, 580
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the fire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately fought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring: 585

With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
Whose power incircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflame the raging pest; 595

Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
And with their heads to Heaven the victims
slew:

The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part. 605

The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames as-
pire;

The youth with instruments surround the fire;
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd, 610
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
The youths with wine the copious goblets
crown'd,

And, plac'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the jovous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends;

The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong ; 620

Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night : the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky :

Then launch, and hoist the mast : indulgent gales,

Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails ; 625

The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,

The parted ocean foams and roars below :

Above the bounding billows swift they flew,

Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.

Far on the beach they haul their bark to land 630

(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand) :

Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay

The ships and tents in mingled prospects lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy fate

The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ; 635

Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd ;

But waiting cares lay heavy on his mind :

In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,

And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light 640

The Gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height :

Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,

Leads the long order of ethereal powers.

When like the morning mist in early day,

Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea ; 645

And to the seats divine her flight address'd.

There, far apart, and high above the rest,

The Thunderer sat : where old Olympus shrouds

His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.

Suppliant the Goddesses stood : one hand she plac'd 650

Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd :

If e'er, O Father of the Gods ! she said,

My words could please thee, or my actions aid ;

Some marks of honour on my son bestow,

And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655

Fame is at least by heavenly promise due

To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.

Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise !

Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise ;

Till the proud kind, and all the Achaian race, 660

Shall heap with honour him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held

The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.

Not so repuls'd, the Goddesses closer press'd,

Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request : 665

O fire of Gods and men ! thy suppliant hear ;

Refuse, or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ?

Or, oh declare, of all the powers above,

Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies, 670

Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies ?

What hast thou ask'd ? Ah why should Jove engage

In foreign contests, and domestic rage,

The Gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,

While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms ? 675

Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway

With jealous eyes thy close access survey ;

But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped :

Witness the sacred honour of our head,

The nod that ratifies the will divine 680

The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign,

This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows—

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows ;

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod ;

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God : 685

High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,

And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the Goddesses flies,

Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.

The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690

The coming God, and from their thrones of state

Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,

Before the majesty of heaven appear.

Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,

All, but the God's imperious queen alone : 695

Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,

And all her passions kindled into flame.

Say, awful manager of heaven (she cries)

Who now partakes the secrets of the skies ?

Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700

In vain the partner of imperial state.

What favourite Goddesses then those cares divides,

Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides ?

To this the Thunderer ; Seek not thou to find

The sacred counsels of Almighty mind : 705

Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,

Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.

What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know

The first of Gods above and men below ;

But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll 710

Deep in the close recesses of my soul.

Full on the fire the Goddesses of the skies

Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,

And thus return'd : Austere Saturnius, say

From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway ? 715

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,

And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.

But 'tis for Greece I fear : for late was seen

In close consult the Silver-footed Queen.

Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720

Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.

What fatal favour has the Goddesses won,

To grace her fierce, inexorable son ?

Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,

And glut his vengeance with my people slain. 725

Then thus the God : Oh restless fate of pride,

That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide ;

Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,

Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.

Let this suffice ; th' immutable decree 730

No force can shake : what is, that ought to be.

Goddesses, submit, nor dare our will withstand,

But dread th' power of this avenging hand ;

Th' united strength of all the Gods above

In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove. 735

The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the Queen
reply :

A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe ;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design, 740
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine :
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, Gods ! of your debate :
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy. 745
Thou Goddess-mother, with our fire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky ;
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightening, and dethrone the
Gods.

If you submit, the Thunderer stands appeas'd ;

The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd. 750

Thus Vulcan spoke ; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a chearful way,
Goddess, (he cried) be patient and obey. 755
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God so daring in your aid to move.
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?

Once in your cause I felt his matchless might, 760

Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal
height ;

Toft all the day in rapid circles round ;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the
ground :

Breathless I fell, in giddy motions lost ;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast. 765

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which with a smile, the white-arm'd queen re-
ceiv'd.

Then to the rest he fill'd ; and in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.

Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies, 770
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.

Apollo tun'd the lyre ; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound. 775

Mean time the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.

Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :

Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

THE

I L I A D.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

JUPITER, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle ; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises

the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was, to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,

Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever wakeful eyes of Jove.

To honour Thetis' son he bends his care, 5
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
And thus commands the vision of the night:

Fly hence, deluding Dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair. 10

Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the Gods with fate contend, 15
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall.
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head; 20
Cloath'd in the figure of the Pyl'ian sage,
Renew'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:

Can'st thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd, 25

Oh, Atreus son! can'st thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose. 30

Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I hear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy 35
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall. 40
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.

The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ: 45

Elate in thought, he facks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain! 50

Eager he rises, and in fancy hears

The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.

First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,

Around him next the regal mantle threw;

Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied;

The starry falchion glitter'd at his side; 55

And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,

Untain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.

Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,

Lifts up her light, and opens day above. 60

The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands

To range the camp, and summon all the bands;

The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;

While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.

In his black ship the Pyl'ian prince he found; 65

There calls a senate of the Peers around;

Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express'd

The counsels labouring in his artful breast:

Friends and confederates! with attentive ear

Receive my words, and credit what you hear. 70

Late as slumber'd in the shades of night,

A dream divine appear'd before my sight,

Whose visionary form like Nestor came,

The same in habit, and in mien the same.

The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head, 75

And, dost thou sleep, Oh, Atreus' son? (he said)

Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,

Directs in council, and in war presides,

To whom its safety a whole people owes;

To waste long nights in indolent repose.

Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,

Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.

In just array draw forth th' embattled train,

And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain:

Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy 85

The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the Gods with fate contend;

At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.

Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall.

And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall. 90

This hear observant, and the Gods obey!

The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.

Now, valiant chiefs! since Heaven itself alarms;

Unite, and route the sons of Greece to arms.

But first, with caution try what yet they dare, 95

Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war!

To move the troops to measure back the main

Be mine; and your's the province to detain.

He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said,

(Nestor, whom Pyl'os fondly realms obey'd) 100

Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline;

Nor doubt the vision of the power divine;

Sent by great Jove to him that rules the host,
 Forbid it Heaven! this warning should be lost!
 Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms, 105
 And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

Thus spoke the sage: The kings without delay
 Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
 The sceptred rulers lead; the following host
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast. 110

As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
 Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
 Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding
 swarms,
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
 Dusky they spread, a close embody'd crowd, 115
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
 So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the
 plain:

Along the region runs a deafening sound;
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling
 ground.

Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove, 120
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
 Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
 The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
 Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear, 125
 And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
 The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:
 The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came: 130

To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
 Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
 In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
 To rich Thyestes next the prize descends:
 And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign, 135
 Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
 And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd:
 Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
 Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war! 140

Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
 And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host, 145
 Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
 So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!
 At whose command whole empires rise or fall:
 He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And towns and armies humbles to the dust. 150
 What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
 Oh, lasting shame in every future age!
 Once great in arms the common scorn we grow,
 Repuls'd and battled by a feeble foe:
 So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd 155

And Greece triumphant held a general feast,
 And rank'd by tens, whole decads when they
 dine
 Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.

But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
 And Troy prevails by armies not her own. 160
 Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
 Since first the labours of this war begun:
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
 And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.
 Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall! 165
 Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
 Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
 'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey,
 Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
 Safe and inglorious, to our native shore. 170
 Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,
 And dream no more of Heaven-defended Troy.

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
 Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.
 So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore, 175
 From East and South when winds begin to roar,
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and
 sweep

The whitening surface of the ruffled deep,
 And as on corn when western gusts descend,
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend: 180
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
 With nodding plumes, and groves of waving
 spears.

The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling
 feet

Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
 With long-refounding cries they urge the train 185

To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
 The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
 Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
 And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain; 190
 But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
 And sighing, thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid:
 Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire disgrace!
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?
 Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adulterous
 spouse, 195

In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
 And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
 Lie unreveng'd on yon detested plain?
 No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
 Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms. 200
 Haste, Goddess, hast! the flying host detain,
 Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
 Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;
 Ulysses, first in public cares, the found, 205
 For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd:
 Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,
 Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
 And is it thus, divine Laertes' son!
 Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun) 210

Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
 And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
 Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
 Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed?
 Haste, generous Ithacus! prevent the shame, 215
 Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.

Your own refiftlefs eloquence employ,
And to the Immortals trust the fall of Troy.

The voice divine confefs'd the warlike maid,
Ulyfles heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd: 220

Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial fceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and refpect to gain,
He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd, 225

He fir'd with praife, or with perfuafion mov'd.
Warriours, like you, with ftrength and wif-
dom bleft,

By brave examples fhould confirm the reft.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but refents our fears, 230
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in fecret council fpoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour
fprings,

Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rofe, 235
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with
blows.

Be ftill, thou flave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!

Ye Gods, what daffards would our hoft com-
mand,

Swept to the war, the lumber of a land! 240

Be filent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That wort of tyrants, an ufurping crowd:
To one fole monarch Jove commits the fway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like thefe the troops Ulyfles rul'd, 245

The loudeft filenc'd, and the fierceft cool'd.
Back to th' affembly roll'd the thronging train,
Defert the fhips, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge farges to the trembling fhores: 250

The groaning banks are burft with bellowing
foud,

The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult finks, the noifes ceafe,
And a ftill filence lulls the camp to peace,
Therfites only clamour'd in the throng, 255
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no fhame, by no refpects control'd,
In fcandal bufy, in reproaches bold:

With witty malice ftudious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim; 260
But chief he glory'd, with licentious ftile,
To lafh the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure fuch as might his foul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain fhoulders half his breaft o'erspread, 265

Thin hairs beftrew'd his long mifhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poffeft,
And much he hated all, but moft the beft.
Ulyfles or Achilles ftill his theme;
But royal fcandal his delight fupreme. 270
Long had he liv'd the fcorn of every Greek,
Vext when he fpoke, yet ftill they heard him
fpeak.

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Sharp was his voice, which, in the fhilleft tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:

Amidft the glories of fo bright a reign, 275
What moves the great Atrides to complain?

'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breaft in-
flames,

The golden fpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our war and blood beftow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chefts o'erflow. 280

Thus at full eafe in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirft of gold?
Say fhall we march with our unconquer'd
powers,

(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hoftile towers,
And bring the race of royal bafards here, 285

For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But fafer plunder thy own hoft fupplies;

Say, wou'd'ft thou feize fome valiant leader's
prize?

Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to blefs thy kingly bed? 290

Whate'er our mafter craves, fubmit we muft,
Plagued with his pride, or punifh'd for his luft.

Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him wafte his ftore

In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian fhore. } 295

We may be wanted on fome bufy day,
When Hector comes: fo great Achilles may:

From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearlefs, and the brave:

And durft he, as he ought, refent that wrong, 300

This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his feat at this Ulyfles fprings,

In generous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation fparkling in his eyes,

Hegies the wretch, and fternly thus replies: 305
Peace, factious monfter, born to vex the ftate,

With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rafhly vain

And fingly mad, afperfe the fovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, flave! of all our hoft, 310

The man who afts the leaft, upbraids the moft?

Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let thofe lips profane the name of king.

For our return we trust the heavenly Powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours. 315

But grant the hoft with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what haft thou beftow'd?

Suppofe fome hero fhould his fpoils refign,
Art thou that hero, could thofe fpoils be thine?

Gods! let me perifh on this hateful fhore, 320
And let thefe eyes behold my fon no more;

If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ftrip thofe arms thou ill deferv'ft to wear.

Expel the council where our princes meet,
And fend thee fcourg'd and howling thro' the
fleet. 325

He faid, and cowering as the daffard bends,
The weighty fceptre on his back defcends:

On the round bunch the bloody tumours rife;
The tears fpring ftarting from his hagard eyes:

Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject fears, 330
 From his vile village wip'd the scalding tears.
 While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
 Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;
 Great in the council, glorious in the field! 335
 Generous he rises in the crown's defence,
 To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
 Such just examples on offenders shown,
 Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd,
 340

Who, rising high, th' imperial sceptre rais'd:
 The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
 (In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
 Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,
 To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue. 345
 Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
 His silence thus the prudent hero broke:

Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
 With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
 Not such at Argos was their generous vow, 350
 Once all their voice, but, ah! forgotten now:
 Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
 Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
 Behold them weeping for their native shore!
 What could their wives or helpless children more?

355
 What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
 And, one short month, endure the wintery main?
 Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
 When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
 Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,

360
 The tedious length of nine revolving years.
 Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame:
 But vanquish'd! baffled! oh, eternal shame!
 Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
 And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven. 365
 What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
 And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
 Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
 Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd:
 ('Twas where the plane-tree spreads its shades
 around) 370

The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
 A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
 From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
 Strait to the tree his sanguine spire he roll'd,
 And curl'd around in many a winding fold. 375
 The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;
 Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
 Herself the ninth: the serpent, as he hung,
 Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying
 young;

While hovering near, with miserable moan, 380
 The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
 The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
 Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster flew:
 Nor long surviv'd: to marble turn'd he stands
 A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands. 385

Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
 Trust in his omen, and support the war.
 For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
 And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,

Full of his God, the reverend Chalcas cried, 390
 Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.
 This wonderful signal Jove himself displays,
 Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
 As many birds as by the snake were slain,
 So many years the toils of Greece remain, 395
 But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fate decreed;
 Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
 Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
 Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.

He said: the shores with loud applauses found,
 400

The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.
 Then Nestor thus—These vain debates forbear,
 Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
 Where now are all your high resolves at last?
 Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?

405
 Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
 Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
 While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
 No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
 Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway; 410
 We march to war, if thou direct the way.
 But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
 The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
 To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares.
 And view with envy our successful wars. 415

On that great day when first the martial train,
 Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main,
 Jove on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
 And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
 Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,

420
 Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
 Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
 And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
 Before that day, if any Greek invite
 His country's troops to base, inglorious flight: 425
 Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
 And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
 But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
 Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
 Among those councils, let not mine be vain; 430
 In tribes and nations to divide thy train;
 His separate troops let every leader call,
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
 What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command, 435
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
 And what the cause of Ilion not o'er-thrown;
 If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
 If Gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: How much thy years excel
 440

In arts of council, and in speaking well?
 O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
 Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
 And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!

445
 But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
 In fierce contention and in vain debates.
 Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
 By me provok'd: a captive maid the cause:

If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall 450
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast:
And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield: 455
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat sit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all: 460
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow. 465
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day:
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
The monarch spoke; and strait a murmur rose,

470
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend; 475
With hasty feast they sacrifice, and pray,
To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers; 480
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last. 485
The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake.
When thus the king prefer'd his solemn prayer:
Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,

490
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires, 495
In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!
Thus pray'd the chief; his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:
The God averse, while yet the fumes arose, 500
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew,
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide. 505
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd, 510
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd: 515
Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when Heaven direct the way.
He said; the monarch issued his commands: 520
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs inclose their king: the host divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed Virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes: 525
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.

With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms, 530
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;

No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above: 535
The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes, 540
Or milk-white swans in Asius' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cæster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds:
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.

545
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are covered o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level meads they stand, 550
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day,
That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers; 555
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scattered force conjoins 560
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all:

565
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread, 57
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.
Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal nine!

Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd
height,
And hell's abyfs, hide nothing from your fight. 575
(We wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh, say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues, 580

A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
The mighty labour daunt'less I pursue:
What crowd armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I
sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
Peneius, Leitus, Prothœnor led:
With these Arcefilaus and Clonius stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields, 590
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,
And Schœnos, Scholœs, Græa near the main,
And Mycaleſſia's ample piny plain.
Those who on Peteon or Ileſion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell: 595
Heleon and Hylê, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
Or Theſſia ſacred to the God of Day.
Oncheſtus, Neptune's celebrated groves: 600
Copeæ, and Thiabê, fam'd for ſilver doves,
For ſocks Erythræ, Gliffa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nyſa the divine.
And they whom Thebê's well-built walls encloſe,
Where Mydê, Eutrefus, Coronê roſe:
And Arnê rich, with purple harveſts crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmoſt bound.
Full fifty ſhips they ſend, and each conveys
Twice ſixty warriors through the foaming ſeas.
To theſe ſucceed Aſpledon's martial train, 610
Who plow the ſpacious Crchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ilmen and Aſcalaphus the ſtrong:
Sons of Aſtyochê, the heavenly fair,
Whoſe Virgin charms ſubdued the God of War 615

(In Actor's court as ſhe retir'd to reſt,
The ſtrength of Mars the blushing maid compreſt).
Their troops in thirty ſable veſſels ſweep
With equal oars the hoarſe-reſounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair, 620
Epiſtrophus and Schedius head the war.
From thoſe rich regions where Cephiſſus leads
His ſilver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopœa, Chryſa the divine,
Where Anemoria's ſtately turrets ſhine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cypariſſus ſtood,
And fair Lilæa views the riſing flood.
Theſe rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Cloſe on the left, the bold Bœotians ſide.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian ſquadrons on, 630
Ajax the leſs, Oileus' valiant ſon:
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in purſuit and active in the fight;

Him, as their chief, the choſen troops attend,
Which Beſſa, Thronus, and rich Cynos ſend: 635
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's hands,
And thoſe who dwell where pleaſing Augia
ſtands,

And where Boâgrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Taphe's ſylvan ſeats reſide:
In forty veſſels cut the liquid tide. 640

Eubœa next her martial ſons prepares,
And ſends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and ſtrong Eretria;
Th' Iſteian field for generous vines renown'd, 645
The fair Carifos, and the Styrian ground:
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air; 650
But with protended ſpears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corſelets and the brazen ſhields,
Twice twenty ſhips tranſport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens ſtem the main, 655
Led by Menœſtheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erechtheus ſway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth. 660
Him Pallas plac'd amidſt her wealthy ſane,
Ador'd with ſacrifice and oxen ſlain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes reſound the Goddeſs' praiſe)
No chief like thee, Menœſtheus! Greece could
yield, 665

To marshal armies in the duſty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
Or cloſe th' embody'd hoſt in firm array.
Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe. 670

With theſe appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands:
In twelve black ſhips to Troy they ſteer their
courſe,

And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train, 675
From high Trœzenê, and Maſeta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:

Whom ſtrong Tyrinthê's lofty walls ſurround,
And Epidaur with viny harveſts crown'd;
And where fair Aſinen and Hermion ſhow 680
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
Theſe by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the ſovereign ſway;
In four-ſcore barks they plow the watery way. 685

The proud Mycenê arms her martial powers,
Eleonê, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adraſtus' ancient reign;
And thoſe who dwell along the ſandy ſhore, 690
And where Pollenê yields her ſteecy ſtore,
Where Helicê and Hypereſia lie,
And Gonoëſſa's ſpires ſalute the ſky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band, 695
A hundred veſſels in long order ſtand,
And crowd'd nations wait his dread command.

High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main. 700

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms:
Phares and Bryfia's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose:
Or Messæ's towers for silver doves renown'd, 705
Amyclæ, Læas, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,
In sixty ships, with Menelaus draws: 710
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair-one's grief, and tees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast, 715
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arenë her structures shows,
And Thyron's walls Alpheus' streams inclose: 720

And Dorion, fam'd for Thamvis' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the feed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride 725
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string. 730

Where under high Cyllenë, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Ægyptus stood;
From Ripë, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove; 735

And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispë shook by wintery wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite. 740
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors

bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain, 745
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Suprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there where o'er the valleys rose
Th' Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows: 750
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalphius one 755
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus son):
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades, 760
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.

To strong Dulichium from his fire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses follow'd through the watery road, 765
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
With those who Cephalonia's isle inclos'd,
Or till their fides along the coast oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods, 770
Where Ægilipa's rugged fides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.

These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct fought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andramon's valiant son, 775
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenë, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.

He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more! 780
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!

To Thoas care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands, 785

Of Gnoffus, Lycius, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phœstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons. 790
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright, 795
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.

His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain. 800
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;

For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race.

A fleet he built, and with a numerous train 805
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where, many seas and many sufferings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:

There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land: 810

Encreas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the fire of men and Gods;
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus fought the Trojan
shore,

Nireus, whom Aglæe to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms. 820

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain ;
With them the youth of Nyfyrus repair,
Cafus the strong, and Crophathus the fair ;
Cos, where Eurypylus possest the fway, 825
Till great Alcides made the realms obey :
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theffalus the king.

Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alope, and Trechin's towers ; 830
From Phthia's spacious vales ; and Hella, blest
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaïans, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear ;
Theffalians all, though various in their name ;

The same their nation, and their chief the same.
But now, inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more ;
No more the foe they face in dire array ;
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay ; 840
Since fir Briseis from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'er-
threw,

And the bold sons of great Evenus flew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of
care, 845

But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylacæ succeed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes, 850
Sweet Pyrrhæus, with blooming flowretscrown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
These own'd as chief Protefilas the brave,
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave :
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,

And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore ;
There lies, far distant from his native plain ;
Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain. }
His troops in forty ships Podarces led, 860
Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ;
Nor he unworthy to command the host ;
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
Where hills encircle Bæbe's lowly lake. 865
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters
fall,

Or proud Iolæus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore :
With bold Eumylus, whom Alceste bore :
All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshin'd, 870
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methone, or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,
With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart. 875

Seven were his ships ; each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound ;

There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain, 880
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in
vain.

His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Oechalian race, in those high towers con-
tain'd, 885
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,

Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears ;
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their * Parent-God imparts, 890

Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow. 895

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypætes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
Gyrtonè's warriors ; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleosson's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race, 900
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy
head,

To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypætes join'd in equal fway
Leontes leads, and forty ships obey. 905

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who
freeze

Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees ;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides 910
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides ;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful ! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of
Gods !

Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood ;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny
boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows ;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd, 920

(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade)
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main ;
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

Say next, O Muse ! of all Achaia breeds,
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds ? 925

Eumelus' mares are foremost in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race :
Bred where Pieria's faithful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
Fierce in the fight their nostrils breath'd a flame, 930
Their height, their colour, and their age the
same ;

* Æsculapius.

O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.

Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd 935
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds).
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
In empty air their sportive javelins throw, 940
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
Th' immortal courfers graze along the strand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord. 945

Now like a deluge, covering all around,
The shining armies swept along the ground:
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove 950

Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, prest beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose, 960
Who from Æetes' tomb observ'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay

The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian king: 965

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Assembled armies oft have I beheld;
But ne'er till now such numbers charg'd the field,

Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand, 970
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In just array let every leader call
The foreign troops; this day demands them all. 975

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain.
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands;
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' Immortals know,
Though call'd Bateia in the world below) 985
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest:

In throngs around his native hands repair, 990
And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchises' son by Venus' stol'n embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love) 995
Archilochus and Acamas divide

The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill;

Or drink, Æsepus, of thy fable flood: 1000
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.

To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apæus' and Adreitia's towers,
High Tereë's summits, and Pityea's bowers; 1005

From these the congregated troops obey

Young Amphius' and Adrastus' equal sway:

Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The fire forewarn'd, and prophecy'd their doom;
Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain, 1010

They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Seftos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Æsus Hyrtacides conducts his host: 1015

High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery courfers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:

In equal arms their brother leaders shine 1020
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamus and Pyroüs lead their hosts,

In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts:
Round the bleak realms where Hellepontes
roars,

And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores. 1025

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.

Pyæchmus the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend:
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on, 1030
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon;
Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules, 1035

Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;

And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky;

And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of
flowers,

Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,

From those far regions where the sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines. 1045

There mighty Chromis led the Myfian train,
And augur Eunomus, inspir'd in vain,
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcis and brave Ascanius here unite 1050
 Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
 Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
 Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,
 Nestles and Antiphus the charge partake;
 Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake. 1055
 There, from the fields where wild Mæander
 flows,
 High Mycalè, and Latmos' shady brows,
 And proud Miletes, came the Carian throngs,
 With mingled clamours, and with barbarous
 tongues.
 Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train, 1060
 Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,

Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his
 car,
 Rode like a woman to the field of war,
 Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,
 The river swept him to the briny main: 1065
 There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warri-
 our lies:
 The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.
 The forces left in fair array succeed,
 Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
 The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, 1070
 Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields,

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the Fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leader's care each martial
 band
 Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
 With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
 Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;

So when inclement winters vex the plain 5
 With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
 To warmer seas, the Cranes embody'd fly,
 With noise, and order, through the mid-way
 sky;

To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing. 10
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks : the rapid dust around
Darkening arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds

15
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight
shade ;

While scarce the swains their feeding flocks sur-
vey,

Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day : 20
So, wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command ;
When, to the van, before the fons of fame 25
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris
came,

In form a God ! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung, 30
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies, 35
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes :
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear ;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
Prest by bold youths and baying dogs in vain. 40
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot : him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of
fear ;

Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, 45
And shuns the fate he well deserves to find.
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees ;
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight : 50
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As God-like Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat :
Unhappy Paris ! but to women brave ! 55
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive !
Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the
light,

Or died at least before the nuptial rite !
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host. 60
Gods ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee !
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride 65
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the
tide,

VOL. VI.

When Greece beheld thy painted canvass flow,
And crowds stood wondering at the passing
show ;

Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen, 70
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous
prize,

And * both her warlike lords outshin'd in He-
len's eyes ?

This deed, thy foes de'light, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race ;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight : 75
Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right ?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the comfort of a braver foe.

Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, 80
Beauty and youth ; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust :
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks ; 85

'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks :
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate ?
Thy force like steel a temper'd hardnets shows,
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows. 90

Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain :
Thy gifts I praise ; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms ;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show, 95

No wish can gain them, but the Gods bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat
stand,

The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand ;
Then let a midway space our hosts divide,
And on that stage of war the cause be tri'd : 100
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought :
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease, 105

And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace ;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with
joy,

Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, 110

Held by the midst, athwart ; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow :
While round his dauntless head the Grecians
pour

Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.
Then thus the monarch great Atrides cri'd ; 115

Forbear, ye warriors ! lay the darts aside :
A parley Hector asks, a message bears ;
We know him by the various plume he wears.

* Theseus and Menelaus.

Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend. 120

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies :
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian hands !
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain, 125

And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's fight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight :
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130

Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.
He spoke : in still suspense on either side
Each army stood : the Spartan chief reply'd :
Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right 135

A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field design ;
Me Paris injur'd ; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms ;
And live the rest, secure of future harms. 140
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a fable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans ! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage, 145
And add the sanction of confederate age ;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wavering state :
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes ; 150
Sees what befall, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around, 155

And from their chariots issued on the ground :
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the fable shore,
On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
With lances fix'd, and close the space between. 160

Two heralds now, dispatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite ;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies 165

The various Goddesses of the rain-bow flies
(Like fair Latocicè in form and face,
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom she found ;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan wars the weav'd (herself the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddesses of the painted bow ;
Approach and view the wondrous scenes below !
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight, 175

So dreadful hate, and furious for the fight,

Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields ;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance ; 180
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This said, the many colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires :
Her country, parents, all that once were dear, 185

Rush to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew :
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate. 190

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)
The king the first ; Thymætès at his side ;
Lampus and Clytiùs, long in council try'd ;
Panthus, and Hicetæon, once the strong ; 195
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age, 200

In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the
tower,

In secret own'd resistless beauty's power :
They cried, No wonder such celestial charms 205
For nine long years have set the world in arms ;
What winning graces ! what majestic mien !
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen !
Yet hence, oh Heaven ! convey th' fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race. 210

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws, 215

Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause ;
The Gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) 220
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine !
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien :
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride, 225

Thus ceas'd the king : and thus the fair replied :
Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah ! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country and my nuptial bed ; 230
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind ?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form, whose crime it was to please.
The king of kings, Atreides, you survey, 235
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway :

My brother once, before my days of shame ;
And oh ! that still he bore a brother's name !

With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began : 240
O blest Atrides ! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state !
How vast thy empire ! Of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain ?
In Phrygia once were galant armies known, 245
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When god-like Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force :
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood. 250

But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
This said, once more he view'd the warrior-
train :

What's he whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain ;
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, 255

Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small :
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round. 260

Then Helen thus : Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wife :
A barren island boasts his glorious birth :
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began : 265
Myself, O king ! have seen that wond'rous man :
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause ;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest : 270

I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view ;
Ulysses seated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangu'd the listening train, 275

Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault :
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground, 280
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd
hand :

But, when he speaks, what elocution flows !
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art ; 285
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize ;
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he
view'd)

What chief is that, with giant strength endued ; 290

Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling
chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest ?

Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himself a host : the Grecian strength and pride.
See ! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan powers, 295
Great as a God ! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name ;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame. 300
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in
vain ;

Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these ; the same our native shore, 305

One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to fail the seas :
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause. 310
So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers'
doom,

Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb ;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds, through the crowded
town, 315

Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
Idæus arms the golden goblets prest,
Who thus the venerable king address :
Arise, O father of the Trojan state !
The nations call, thy joyful people wait, 320
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measur'd lifts to toss the weighty lance ;
And who his rival shall in arms subdue
His be the dame, and his the treasure too. 325
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace ;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty
more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs pre-
pare
To join his milk-white couriers to the car :
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side ;
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they
guide :

Next from the car descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train 335
Slow they proceed : the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's
hands

Pour the full urn ; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace sheath'd beside his ponderous sword ;
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes share ;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands : 340

O first and greatest power ! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove ! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole !

Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods!

Infernal Furies and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaus press the fatal plain;
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plow the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, 360
And every age record the signal day.
Thus if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw. 365
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky;

Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league con-
found,

Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
May all their comforts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust! 375
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with
woes:

Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,

But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall
fall,

Heaven only knows, for Heaven disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose 390
The lifts of combat, and the ground inclose:
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.

The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the
bands. 395

Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease, 400
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted, Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. 405
Both arms sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lifts the generous couriers neigh.

The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright: 410
The purple cuithes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, and silver buckles bound:
Lycaon's corselet his fair body drest,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his foster breast:
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, 415
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes. 420
With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lifts th' admiring armies stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance 425
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening
lance.

The Trojan first his shining javelin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground. 430

Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:
Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause, 435
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy
name.

He said, and pois'd in air the javelin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, 440

His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank de-
scends.

The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook 445

Full on his casque; the crested he met shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes: 450
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?

When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies.
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew 455
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd
thong,

That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy: 460
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he
threw;

The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view,
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,

The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.

Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed, 470
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dew.

Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd ;
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came 475
In borrow'd form * the laughter-loving dame,
(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus address'd : 480

Haste, happy nymph ! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a God ! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed :
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd ;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire. 490
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek ; and, trembling, thus she
said :

Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive ?
And woman's frailty always to believe ?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main, 495
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain ?
For whom must Helen break her second vow ?
What other Paris is thy darling now ?
I left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest, and a captive wife, 500
Hence let me fail : and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore, 505
His spouse, or slave ; and mount the skies no
more.

For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed ;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame : 510

Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.
Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen re-
plies ;

Obeys the power from whom thy glories rise :
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly, 515

Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before ;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage. 520

* Venus.

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a filken shade ;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the Goddesses of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate, 525
The maids officious round their mistress wait ;
Then all, dispersing, various tasks attend ;
The queen and Goddesses to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove ; 530
Where as he view'd her charms, she turn'd
away

Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say :
Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame ?
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword 535

Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord !
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray :
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight : 540
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies : Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wound I bear ;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas's power ; 545
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour :
There want not Gods to favour us above ;
But let the business of our life be love :
These softer moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore,
My forc'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away !
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy 555

Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field : 560
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy ;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave 565
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose !
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes !
Hear, and attest ! from heaven with conquest
crown'd,

Our brother's arms the just success have found : 570

Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord ;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd : his army's loud applauses rise, 575
And the long shout runs echoing through the
skies.

THE
I L I A D.

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.)—The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones
of gold:
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy. 5
When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid: 10
But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far,
The tacit spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight.
The Queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care, 15
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atreides gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, ye Powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates? 20
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms
spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?

Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atreides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow, 25
And through his gates the crowding nations
flow.
Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heaven
enrag'd,
And Queen of War in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy. 30
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her silent silence, and with fury spoke:
Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be
vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal couriers scarce the labour bore. 40
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads im-
pend,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.

The Sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies
45

Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above? 50
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st
confound.

And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! If yet thou thirst for more, 55
Bleed all his sons, and Ilium float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy: 60

But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay:
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise 65
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than God-like Priam, or than Priam's race, 70
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, 75
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycæne, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient, that they share my love. 80
Of power superiour why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial fire,
A Goddess born to share the realms above, 85
And styl'd the consort of the thundering Jove;
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heaven shall act as we direct the way. 90
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The Sire f men and Monarch of the sky, 95
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her
flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height. 100
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling failors on the wintry main)
With sweeping glories glides along in air, 105
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:

Between both armies thus, in open fight,
Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The power descending, and the heavens on fire! 110

The Gods (they cried) the Gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove the great arbiter of peace and wars!

They said, while Pallas through the Trojan
throng

(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd; 120
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: Phrygian! can'st thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy
dar',

Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou
gain,

Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain!
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed! 130
But first, to speed thy shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.

He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd, 135
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooch'd with artful
toil,

A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled:
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours
spread:

The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends. 145

There meditates the mark; and couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound; and cause of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow; 155

Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering
string.

But thee, Atride! in that dangerous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power:
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wails th' envenom'd fly.

Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corset lin'd, 165
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corset
drove:

The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed 170
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph, in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian die: 175
So, great Atreides! show'd thy sacred blood,
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming
flood.

With horror seiz'd, the king of men descried
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found 180
The shining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,
And grasp'd his hands; while all the Greeks
around

With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound: 185

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join, 190
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjurd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is slow,
Love but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all:
I see the God, already, from the pole 200
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjurd princes wait:
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate. 205
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost, 210
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And such the conquests of her King of Kings!" 215

"Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother slain."
Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's
shame.

He said: a leader's and a brother's fears 220
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:

Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound. 225

To whom the King: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May staunch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring 230
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow, 240
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the god-like man:
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around. 245
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd: the corset from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ
their care,
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms. 255

Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd, 260
Or press'd the car with polish'd brags inlaid:
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery couriers snorted at his side.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves. 265
Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread, 270
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjurd head;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires: 275
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer 280
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
To save a trembling, heartless, daftard race? 285
This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;

High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy express'd, 290
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed. 295
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name; 300
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305
But let the signal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,

And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below; 315
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black at night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the West-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock

To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, th' embattled squadrons stood,

With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields. 325

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose God-like virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaimed the king) who raise your eager hands
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the rest 330
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast:
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.

Then to the next the general bends his course:
(His heart exults, and glories in his force); 335
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest order sets his train in arms,
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms,
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait, 340
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly; 345
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:

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The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein, 350

But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war. 355
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art, 360
And touch'd with transport great Atreides' heart!
Oh! had'st thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atreides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks and thus reply'd:
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew, 370
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those;
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine. 380
He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,

And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands,
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace insin'g'd, nor heard the sound of war; 385

The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd:

Can Petus' son forget a warrior's part, 390
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
The shock of armies, and commence the war. 395
For this your names are call'd before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite: 400
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?

Ulysses heard: the hero's wrath o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:
Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold, we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his generous wrath the king replies; 410
Oh great in action, and in council wise!

With curs, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends:

The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Stenelus attends his side) 420
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts decry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye? 425
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of
fight!

I saw him once, when, gathering martial power, 430

A peaceful guest, he saw Mycenæ's tower;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets gliring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war. 435
Next, sent by Greece from where Aepus flows,
A fearless envoy, ne approached the foes;
Thebes' hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found, 440
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
Dar'd and subdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay; 445
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Æon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire. 450
Gods! how the son degenerates from his sire!

No words the god-like Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun: 455

What needs, O Monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourself to lessen, while our fires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less.
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall, 460

And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The sons subdu'd, for heaven was on their side.
For more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 465
To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Superb is thy passion, and the king reverent:
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage:
Was the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
His ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms rebound. 475

Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore, 480
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends 490
A general shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand;
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills: 495

Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale flight around, and dreadful Terror reign; 500
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain;
Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour:
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around; 505

The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet
clos'd,

To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew, 510
The founding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515
As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Such to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main:
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound: 520

So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
— The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echeopolus the lance arrives;
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire: its walls besmear'd with blood,
Him, the bold * leader of th' Abantian throng 530
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:

* Elphenor.

But while he strove to tug th' inferted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field:

535

The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more;
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

540

In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:
Fair Simoisius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore;
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and
joy,

545

And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoisius lies
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

560

At Ajax Antiphos his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wife Ulysses, flew.
He drops the corpse of Simoisius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and with grief engag'd
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound.
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name:
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear;
With piercing thricks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death:
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms rebound:
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

580

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
Ev'n god-like Hector seems himself to fear;
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled:
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the
dead:

But Phoebus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose:
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor rim'd with steel;
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.

600

Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan powers:
While War's fierce Goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

595

Then great Dioces fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);

600

Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helots friends and native bands,
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

605

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:

615

Then sudden wav'd his flaming sculchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor press;
A grove of lances glister'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, gl'ring with revengeful eyes,
In fallen fury slowly quits the prize.

620

Thus fell two heroes: one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of th' Epeian race:
Death's fable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

625

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.

635

So fought each host with thirst of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

THE

I L I A D.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him: Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her
fires,

Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5
His beamy shield emits a living ray:
Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light. 10
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought, 15
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain. 20
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegeus casts his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force

Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain, 25
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the
plain.

Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And, had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade; 30
But in a smoky cloud the God of fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew, 35

Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The God of battles, and this speech address:
Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall! 40
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd th' impetuous warrior's
heat, 45

The God of arms and Martial Maid retreat;

Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listened to the dying sounds.

Meantime the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader flew: 50
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay, 55
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son, and only joy)
From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy. 60
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace, 65
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race:
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; 70
From Menelaüs arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went:
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell: 75
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. 80
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystick will of Heaven unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled, 85
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes. 90

From Mege's force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Mege in the rear 95

Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line, 100
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurpylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand, 105

Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing
sand.

Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
Amid the Greeks, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the
plain;

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds.
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year. 120
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!

While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire. 125
With grief the * leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore, 130

Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank his gore:
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds. 135
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd, 140
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian power addrest,
The purple current wandering o'er his vest: 145

O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my god-like Sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddess, now thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight, 150
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in
fight;

And lay the boaster groveling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd, 155

He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd), in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and every foe controul; 160
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:

Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy god-like father breathes in thee!

Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring Deities. 165
These see thou shun, through all th' embattled
plain,

Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.

* Pandarus.

If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shaft thou wound: so Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; 175
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not fray,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey:
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the
ground,

Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew:
And two brave leaders at an instant flew:
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd; 185
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polydus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamas, who, wife and old, 190
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides' spear. 195

Young Xanthus next, and Theon felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years, 200

And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descends his wealthy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side. 205
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the
ground:

So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn, 210
The steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued,
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes, 215
At length he found Lycan's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unvail'd fame, 220
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice; 225
(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial care?)
Who'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man destroy; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold, 230

If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such couriers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies 235
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell:
And, but some God, some angry God withstands, 240

His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome: 245
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bid me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide, 250
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his councils with unheeded mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies un-
known)

Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town: 255
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found, 260

And undissembled gore pursued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265
Cur'd be the fate that sent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield;
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and fire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart he prais'd, though here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed. 275
Against yon hero let us bend our courie,
And hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 280
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding
rein;

The warrior's fury let this arm sustain: 285
Or, if to combat thy hot heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.

The horses, practis'd to their lord's command,
290

Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand,
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.

Thine be the guidance then: with spear and
shield

Myself will charge this terror of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glittering
car;

The bounding courfers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd, 300
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cri'd:

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on
thee:

Lo the brave heir of bold Lycan's line,
And great Aeneas, sprung from race divine!

Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he
spoke:

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?

Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance; 315
But while my nerves are strong, my force en-
tire,

Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die; 320
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.

But if the dooms, and if no God withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand:
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; 325

Swift to Aeneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the courfers of aetherial breed:

The race of those, which once the thundering
God

For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run.

Beneath the rising or the setting sun.

Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon;

Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Aeneas o'er the plain. 335

These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our glory
known.

Thus while they spoke the foe came furious
on,

And stern Lycan's warlike race began:

Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain as-
sail'd,

The spear may enter where the arm is fall'd.

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and
flung:

On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung }
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster
cries)

Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!
Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:
Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the God of war. 330

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt

The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,

Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.

Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms rebound;

The starting courfers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Aeneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcase lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,

As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd.

He hides the hero with the mighty shade,

And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

Then fierce Tydides swoops: and from the fields,
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields,
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
raise,

Such men as live in these degenerate days.
He swung it round; and gathering strength to
throw,

Discharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.

Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites, 375
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;

Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And flipp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.

Sunk on his knees, and staggering with the pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains; 380

Lo! in a dizzy mist the warrior lies:
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.

There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;

But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love, 385
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove.

His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.

About her arm she'd lean her arms she throw,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling
snow.

Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The sword, the javelin, and the javelin fall:

Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd
flight

Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unaiding hands, 390
Remain'd unheeding of his lord's commands:

His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He led with him, and in the rear

Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heavenly courfers with the flowing manes:

These, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the
brave)

Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 415
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No Goddesses fire commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her fable shield, 410
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious course he
bends,

And at the Goddesses his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd, 420

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the Goddesses fill'd the place,
And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.

Him Phœbus took: he cast a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies, 430
The king insults the Goddesses as she flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms,

Tydides thus: The Goddesses seiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled, 440
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way, 445

Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.

Low at his knees, she begg'd, with streaming
eyes,

Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies, 450
And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;

She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe, 455

Driven by the Goddesses of the painted bow.
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
There stopp'd the car, and there the courfers
stood,

Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food. 460
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears,
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty
deed?

Then she: This insult from no God I found, 465

An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.

Dione then: Thy wrongs with patience bear, 470
And share those gifts inferior powers must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.

The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound, 475
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:

Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care
Restor'd the groaning God to upper air. 480
Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confess'd, 485

The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,
Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound. 490

Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!

But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,

Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground; 500

Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded
palm 505

The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd Maid;

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian Queen befell.

As late she try'd with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,

Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.
The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars;

Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing
charms,

To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Through screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo took:
He tri'd the fourth: when, breaking from the
cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:

O son of Tydens, cease! be wise and see
How vast the difference of the Gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the powers that
shine

Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow

A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
With great Æneas: such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields en-
gag'd.

Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.

Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'd in blood, and shak'd th' embattled
wall,

Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.

First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage:
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n en-
gage:

The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal
Sire,

His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.

The God of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?

VOL. VI.

Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not god-like Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part,
He said: new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words ad-
dress'd:

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
boast,

That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.
Remote the stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian Land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,

A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
With those I left whatever dear could be:
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me:
Yet sit in sight my Lycian hands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd
state:

Or one vast burst of all-involving fate
Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away

Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by
night:

With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose:
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.

Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;

Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing
war.

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thundering chario-
teers;

The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies

G

Mars hovers o'er them with his fable shield,
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires, 625
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound: 630
Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in
flames,

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood, 635
And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.
Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
When now the north his boisterous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours motionless and still, 645
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
Till the mists scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain. 650

Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 655
The brave live glorious, or lamented die:
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and, worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance, 660

Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his
shield:

His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell,

The fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochnus and Chrethon laid, 670
Whose fire Diocleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Phœæ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheüs plenteous stream! that yields
Increase of harvest to the Pylion fields.

He got Orsilochnus, Diocleus he, 675
And these descended in the third degree,
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In fable shew they left their native soil,
To avenge their sides: now untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain. 680
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,

Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;
Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; 690
Mars urg'd him on: yet, ruthless in his hate,
The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be
slain,

And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatening heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king, 700
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his
course,

Brave as he was, and shun'd unequal force,
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew. 705

First Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,
Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.

The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying couriers, sunk to endless night: 710
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone.

From his numb'd hands the ivory-studded reins,
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound: 715
He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet: 720
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, then raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue;
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies. 725
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light,
Where Hector march'd, the God of battles shin'd, 730

Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey
takes;

If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious crosses the wanderer's way,
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eye the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last.
Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands: 740
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his bands:
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring Gods, he takes the field:

His strokes they second, and avert our spears :
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears ! 745
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow ;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.

Trust not too much your unavailing might ;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.
Now near the Greeks the black battalions
drew ;

And first two leaders valiant Hector slew :
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In every art of glorious war renown'd ;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died. 755

Struck at the fight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Through Amphius' belt and heavy belly went :
Amphius Apæfus' happy soil possess'd, 760
With herds abounding, and with treasure blest'd ;
But fate resistless from his country led
The chief, to perish at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung ; 765

Around his head an iron tempest rain'd ;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd ;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast :
He could no more ; the showering darts deny'd 770

To spoil his glittering arms and plummy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields ;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove ;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came
on, 780

Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he toss'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast :

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war ? 785
Know thy vain self ; nor let their flattery move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.

How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine !
Jove got such heroes as my fire, whose soul 790
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.

Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand :
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain. 795

But what art thou ? who deedless look'st around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground :
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be ;
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.

Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go ! 800
I make this present to the shades below,

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd :

Thy fire, O prince ! o'erturn'd the Trojan
state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate ; 805

Those heavenly steeds the hero fought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief defy'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost :
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said : both javelins at an instant flew ;
Both struck, both wounded ; but Sarpedon's
flew : 815

Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood ;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown 820
Thy angry lance ; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath ;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.

Born from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. 825
(His friends, each busied in his several part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the
dart.)

The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd ;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd ;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, 830
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.

But Heaven and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train ;
Alastor, Cromius, Helius, strow'd the plain, 835

Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell :
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
But Hector saw : and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.

With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, 840
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief :

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey ;
If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd comfort, and my native shore, 845

Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall ;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies ;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes ; 850

And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,

His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid :
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh. 855

The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night ;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
 Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
 None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
 Slow they retreat, and even retreating fight.
 Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
 Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
 For manag'd steeds, and Trechus press'd the
 ground:
 Next Oenomaus, and Oenop' off-pring dy'd;
 Orestes last fell groaning at their side;
 Orestes, in his painted mitre gay,
 In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
 Where lakes surround low Hyle's watery plain;
 A prince and people studious of their gain.
 The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
 And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd
 Maid.
 Oh fight accurs'd! shall faithless Troy prevail,
 And shall our promise to our people fail?
 How vain the word to Menelaus given
 By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Hea-
 ven,
 Beneath his arms that Priam's towers shall fall;
 If warring Gods for ever guard the wall!
 Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
 Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!
 She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
 And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
 At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright Hebe waits: by Hebe, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the hidden wheel
 Of founding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the heavens produce: and round the
 gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone:
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
 The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
 And golden reins th' immortal couriers hold.
 Herself, impatient, to the ready car
 The couriers join, and breathes revenge and
 war.
 Pallas disrobes: her radiant veil untied,
 With flowers ador'd, with art diversif'd,
 Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
 Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs in-
 vest,
 Jove's emmit blazes on her ample breast;
 Deck'd in full triumph for the mournful field,
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
 Dark, black, tremendous! Round the margin

A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
 Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,

Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
 The massy golden helm the next assumes,
 That dreadful nod, with four o'erhanging plumes;
 So vast, the broad circumference contains
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
 The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;
 Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
 Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge th' ethereal couriers fly,
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
 Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers;
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
 Committion'd in alternate watch they stand,
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
 The founding hinges ring; on either side
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.

The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
 Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise:
 Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne;
 O'er all the Gods superior and alone.
 There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains

The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:
 O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
 What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,
 What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!

Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
 Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind,
 No God can govern, and no justice bind.
 Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,

And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting, thus the Thunderer said:
 Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
 To time the monster-god Minerva knows,
 And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.

He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
 Lash'd her white steeds along th' ærial way.
 Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,
 Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
 Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye:
 Through such a space of air, with thundering
 found,

At every leap th' immortal couriers bound:
 Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks
 divine

Where silver Simois and Scamander join.
 There Juno stopp'd, (and her fair steeds unloos'd),
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
 For there, impregnate with celestial dew,
 On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,

Smooth as the falling doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming hoar, the terror of the wood. 975
Heaven's empress mingles with their mortal crowd,

And shouts, in Stentor's founding voice, aloud:
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame, 980
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain.
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;
The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:

To cool his glowing wound he sat apart 990
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart):
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend;
Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulders lay,
He eas'd, and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995
The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his couriers, thus her silence broke:

Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share, 1000
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;
There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.

Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,

Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,

And Venus only found resistance here. 1015
Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear! 1020

Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rath, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And every side of wavering combat tries; 1025

Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;

Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer,
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,

Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends. 1030

The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and so great a God.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,

And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse: 1035
But first to hide her heavenly visage spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train:
The God, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize

Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courier's head,

From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled: 1045
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The javelin hiss'd: the Goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,

It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound. 1050

From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,

Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise, 1060
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;

In such a cloud the God from combat driven,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heaven.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There fullen fate beneath the Sire of Gods, 1065
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial powers engage, 1070
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.

From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.

All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'Tis hers to offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;

Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I, the God of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie, 1090
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain? 1095
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells, 1100
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.

Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly
born.

Else, sing'd with lightning had'st thou hence been
thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;

Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.

With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around, 1110

And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the
wound.

As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,

To curds coagulates the liquid stream,

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;

Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd. 1115

Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.

Glorious he fate, in majesty restor'd,

Fast by the throne of Heaven's superiour Lord.

Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes, 1120

Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms.

Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and, taking tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simtois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

NOW Heaven forsakes th' fight: the immortals yield,
To human force and human skill, the field:
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd * streams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either side ran purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10
His thundering arm a deadly stroke imprest
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Aribæ's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor. 20
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, dy'd.
By great Euryalus was Drefus slain, 25
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; 30
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Aftyalus by Polypætes fell; 35
Ulysses' spear Pydites sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies 45
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke; 50

Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind,
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:
Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
When fame shall tell, that not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain; 60
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious
land, 70
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch spoke; the words with warmth
address'd,
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust, 80
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tug'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage!
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd; 90
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast,
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:
Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals
lay 95
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wife to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight: 100
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.

* Scamander and Simois.

When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous
stand;

Press'd as we are, and fore of former fight, 105
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane; 110
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilium's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread; 115
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:
If so the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy re-
tire.

Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might.

Hector obedient heard; and with a bound, 125
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe: 130
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of
wars,

Shot down avenging, from the vaults of stars.
Then thus, aloud: Ye dauntless Dardans, hear! 135

And you whom distant nations send to war!
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall: 140
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'erhanging, to his ancle hung; 145
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (god-like Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
O'er eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend. 160
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That during man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove:

Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above) 170
Depriv'd of fight by their avenging doom,
Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then sunk unpy'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods!

I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth 175
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my fire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son enquire? 180
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the
ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay; 185
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.
A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike deeds renown'd) 190
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd.
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
Whose hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd. 200

For him Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled, 205
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
Intens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
Now, blest by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215

The faithful youth his monarch's mandate shew'd:
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd,
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd;
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies, 225
And trusted Heaven's informing prodigies)

Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd still, for Heaven was on his side.

230

Nor ended here his toils; his Lycian foes
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief

235

Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests
crown'd,

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd.
With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest;
(Fair even in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of
Jove)

245

But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Alcian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart; 250
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.

Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town, 255
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honour to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race. 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides heart;
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandfathers have been guests of
old;

Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold.
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd;
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.

This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely
stor'd

275

Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
(For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall;
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If Heaven our steps to foreign land incline, 280
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.)
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field,
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285

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Now change we arms, and prove to either host,
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they
plight;

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,

290

(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price;)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

295

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care

300

For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the Gods to avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous fame; 305
O'er these a range of marble structures runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters fate
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
shone,

Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race:)

315

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus began:
O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our
walls?

Com'st thou to supplicate th' Almighty Power, 320
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground, }
And pay due vows to all the Gods around. }
Then with a pious draught refresh thy soul,

325

And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief re-
join'd:)

Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profan'd;

Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praise.
You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's face.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,

H

Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the Power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy re-
tire.

Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war:
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355

This heard, she gave command; and sum-
mon'd came

Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
Sidonian maids enbroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris here,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes: 365
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd resplendent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.

Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come, 370
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates,
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:

Oh awful Goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall,
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare! 385
So pray'd the priestess in her holy lane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the Power with
prayers,

Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part 390
Assembling architects of matchless art.

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.

A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395

The steel point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him bristl'd, at each motion shin'd.

Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,

His eyes delighting with the splendid snow, 400
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.

Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their

hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke. 405
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?

(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.

For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall:

For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.

Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share? 415

Rite, or behold the consuming flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the generous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and
truth:

Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief!

On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief: 420

Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother fate,
And mourn'd in secret, his and Ilion's fate.

'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425

Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.

But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; 430

When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:

Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!

Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were
done,

The day that show'd me to the golden sun, 435
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds

bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?

Why sunk I not beneath the weltering tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?

Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame?

Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine: 445

The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe and infamy to come:

Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long.
Example sad! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd: this time forbids to rest: 450

The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;

The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Ere thou thy knight to march where glory calls,

And timely join me, ere I leave the walls. 445
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,

My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)

Demands a paining word, a tender tear:
This day, some God who hates our Trojan land 460

May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart

To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part,

At home he fought her, but he fought in vain:
 She, with one maid of all her menial train, 435
 Had thence retir'd: and with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight:
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
 Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went, 475
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
 Or fought her sisters in the Trojan court?
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
 Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
 To Ilion's steep tower she bent her way, 480
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
 Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay:
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,
 Through streets of palaces, and walks of state: 490

And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;
 (Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade) 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy.
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and, pleas'd, resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run? 510

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies;
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
 So shall my days in one sad tenour run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire!
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike fire! 525
 His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;

His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were
 burn'd:

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell:
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell: 535
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee: 545
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
 Thou from this tower defend th' important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd: That post be all my care, 560

Not that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep
 the ground.

Attain the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? 565
 My early youth was bred to martial pain,
 My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates: 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue re-
 lates!)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575

Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive loans our battles to design, 580
 And woe, of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!

Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitter all thy woes, by naming me.

The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound, 600

And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
O thou! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son! 605

Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils 610
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame:
While, pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy. 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear, 620
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dropt the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:
Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save; 630
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;

Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, 640
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then, moving
slow,

Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran, 645
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
Swift through the town the warrior bends his
way.

The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling
ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides; 655

His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay, 660

In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriors passing on the way, 665
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess.
What pity flesh should seize a soul so brave, 670
Or god-like Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns.

THE

I L I A D.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The single combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is, under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

SO spoke the guardian of the Trojan state.
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.

Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms:
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when to sailors labouring through the main, 5
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise,
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train:
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again. 10

Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arnæ was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below, 15
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.

By Claucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; 20
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain.
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight, 25
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height;
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd Maid:

What cause, O Daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above? 30

Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend: 35
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend:

Since vengeful Goddesses confederate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.

To whom the Progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the skies: 40
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the God: Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers
flow 45

A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
Hector, inspir'd, he sought: to him address'd,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast: 50
O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55
To mortal combat on the lifted plain.
For not this day shall end thy glorious date,
The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, 60

Held by the midst athwart. On either hand,
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian Maid and glorious God of day 65
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields. 70

As when a general darkness veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75
At length compos'd they sit, and shake the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:

Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some God com-
mands: 80

Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilium falls, or till you navy burns.

You then, O princes of the Greeks appear: 85
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.

Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain; 90
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
If mine the glory to despoil the foe; 95
On Phoebus' temple I'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;

Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas, 100
Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,
"By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard, 105
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace! 110

How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!

Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!

Be what ye seem, unanimated clay! 115
Myself will dare the danger of the day.

'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.

These words scarce spoke, with generous ar-
dour prest,

His manly limbs in azure arms he drest: 120

That day, Atreides! a superiour hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,

But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:

Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, prest'd 125

Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:

Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?

Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine. 130

Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.

Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand,

The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name, 135
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,

So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140

No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.

Thus to the kings he spoke: What grief, what
shame,

Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name!
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn

Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn?
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,

Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old! 150

Once with what joy the generous prince would
hear

Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire

Each name, each action, and each hero's fire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling

stand, 155
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,

Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!

Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove! 160
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
When, fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd, 165

Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areithous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areithous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore; 170
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd, 175
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.

Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize. 180
Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd, 185
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, Oh were you Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe. 190
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers
sway,

Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; 295

And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; 200
Oileus followed; Idomen was there,
And Merion dreadful as the God of War:
With these Eurypylus and Thous stand,
And wife Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage, 205
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
Left thirst of glory your brave souls divide;
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heaven shall chuse, be his the chance to raise

His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210
The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown;
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands:
Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate, 215

A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove!

Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd. 220
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till god-like Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd: 230
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effects of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives the e a chief whom Ajax ought to dread, 235

Ajax in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.
He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God, whose thunder rends the skies: 240

O Father of mankind, superior Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the highest heaven hast fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away 245
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior's thone: 250

He moves to combat with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God: 255

Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:
His massy javelin, quivering in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man: 260
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and, with new doubt oppress'd,

Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample shield, 265
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'er-cast

Of tough bull-hides: of solid brass the last,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylê dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd:) 270
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd:
Hector! approach my arm! and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.

Achilles thurs the fight; yet some there are, 275
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:

Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more :
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host, 280
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;
No more—! e sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'st thou fright, 285
New to the field, and trembling at the fight ?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war ; 290

To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my founding shield.
But open be our fight, and hold each blow ;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said ; and, rising high above the field, 295
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold
shield.

Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw ;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew, 300

His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins
drew,

Then close impetuous, and the charge renew :
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends ;
The blunted point against the buckler bends : 310
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear ;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength im-
pell'd ;

Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining
shield.

Yet ceas'd not Hector thus ; but, stooping down, 315

In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends ;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends ;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock, 320
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on
high,

With force tempestuous let the ruin fly :
The huge stone thundering through his buckler
broke :

His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke ;
Great Hector falls extended on the field, 325
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield :
Nor wanted heavenly aid : Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.

And now both heroes their broad saulchions
drew :

In flaming circles round their heads they flew ; 330

But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven :
Divine Palthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy.
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd ; 335

And first Idæus' awful voice was heard :
Forbear, my sons ! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own. 340

But now the night extends her awful shade ;
The Goddess parts you : be the night obey'd.
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd :
" O Sage ! to Hector be these words address'd ;
" Let him who first provok'd our chiefs to fight, 345

Let him demand the sanction of the night ;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."

Oh first of Greeks ! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind, 350
With strength of body, and with worth of
mind !

Now martial law commands us to forbear ;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out our strife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life ! 355

Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And Heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends ;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife, 360
Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift ; that Greece and Troy may
say,

" Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs con-
tend :

" And each brave foe was in his soul a friend." 365

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek be-
stow'd

A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ; 370

This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state :
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound. 375

To Troy's high gates the god-like man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls ; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide ;
Then spread the tables, and repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share. 385

The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,

390

In words like these his prudent thought express'd:
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost!
What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's
shore!

What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!

395

Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's-light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends be-
queath.

From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear; 400
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear;
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.

Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd;

405

Next, to secure our camp, and naval powers,
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
So Greece to combat shall in safety go, 410
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.

'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sat; 415
A senate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their
voice.

Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis Heaven the counsel of my breast inspires,

420

And I but move what every God requires:
Let Sparta's treasure be this hour restor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the just Gods provoke. 425
As this advice ye practice, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and fate. To whom re-
ply'd

The graceful husband of the Spartan bride;
Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,

430

But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if, void of fallacy or art,
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given,
But wisdom has its date, assign'd by Heaven. 435
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;
My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the groaning discord to compose,

440

Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose:
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His god-like aspect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue:

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands: 445
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new sun restore the cheerful light:
Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn

450

Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch spoke! the warriors snatch'd
with haste

(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. 455
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the host stood listening
round:

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear! 460
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch
hear,

Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heaven succeed my
prayers)

What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!) 465

He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce, to burn 470
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence
broke:

At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke: 475
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan
dame.

Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their
wall,

And Troy already totters to her fall.

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,

480

With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corpse; I war not with the dead: 485

Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain:

Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay 490
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.

Straight to their several cares the Trojans move;
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding
grove:

Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
 Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
 And now from forth the chambers of the main,
 To shed his sacred light on earth again,
 Arose the golden chariot of the day, 500
 And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
 In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
 Through heaps of carnage search the mournful
 plain.

Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend ex-
 plore,
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore. 505

The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they
 shed,
 And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
 Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
 The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd; 510

And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
 Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
 The cold remains consume with equal care;
 And, slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. 515
 Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening
 light

The doubtful confines of the day and night;
 About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
 And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd,
 Then, to secure the camp and naval powers, 520
 They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
 From space to space were ample gates around,
 For piling chariots; and a trench profound,
 Of large extent; and deep in earth, below, 525
 Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods
 above

In shining circle round their father Jove,
 Amaz'd beheld the wonderous works of man:
 Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began: 530

What mortals henceforth shall our power a-
 dore,

Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
 If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
 Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
 See the long walls extending to the main, 535
 No God consulted, and no victim slain!
 Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
 Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,
 While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
 Those radiant structures rais'd by labouring Gods, 540

Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
 Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
 That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
 Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can
 make 545

The solid Earth's eternal basis shake:
 What cause of fear from mortal works could
 move

The meanest subject of our realms above?
 Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
 Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last. 550

But yon proud work no future age shall view,
 No trace remain where once the glory grew,
 The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
 And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge
 wall:

Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
 The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more. 555

Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian
 train,

The rolling sun descending to the main
 Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
 Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew. 560

And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' stands,
 With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous
 bands.

Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus sent
 A thousand measures to the royal tent.
 (Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore 565
 To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore)

The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
 And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
 Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
 Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave. 570
 All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan
 powers;

Those on the fields, and those within their
 towers.

But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
 And shot red lightnings through the gloomy
 shade:

Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,
 While the deep thunder shook th' aerial hall. 575

Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd:
 And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
 Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of
 fight,

Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night. 580

T H E

I L I A D.

B O O K V I I I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The second Battle, and the Distress of the Greeks.

JUPITER assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke:
Celestial states, immortal Gods, give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can
move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of
heaven:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre h'rl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire
abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth,
and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thunders down to earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!

For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the Powers re-
ply,

A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky;
Trembling they stood before their Sovereign's
look;

At length his best-lov'd, the Power of Wisdom,
spoke:

Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and our Lord! 40
But ah! permit to pity human state;
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submit refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,

Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove. 45

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superiour on his best-belov'd.

Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The steadfast firmament beneath him shook: 50
Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
Braes were their hoofs, their curling manes of
gold.

Of heaven's undrossy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.

High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly 55
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.

But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)

Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd: 60

There, from his radiant car the sacred fire
Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:

Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;

Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys, 65
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.

Troy rouz'd as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay. 70

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:

Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling
ground;

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd, 75

To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,

The founding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,

Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; 80
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Long as the morning beams encreasing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light;

Communal dear, the fate of war confounds, 85
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.

But when the sun the height of heaven ascends;
The fire of Gods his golden scales suspends,

With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty

weight. 90

Prefs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies,
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder
rolls;

Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;

The God in terrors, and the skies on fire.
Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear,

Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war: 100
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;

Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart

Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane 105

curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,

Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed

Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110
When dreadful Hector, thundering through the
war,

Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand

The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
But Diomed beheld: from forth the croud 115

He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.
Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?

Oh flight unworthy great Laertes' son!
Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,

Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? 120
Oh turn and fave from Hector's direful rage

The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.
His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,

Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
But bold Tydides to the rescue goes, 125

A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
Before the coursers with a sudden spring

He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king:
Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;

These younger champions will oppress thy might. 130

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow;
Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.

Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 135
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:

These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein:
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;

With these against yon Trojans will we go,
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe; 140

Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car.

The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold; 145

Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the course,

And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,

Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear. 150

The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
But plung'd in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the
plain.

Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd, 155
Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;
Till to supply his place and rule the car,
Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall

Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;
The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the fight; 165

And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;
He dropt the reins; and, shook with sacred
dread,

Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence. 170
This day, averse, the Sovereign of the skies
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other sun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly
power.

'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move: 175
The great will glory to submit to Jove.

O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But ah, what grief, should haughty Hector boast,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coast! 180
Before that dire disgrace shall blait my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's
shame.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd;
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's
pride?

Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the
boast? 185
Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
That laid in dust her lov'd lamented lord.

He said, and hasty o'er the gasping throng 190
Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.
The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies. 195

Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the rest
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast;
Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames, 200

To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince!
are fled,

This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee
dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes in-
vite,

To stop his courfers, and to stand the fight; 205
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's summits thunder'd from above:

Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
(The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight:

Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band, 210
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.

Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.

Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame. 215

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.

High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall
bound;

And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound.

Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand, 220
Fight each with flames, and tofs the blazing
brand;

Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke, 225
Enco'rag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke:

Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:

Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.

For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, 230

Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,

So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in
wine.

Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold; 235

From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:

These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul; 240

She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can

make

The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,
See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,

Nor swells that heart in thy immortal breast? 245

Yet Æge, Helicè, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.

Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:

Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend, 250

And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;

Ungrateful prospect to the fullen Power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:

What rage, what madness, furious Queen, is
thine!

I war not with the highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now god-like Hector, to whose matchless
might

Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the
fields 260

With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd
shields.

Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and
threat

With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265

The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,

Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.

Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand

His purple robe, bright ensign of command.

High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;

270

There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:

To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,

Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.

Oh Argives! shame of human race; he cri'd,

(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd) 275

Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,

Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?

Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,

While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;

But who to meet one martial man is found, 280

When the fight rages, and the flames surround?

O mighty Jove! oh fire of the distress'd?

Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?

With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;

My glory ravish'd, and my people slain! 285

To thee my vows were breath'd from every

shore;

What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,

And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.

Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!

290

Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,

And save the relics of the Grecian land!

Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Fa-

ther heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd;

The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares, 295

And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.

His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he sent,

A fawn his talons trust'd (divine portent!)

High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,

Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove; 300

Then let the prey before his altar fall,

The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:

Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,

And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.

Tydidēs first of all the Grecian force, 305

O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,

Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,

And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.

Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)

With flying couriers shun'd his dreadful ire: 310

Struck through the back, the Phrygian felt op-

press'd;

The dart drove on, and issued at his breast;

Headlong he quits the car; his arms rebound:

His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.

Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;

315

Th' Attidæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:

Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,

And god-like Idomen, now pais'd the mound:

Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,

And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.

320

Secure behind the Telamonian shield

The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,

With every shaft some hostile victim flew,

Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:

The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325

Retires for safety to the mother's arms.

Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,

Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.

Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?

Orsiloehus; then fell Ormenus dead:

330

The god-like Lycophon next press'd the plain,

With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:

Bold Hamopæon breathless sunk to ground;

The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.

Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335

A Trojan ghost attended every dart.

Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye

The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:

Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)

Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd; 340

Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,

Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!

Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,

The vigorous off-spring of a stol'n embrace,

Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame, 345

And the brave son repays his cares with fame.

Now hear a monarch's vow: If Heaven's high

Powers

Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;

Whatever treasures Greece for me design,

The next rich honorary gift be thine: 350

Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,

With couriers dreadful in the ranks of war:

Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,

Shall recompence the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire, 355

Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.

What strength I have, he now in battle try'd,

Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.

Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,

Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow: 360

Eight forked arrows from this hand have fled,

And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:

But sure some God denies me to destroy

This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon

flies

At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:

He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's

heart,

And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.

(Far Castianira, nymph of form divine,

This off-spring added to king Priam's line. 370

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,

Decline the dead, and drooping kiss the plain:

So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
Another shaft the raging archer drew: 375
That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
Hector with grief his chariotcer beheld,
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein, 385
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew:
The shaft already to his shoulder drew: 390
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel
bone,
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone;
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow, 395

And his numb'd hand dismiss'd the useless bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400

Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with
fire.

The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, 405
With terror cloath'd, and more than mortal
strong.

As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels: 410
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following Hector still the hindmost flew.
When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desperate stand they made, 415
And fired the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God! 420
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus, to War's triumphant Maid:

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the fable shield!
Now, in this moment of her last despair, 425
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentless hate?
Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall! 430

What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spake th' imperial Regent of the skies.
To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes:
Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,
Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
But He above, the Sire of Heaven, withstands,
Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my service and deserv'd reward: 440
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite * son distress'd.
By stern Euristheus with long labours press'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay:
I hot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averse to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods. 450
To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd Maid his best belov'd,
Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;

Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then, Goddess! say, shall Hector glory then,
(That terror of the Greeks, that Man of men)
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
Ail dreadful in the crimson walks of war! 460
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?

She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with
care;

(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir) 465
Pallas, meanwhile: her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of
Jove.

Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends;
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends;
Huge, ponderous, strong! that, when her fury
burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 475

Saturnia lends the lash: the couriers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the Powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds a-
way.

The founding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they
guide.

But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid:

* Hercules.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their
car;
Against the Highest who shall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is Fate.
Their courfers crush'd beneath the wheel shall
lie,
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground. 495

Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 500
She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various colour'd Maid
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, 505
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Desist, obedient to his high command; 510
This is his word: and know, his word shall stand.
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky: 515
Yourself condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 500
She claims some title to transgress his will.
But thee what desperate insolence has driven,
To lift thy lance against the King of heaven?
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd: 525

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bo't, and shake the dreadful shield!
No more let beings of superior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530
They breathe or perish as the Fates ordain.
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of
light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.
The hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.
There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;
The chariot propt against the chrystal walls.
The pensive Goddess, abash'd, control'd, 540
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky. 545

'Twix Neptune's charge his courfers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base;

There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold, 550

Th' eternal Thunderer sat thron'd in gold;
High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending Powers appear'd,
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand! 560
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who shall the Sovereign of the skies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror shake. 565
For thus I spoke, and what I speak shall stand;
What power foe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.

Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom, 570
But feast their souls on Iliac's woes to come.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress'd:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies! 575
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may
move,

Left all should perish in the rage of Jove.
The Goddess thus. And thus the God replies
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies: 585

The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight, 590
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain. }
For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course 595
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
Where on the utmost verge the seas resound;
Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell; 600
No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;
No chearful gales refresh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will shall stand.
Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light, 615
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams de-
cay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field ; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls : 610
These to Scamander's banks apart he led,
Where, thinly scatter'd, lay the heaps of dead,
Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, 615
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold :
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind : 620

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear !
Ye Dardan hands, and generous ads, give ear !
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering
flame
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with
fame.

But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, 625
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the Night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
And strengthening bread, and generous wine be
brought. 630

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays ;
Left, in the silence and the shades of night, 635
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main ;
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe ; 640
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses'
care,

And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call ;
To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd, 645
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers :
Left, under cover of the midnight shade,
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade. 650
Surfice, to-night, these orders to obey ;
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plow'd, with fates averse, the watery way ; 655

For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.
Our common safety must be now the care ;
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,

Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage, 660
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove :
To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn !)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne ;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd, 665
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh ! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure ;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd ! 670

As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.
The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores rebound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untw'd, 675

And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore ;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore. 680

Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers !
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers ;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace ;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round, 685
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground ;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ; 690
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies : 695
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light :
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays :
The long reflections of the distant fires 700
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whoseumber'd arms, by fits, thick flames send ; 705

Loud neigh the courfers o'er their heaps of corn ;
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K IX.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. *Diomed* opposes this; and *Nestor* seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution: he orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. *Agamemnon* pursues this advice: and *Nestor* farther prevails upon him to send Ambassadors to *Achilles*, in order to move him to a reconciliation. *Ulysses* and *Ajax* are made choice of, who are accompanied by old *Phœnix*. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches; but are rejected, with roughness, by *Achilles*, who, notwithstanding, retains *Phœnix* in his tent. The Ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp; and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;

While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As from his cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
Such various passions urge the troubled host. 10
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whispers: these surround the chief, 15
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd,
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his
breast;

Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain, 25
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with
spoils:

Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold, 45
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witnesses, all our army heard. 50
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours
spring,

The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
The noblest power that might the world controul

55
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth, he stands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece shall stay; or, if all Greece retire.

65
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire;
Myself and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd: the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides praise. 70
Wife Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He spoke; the host in still attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel, 75
Still first to act what you advise to well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
moves,

Applauding Greece, with common voice, ap-
proves.

Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent
youth;

And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with
truth.

And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.

Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring

85
Disstate the people, or offend the king:

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:

90
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold; 95

But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100

Wife, weighty counsels, aid a state distressed,
And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?

105
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must
fall.

Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their
way.

His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The generous Thraïymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Alcaphus, Ialmen, stood,
The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
Deipyrus, Apharius, Merion, join, 115
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

120
The king of men on public counsels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,

125
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd:
Monarch of nations! whose superiour sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.

130
O king! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood, 135
And ratify the best for public good.

Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Fear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past: 140
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and faintly durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods ad-
mir'd:

Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king: With justice hast thou
shown

A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through fran-
tic rage,

The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I row:

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame: 160
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course;
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line, 165
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid; 170

With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine:
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
 These, instant, shall be his: and if the Powers 175
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
 Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil di-
 vides)

With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
 With copious love shall crown his warm em-
 brace: 180

Such as himself will choose: who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
 Yet hear me further: when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shall he live my son, our honours share, 185
 And with Orestes' self divide my care.

Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Lædæe and Iphigenia fair,

And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair: 190
 Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve;
 I ask no presents, no reward for love:
 Myself will give the dower: so vast a store
 As never father gave a child before.

Seven ample cities shall confess his sway, 195
 Him Enopé, and Phææ him obey,
 Cardamylé with ample nursets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
 Epeu fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Anthæa with her flowery fields: 200
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;
 There shall he reign with power and justice
 crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
 Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers, 210

Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
 Great though he be, it fits him to obey:
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor then: 215
 Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!

Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
 And such as fits a generous king to make.
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent: 220
 Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
 Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
 Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
 Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
 Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece de-
 mands: 225

Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.
 He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
 The cleansing water from the living spring.
 The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
 And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230

The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
 Then from the royal tent they take their way;
 Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
 Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply;
 Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most, 235
 To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
 Through the still night they march, and hear the
 roar

Of murmuring billows on the founding shore.
 To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
 Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround, 240
 They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
 And calm the rage of stern Æacides.

And now, arriv'd where on the sandy bay
 The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
 Amus'd at ease, the god-like man they found, 245
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
 (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ
 came,

Of polish'd silver was its costly frame):
 With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings. 250
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:

Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds 255
 To his high tent; the great Ulvisses leads.
 Achilles, starting, as the chiefs he 'spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.

With like surprise arose Menætiüs' son:
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus began: 260
 Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;

Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye
 came;

To me more dear than all that bear the name.
 With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led, 265

And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
 Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy
 friend. 270

He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire:
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
 Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, con-
 tains:

Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Meanwhile Patroclus vents the fire to raise;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
 Then, when the liquid flames at last to subside.
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turn,
 And sprinkles fire-dust from lifted urn;
 With bread the glittering campers then bestow'd;
 Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
 Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in fight, 285
 Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
 The first sacrifices, to the Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290
 That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign:
 Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the god-like man:
 Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests! 295
 Not those more honour'd whom Atreides feasts:
 Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300
 What scenes of slaughter in yon field's appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear:
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
 Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call: 305
 Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
 And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
 See, heaven and earth the raging chief despise:
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes!
 He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name. 315
 Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd!
 And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, Achilles! oh return, though late, 320
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
 Rite to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain. 325
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Pelens in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last:
 My child! with strength, with glory and success, 330
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
 Trust that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:

From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe: 335
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtue of humanity be thine—
 This, not despis'd, a vice thy father gave;
 Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atreides' prayers, 340
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store:
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mould; 345
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course;
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed 350
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
 Seven lovely captive of the Lesbian line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms. 355
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
 With all her charms, Brieis he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, unwin'd she removes, 360
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 These, instant, shall be thine; and if the Powers
 Give to our arms proud Ilium's hostile towers,
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
 With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
 Such as thyself shall chuse: who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
 Yet hear me further: when our wars are o'er, 370
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
 And with Oreites' fate divide his care.
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Clytemnestra with her golden hair;
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
 He asks no presents, no reward for love:
 Himself will give the dower: so vast a store 380
 As never father gave a child before.
 Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
 Thee Enopé, and Phœnix thee obey,
 Cardamèle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus, for time renown'd: 385
 Asper fair, the pastures Thira yields,
 And rich Anthèia with her flowery fields:
 The whole extent to Pelos' sandy plain
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil; 390
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.
 There shalt thou reign with power and justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king. 395
 But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
 If honour, and if interest, plead in vain;
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
 If no regard thy suffering country claim, 400
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
 For know that chief, whose unresisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born: Ulysses, hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
 What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain; 410
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus, in short, my fixt resolves attend,
 Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend; 415

Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim.
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same:
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
 From danger guards them, and from want de-
 fends:

In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants, by my labours sav'd;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty monarch these in peace posselt;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to every prince was paid;
 And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
 I only must refund of all his train; 440
 See what preheminance our merits gain!
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights:
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy:
 But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy? 445

What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
 Belov'd by none but those of Atrides' race?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve, 450

Sure every wife and worthy man will love.
 Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again. 455

Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench pro-
 found?

And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought: 465

He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
 Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate. }
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd, 470

And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
 The third day hence, shall Phthia greet our sails,
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
 Phthia to her Achilles shall restore 475
 The wealth he left for this detested shore:
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480
 One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd, the fair Lyrnæian slave.
 Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may
 hear,

And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485

And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
 Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join; 490
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice were
 mine. }

No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495
 Not though he proffer'd all himself posselt,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
 Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain, 500

The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
 And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505
 Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number
 more

Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call;
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Atrides' daughter never shall be led 510
 (An ill-match'd comfort) to Achilles' bed;
 Like golden Venus though the charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.

Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515
 If Heaven restore me to my realms with life,
 The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife.
 Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
 Bleſt in kind love my years ſhall glide away, 520
 Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
 There, deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold, 525
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
 Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
 Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
 And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
 But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled, 530
 Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
 My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
 Here, if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown; 535
 If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond miſtake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiſer choice to make;
 To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
 Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
 Go then, to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
 Bid all your counſels, all your armies join, 545
 Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
 To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
 Go then—diſſeſt my meſſage as ye may— 550
 But here this night let reverend Phœnix ſtay:
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
 His age be ſacred, and his will be free. 555
 The ſon of Peleus ceaſ'd: the chiefs around
 In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
 Attend the ſtern reply. Then Phœnix roſe:
 (Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
 And while the fate of ſuffering Greece he mourn'd, 560
 With accent weak theſe tender words return'd:
 Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
 If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
 How ſhall thy friend, thy Phœnix, ſtay behind? 565
 The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coaſt
 He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt;
 Thy youth, as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field:
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war; 570
 To ſhine in councils and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
 No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not though the God, that breath'd my life, reſtore
 The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore, 575
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)

My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
 I try'd what youth could do at her deſire) 580
 To win the damſel, and prevent my fire.
 My fire with curſes loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiend below,
 And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow. 585
 Deſpair and grief diſtract my labouring mind!
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd!
 I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſup-
 preſt)
 To plunge the poniard in my father's breaſt:
 Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain 590
 With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
 They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant
 wine:
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine
 nights entire;
 The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire. 595
 The tenth, I forc'd the gates unſeen of all;
 And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence through ſpacious Greece ex-
 tend:
 In Phthia's court at laſt my labours end.
 Your fire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd, 600
 With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
 The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd: 605
 Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load),
 Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'ſt thou ſtand: 610
 No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
 I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares:
 The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree.
 And Phœnix felt a father's joy in thee: 615
 Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
 A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
 The Gods (the only great, and only wiſe) 620
 Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and ſacrifice;
 Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
 And daily prayers atone for daily ſins.
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face: 625
 With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
 Conſtant they follow, where injuſtice flies:
 Injuſtice, ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er man-
 kind,
 While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow
 behind
 Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
 The ſire revenges for the daughter's ſake;

From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then 635
Descends to punish unrelenting men.
Oh, let not headlong passion bear the sway;
These reconciling Goddesses obey:
Due honours to the seed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.

640
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king:
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honours ask, the general sends,

645
And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
mends,
The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old; 650
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where Caldon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it those, to conquer these advance; 655
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice:
On Oeneus' field she sent a monstrous boar,
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore:

660
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had
slain)

Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, 665
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast
(For rage invades the wisest and the best).

Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgers the fields. 670
"She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
"And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
"The God of day ador'd the mother's charms:
"Against the God the father bent his arms:
"Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,

675
"From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
"And call'd Alcyone: a name to shew
"The father's grief, the mourning mother's
"woe."

To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:

680
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whole luckless hand his royal uncle flew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers be-
neath

On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,

685
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land; 690

Besought the chief to save the sinking state:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers
great:

(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards
crown'd.)

His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came; 695
His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
He stands relentless, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise;

700
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd:

705
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their
turn,

And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire: 710
Accept the presents: draw thy conquering sword;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he. The stern Achilles thus reply'd:
My second father, and my reverend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no such gift demands,

715
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.

720
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molest me on Atreides' part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,

725
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part;
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.

730
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke, 735
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait,

740
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain.
Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A fire the slaughter of his son forgives; 745
The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives:

The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.

750

One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host,

755

Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.
Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame: 760
'Tis just repentment, and becomes thee brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain, 765
The blood of Greeks shall dye the fable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.

770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground;
Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed, 775
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
In slumber sweet the rererend Phoenix lay,
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace 780
Fair Diomedes of the Lesbian race.
Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms. 785
And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had
sent,
Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the royal
tent.

Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return. Atrides first begun: 790
Say what success? divine Laertes' son!

Achilles' high resolves declare to all:

Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride; 795
He flights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury turns:
To save our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care: but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the
sky,

Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'er shades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree, 810
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Ulysses broke
The general silence, and undaunted spoke: 815
Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with
pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820
Our battles let him, or desert or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our powers 825
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food);
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830

In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays; 835
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprize Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king: with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when, by lightnings, Jove's ætherial power 5
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.

So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.
Now o'er the field, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their musick blow, 15
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,
And vows to him that ever lives above: 20
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his labouring breast revolves;

To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,

With him, in wholesome counsels to debate 25
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held. 30
Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread; 35
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he descry'd,
His armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
Eut say, what hero shall sustain that task? 45
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to
go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe!

To whom the king : In such distress we stand,
 No vulgar counsels our affairs demand ; 50
 Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art :
 For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
 Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun ?
 What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn !
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born, 60
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete ;
 Ourselves to hoary Nestor will repair ; 65
 To keep the guards on duty, be his care ;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son with Merion o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan : These thy orders borne,
 Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return ? 70
 There shalt thou stay (the king of men reply'd)
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
 Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge, by their father's fame, their future praise. 75

Forget we now our state and lofty birth ;
 Not titles here, but works must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below ;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his several cares ; 80
 The king to Nestor's stable ship repairs ;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around ;
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears : 85
 The dreadful weapon of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes and said :

What art thou, speak, that on designs un-
 known, 90
 While others sleep thus range the camp alone ?
 Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel ?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.
 Son of Neleus (thus the king rejoind)
 Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind ! 95
 Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
 Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands ;
 Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
 And woes, that only with his life shall end !
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sus-
 tain, 100

And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known ;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design ;
 And all my people's miseries are mine. 105
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend ;
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At every gate the fainting guard excite, 110
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night :

Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor : Trust the powers above,
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by
 Jove :

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' Eternal Mind !
 Audacious Hector ! if the Gods ordain
 That great Achilles rise and rage again.
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain ! 120

Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys ;
 The care is next our other chiefs to raise :
 Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need ;
 Meges for strength, Cileus fam'd for speed.
 Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet, 125
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
 Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree ;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 130
 With his great brother in this martial care :
 Him it behov'd to every chief to sue,
 Preventing every part perform'd by you ;
 For strong necessity our toils demands,
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands. 135

To whom the king : With reverence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
 My generous brother is of gentle kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;
 Through too much deference to our sovereign
 sway,

Content to follow when we lead the way.
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
 Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.
 The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
 Prepare to meet us near the navy wall ; 145
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
 Near the night-guard's, our chosen council waits.
 Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule with-
 stand,

For great examples justify command.

With that the venerable warrior rose ; 150
 The shining greaves his manly legs inclose ;
 His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
 Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
 Then, rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
 His steel lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155
 The camp he travers'd through the sleeping
 croud,

Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
 Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
 Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
 What new distress, what sudden cause of fright, 160

Thus leads you wandering in the silent night ?
 O prudent chief ! (the Pylian sage reply'd)
 Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd ;
 Whatever means of safety can be sought,
 Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165
 Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;
 All, all depend on this important night !

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield ;
 Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the
 field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, 170
 All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
 Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
 His head reclining on his bossy shield.
 A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
 Shot from their flashing points a quivering light. 175

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
 Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
 The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes:
 Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong 180

Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
 But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the
 foe
 Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?
 At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled;
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185
 Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
 Though years and honours bid thee seek repose.
 Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
 It fits thy age these toils to undertake.
 My friend (he answer'd) generous is thy care, 190
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,
 Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
 To ease a sovereign, and relieve a fire.
 But now the last despair surrounds our host;
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost; 195
 Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
 Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest; 200

He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung;
 Then seiz'd his ponderous lance, and strode }
 along.

I leges the hold, with Ajax fam'd for speed, 205
 The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments
 led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
 Th' unwearied watch their listening leaders keep,
 And, couching close, repel invading sleep. 210
 So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
 With tail protect'd from the prowling train,
 When the gaunt lions, with hunger bold,
 Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded
 fold:

Through breaking woods her rustling course they
 hear:

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their
 ear

Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
 Watch every side, and turn to every sound.

Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprize,
 Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and
 eyes; 220

Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
 And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
 And thus accosted through the gloomy shade:

'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ; 225

Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
 Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero said;
 Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
 His son, and god-like Merion march'd behind
 (For these the princes to their council join'd); 230

The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
 In silent state the consistory crown'd.
 A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
 The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before;
 When night descending, from his vengeful hand 235

Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
 (The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
 And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
 There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
 The council opening, in these words begun: 240

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
 His life to hazard, and his country save?
 Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or, favour'd by the night, approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs, to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his through all succeeding days,
 While Phoebus shines, or men have tongues to
 praise?

What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not Greece to her deliverer owe?
 A fable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a fable lambkin by her side;
 At every rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.
 Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
 Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here. 260
 Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous
 way

Some God within commands, and I obey.
 But let some other chosen warrior join,
 To raise my hopes, and second my design.
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
 Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose:
 Each generous breast with emulation glows: 270
 So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
 Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
 The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
 And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
 Then thus the king of men the contest ends: 275
 Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
 Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
 In this great enterprize, is only thine.

Just be thy choice, without affection made;
 To birth, or office, no respect be paid; 280
 Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
 And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the god-like Diomed rejoind):
 My choice declares the impulse of my mind,

How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands 285
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of
fire. 290

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295
The reddening Orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' æthereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with generous ardour prest,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress. 300
A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn; 305
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd; 310
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grin'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Antolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him his prize 315
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples prest'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark through paths oblique their progress
take.

Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, though surrounding shades obscur'd their
view,
By the shrill clang, and whistling wings, they
knew.

As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd, 325
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid:

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, survey! 330
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then god-like Diomed preferr'd his prayer: 335

Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great Queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won;
As thou defend'st the fire, defend the son.

When on Ætopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban towers, 340

Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful
show,

He went a legate, but return'd a foe:

Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers
yield.

So now be present, Oh celestial Maid! 345
So still continue to the race thine aid!

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrors of th' enfanguin'd
plain,

Through dust, through blood, o'er arms, and hills
of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd: 360

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they
take?

If now subdued they meditate their flight, 365
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beside the reverend herald told)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.

Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380
Th' immortal couriers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:
Be witness thou! immortal lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall: 390
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in
vain,

But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain,
Across his back the bended bow he flung, 395
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more. 400
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cour'd along),

When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet;
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space:
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. 410
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
head

(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the spy unwary flew:
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green 420
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now now furrows part th' approaching
ploughs.

Now Dolon listening heard them as they past;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his
haste,

Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw, 425
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind:
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling
hind;

Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey: 430
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides stopp'd; a generous thought

435
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Left on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art remain;
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he
stood;

A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; 445
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow. 450
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the
fight,

To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:

No less a brize than great Achilles' car, 465
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of
war,

Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And, tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night? 470

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)
Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame, 475

Achilles, sprung from an immortal dame.
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night?
Where stand his courfers? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep: 480

Say, since their conquest, what their counsels
are;

Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war.

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own. 485

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; 490

Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495

To whom the spy: Their powers they thus
dispose:

The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.

Not distant far, lie higher on the land 500

The Lycian, Mysian, and Maonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.

These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son: 505

I saw his courfers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow:
Rich silver plates his shining car infold;
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load, 510
Celestial Panoply, to grace a God!

Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains: till your return reveal,
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, though all the truth be shown.

Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore; 520
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525

One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and 530
spear;

These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:

Great Queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heavenly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535
This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the
plain,

To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Through the still night they cross the devious
fields

Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of
shields,

Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.

Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand; 545
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons
shin'd:

Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight Ulysses first descries, 550
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.

The man, the couriers, and the car behold!
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot and the steeds untie; 555
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,

Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and string his nervous arms;

Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued 560
His thirsty faulchion, fat with hostile blood;

Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565

On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.

Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.

Ulysses following, as his partner flew, 570
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;

The milk-white couriers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;

Left the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575

Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they
found:

Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.

Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,

Whose visionary steel his bosom tore: 580
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;

These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.) 585

Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:

Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,

Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay, 590
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.

While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:

Enough, my son; from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595

Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the martial Maid,
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;

The couriers fly before Ulysses' bow, 600
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserved they pass'd: the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's

flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour blest,

And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. 605
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the Power,

And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour
(On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,

A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610

An empty space where late the couriers stood,
The vet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;

For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,

The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615

On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,

Ulysses stopp'd: to him Tydides bore 620
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:

Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The couriers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around: 625

Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;

Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)

The great Tydides and Ulysses bear, 630
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.

Yet much I fear (oh may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;

Perhaps, ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore;
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:

With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings: and Nestor first demands:
Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,

Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd?

The spoil of foes, or present of a God?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure till now no coursers struck my fight
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,

Blest as ye are, and favourites of the skies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of Heaven are of a nobler kind,
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;

* Minerva.

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,

A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers
flew;

The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.

Straight to Tydides' high pavillion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And their full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.

But Dolon's armour to his ships convey'd,
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighbouring main;

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,

Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libation pour:

They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax

rescue him. *Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit Him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.*

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilius.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal fight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command, 5
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and
land. 10
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian
throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires; 20

Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.) 30
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold:
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales, against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: 40
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.

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His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, 45
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along; 50
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two steely javelins wield, 55
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they clasp'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery couriers to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with whose who
wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these in close array combin'd, 65
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy fun,
As with the light the warriors' toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, dis-
till'd

Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ius' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground:
There wife Polydamas and Hector stood; 75
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Ag'nor the divine,

The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' æthereal race; So
Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shades his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night re-
tires;

M

Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like
man, 85

Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons
wield, 90

Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heavy harvest at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side,
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight; 95

But horse to horse, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the
day.

Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes: 100

Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above, 105
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate, 110
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;
The sea with ships, the field with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increasing
bright 115
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing
light,

Communal death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120

When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate forest lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might 125

Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bienor at his people's head:
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king; 130
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
ground

Atrides spoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour
vain:

Now foil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!

In the same car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide: 140

Far other task, than when they went to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep!
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
Then to their fire for ample fums restor'd; 145
But now to perish by Atrides' sword;
Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Ius bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate suc-
ceeds.

Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150

The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155

And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her
way:

All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels fold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought, 165
And slew the children for their father's fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They hook with fear, and dropp'd the silken
rein;

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call: 170

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears that, not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply—
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die: 180

The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his feed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast, 185
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his
last.

His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along. 190
Then, where the thickest fought, the victor
flew;

The king's example all his Greeks pursue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.

From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
195

Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,

And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The distant army wonders at his deeds. 200

As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;

Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe, 205
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:

The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls; 210

While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date,
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he stood, 215

Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilius lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town. 220

As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursued,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.

Meanwhile on every side, around the plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successful haste:
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last: 230

Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the bravest chiefs are kill'd,

And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall; 235
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.

But Jove descending, shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke: 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To god-like Hector this our word convey—
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Bid him give way; but issue forth commands, 245

And trust the war to less important hands:

But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,

Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, 250

Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd!
On wings of winds descends the various Maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war; 255

Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.

The Goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear—
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands.

But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast, 265

Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, 270

In clanging arms; he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from hand to hand;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,

And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare. 275

Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns:

The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who sav'd him first, and by his prowess fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandfire Cisseus bred, 285

And nurs'd in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed.

Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his generous breast,
When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms

(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. 290

But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.

With twelve black ships he reach'd Percepe's strand,

Thence took the long laborious march by land.

Now fierce for sale before the ranks he springs,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.

Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air. 300
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.

At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!

No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,

And the pale features, now deform'd with blood,
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325

Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear: 330

His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 335
Transfix'd the warrior with a brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:
The facial shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'er-
thrown.

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood; 345

But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Lest keen those darts the fierce Ilythice send
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's throes,

Fad mothers of unutterable woes!) 350
Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:

O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won; 355
Proceed, and finish what this arm began:

Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along. 360
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce couriers
blow,

And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own. 370

Behold the general flies! deserts his powers!

Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375

His fainting host, and every bosom warms.

As the bold hunter cheers his hounds, to tear

The brindled lion, or the tusky bear;

With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,

And springs the foremast with his lifted dart: 380

So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;

Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.

On the black body of the foes he pours;

As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,

A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385

Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.

Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojans' glory crown'd,

Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

Affæus, Dolops, and Antonous dy'd,

Opites next was added to their side, 390

Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,

Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night:

Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;

The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.

As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms, 395

Dispeis the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;

The gust continued, violent, and strong,

Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;

Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,

Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares: 400

Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,

O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.

Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;

Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;

But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth, 405

His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.

And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!

Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?

Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.

The warrior thus: and thus the friend reply'd: 410

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;

Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.

But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.

He sigh'd; but, fighting, rais'd his vengeful
steel, 415

And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight: 420

So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respir'd again. 425

The sons of Merops thone amidst the war;
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain! 430

Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his fight, 435

And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh; 440
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

Mark how this way yon bending squadrons
yield!

The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
450
Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said;
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely
glanc'd.

Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands) 455
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands:
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes. 460

Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance:
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd:
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath, 465

Or thank that swiftnefs which outstrips the death:
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.

Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand
If any God assist Tydides' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war)
Around the fields his feather'd shaft he sent, 475
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument:
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast. 480

The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in
vain,

But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my
dart:

Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat
stand;

Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lions fear. 490

He dauntless thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can; 495

Such hands may wound, but not incense a man,
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings it flight, and death is on the steel. 500
Where this but lights, so noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of
fires,

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart, 505
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on: 510
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice:
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press;
These, in the warrior their own fate inclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar, when all the troop surrounds 525

Of shouting huntsmen, and of clamorous hounds;

He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on every part is ply'd;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side. 530
Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell;
Cherfidamus, beneath the navel thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust,
Charops, the son of Hippafus, was near; 535
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:
O great Ulysses, much-enduring man! 540
Not deeper skill'd in every martial sleight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field—

545
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin
thrown,
Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd. 550

The wound not mortal wife Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps with-
drew):

Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall
grace!

Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe; 555
But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below!

He spoke; while Socus, seiz'd with sudden
fright,

Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to
flight;

Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart, 560

And held its passage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound;
He falls; his armour rings against the ground.

Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain:
Fam'd son of Hippafus! there press the plain; 565
There ends thy narrow spin assign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet: longer date.

Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.

Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575

The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.

Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:

Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who shares his labours, and defends his side:

O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear; 585
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:

Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her hosts de-
spair,

And fall a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of War, attends.

The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.

As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer; 595

Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:

Till, life's warm vapour issuing through the
wound,

Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast fur-
round;

Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,

The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior, half an host sustains: 605

But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;

Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew; 610
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew.

On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyfander bleeding on the ground.

As when a torrent, swell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains, 615

And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:

Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far, 620

Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the

plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.

There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows; 625

There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.

The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:

In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.

To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!

Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.

He lends the lash; the steeds with founding feet 640

Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,

Survey'd the various fortune of the war.

While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;

Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. 645

Before great Ajax see the mingled throng

Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!

I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field

By the broad glittering of the seven-fold shield.

Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds, 650

There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;

There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,

And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;

Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;

655

Stung by the stroke, the courfers scour the fields,

O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.

The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,

And, dashing, purple all the car before;

The groaning axle fable drops distils, 660

And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,

Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:

(By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,

The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'er-thrown) 665

Ajax he shuns through all the dire debate,

And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.

But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,

Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's heart;

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown, 670

Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,

And, glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,

Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains, 675

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,

Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,

Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;

Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.

So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, 680

While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength endued,

In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,

Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,

Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain; 685

Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,

The patient animal maintains his ground,

Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,

And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung, 690

The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;

Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,

Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding bands;

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,

And threats his followers with retorted eye. 695

Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,

While hitting darts descend in iron showers:

In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,

Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;

And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain, 700

Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.

But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,

And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;

Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,

Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow; 705

From his torn liver the red current flow'd,

And his slack knees desert their dying load.

The victor rushing to despoil the dead,

From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:

Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, 710

Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.

Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,

Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd:

What God, O Grecians! has your heart dismay'd?

Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid. 715

This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,

And this the last brave battle he shall wage;

Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave

The warrior rescue, and your country save.

Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears, 720

Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,

To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand

With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:

Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;

The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,

While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:

His courfers, steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,

The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore,

That hour Achilles, from the topmost height 730

Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;

His fasted eyes beheld around the plain

The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain,

His friend Machaon singled from the rest,

A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735

Straight to Menetius' much-lov'd son he sent;

Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:

In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;

And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;

Whate'er they will, Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)

Still at my heart, and ever at my side!

The time is come, when yon despairing host

Shall learn the value of the man they lost: 745

Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,

And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.

Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught

What wounded warrior late his chariot brought

For, seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750

His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;

Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,

The courfers pass'd me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;

755

The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
He paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale 760
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.

The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede pre-
pares,

Arfinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs: 765
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flower of wheat,

770

And wholesome garlick, crowned the savoury
treat.

Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
From eldest times: the massy sculptur'd vase,
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace;

775

And curling vines around each handle roll'd
Support two turtle-doves emboss'd in gold.
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine 780
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste be-
stows,

And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares: 785
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led 790
To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said:

790

'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795
Was borne from combat by the foaming steeds.
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)

800

Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, 805
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays, 810
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.

Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;

815

Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd.
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains.

820

And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds. 825
These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering son.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.

The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair, 830

When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war;
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest
gain'd,

My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.

835

(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public course
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse.)
The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd 840
The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
With many a courser, and with many a car;
The sons of Aëtor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.

845

High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents
below.

Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial
pride;

Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.

855

My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite.

860

And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid:
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid;

865

A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
To the blue monarch of the watery main.

In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
Soon as the sun, with all revealing ray, 870
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day;
Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos. Elis here.
The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede: 875
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd, 880

Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the
foes,

Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alifum flows. 890
Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
And the same arm that led, concludes the day,
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind. 895
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade 900

Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Phthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court. 905

A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles fees us, to the feast invites; 910
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.

We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave;
Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave:" 915
Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles shine
"In strength superior, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."

Thus spoke your father at Theffalia's court; 920
Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.

Some favouring God Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925
If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If aught from heaven with-hold his saving arm;

VOL. VI.

Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear, 930
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the
tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded strand,
The public mart and court of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods arise;
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son, 940
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart; 945

Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who, fighting, thus his bleeding friend address'd:

Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore, 950
Far from your friends, and from your native
shore?

S y, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists the yet the raging Hector's land?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame? 955
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force encreasing as her toil renews.

Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet, 960
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the
fleet.

But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965
Such as sage Chiron, sire of Pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.

To him the chief: What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply; 975
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upbore the chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd;
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay, 980

Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruise'd;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

N

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The care and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose; 5
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose:
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands! 10
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, 15
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;
Rheus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force.
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source; 20
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:
These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire pine continual days:
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall, 25
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.

Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the 'Ikies descend in sluicy showers.
The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling
shore, 30
Vast stones and piles from their foundation
heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and level'd by the
flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 34
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd
the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, with dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng, 45
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midst the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;

Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing javelins rain an iron storm: 50
 His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows; 55
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
 The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
 But snort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
 Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the
 ground,
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60
 Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
 The bottom bare (a formidable show!)
 And bristled thick with sharpened stakes below.
 The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
 And try the pass impervious to the horse.
 This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
 Refrain'd great Hector, and his counsel gave:
 Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
 And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!

What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
 No pass through those, without a thousand
 wounds,
 No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
 Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown, 75
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
 Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy and bury all! 80
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops con-
 fus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruise'd:
 All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
 Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led,
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way: 90
 So Greece shall stoop before our conquering
 power,
 And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the God-like Hector
 sprung
 Swift from his seat: his clanging armour rung.
 The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95
 Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
 By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
 Compel the couriers to their ranks behind.
 The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
 And all obey their several chiefs' commands. 100
 The best and bravest in the first conspire,
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
 Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
 Polydamas, and brave Cebriones,
 Before the next the graceful Paris shines, 105
 And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
 The sons of Priam with the third appear,
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the fear;

In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
 Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, 110
 And whom Arisba's yellow couriers bore,
 The couriers fed on Selle's winding shore.
 Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great Aeneas, born on fountful Ide.
 Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd, 115
 Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid;
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
 Now with compacted shields, in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way: 120

Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
 And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
 While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
 Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
 Asius alone, confiding in his car,
 His vaunted couriers urg'd to meet the war.
 Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the
 plain:
 No more those couriers with triumphant joy
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy! 130
 Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall.
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the
 plain

The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
 Swift through the wall their horse and chariots
 past,
 The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
 His following host with clamours rend the skies;
 To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
 Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were
 vain.

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
 Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
 This Pylæus' great Pirithous heir,
 And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
 As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise: 145
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
 Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours
 crown'd,
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
 High on the hill appears their stately form,
 And their deep roots for ever brave th' storm 150.

So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
 Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
 Crested, Acamas, in front appear,
 And Oenoneus and Thoön close the rear;
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
 The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
 To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
 Ev'n when they saw Troy's fable troops impend,
 And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend, 160
 Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
 Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the
 war.

So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear, 165
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.

Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,
With founding strokes their brazen targets rung: 170

Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:

To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.
As when sharp Boëas blows abroad, and brings 175

The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower; 180

Heavy and thick resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,

The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven:
In Powers immortal who shall now believe? 185
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power

Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive
To guard the entrance of their common hive, 190

Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings

They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates, 195

Repel an army, and defend the Gates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To god-like Hector, and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200

Like deeds of arms through all the forts were trid,

And all the gates sustain'd an equal siege;
Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,

The blaze of flame, the flash of arms, appear'd.

The spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205

To raise each ear to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unnumber'd kepr alive the war,
Secure of death, consisting in despair;

And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.

First Damafus, by Polypoetes' steel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore; 215

The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!

Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death:

First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden way'd his unresisted sword;

Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
Theaulchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke;

Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew, 225

Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;

Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.

These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd: 230

A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.

Jove's bird on founding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,

His talons trufs'd; alive, and curling round, 235
He flung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:

Mad wit, the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings, his painful way,

Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:

Amidst the host the falling serpent lies. 240

They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.

Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke:

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245

For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere!
True to those counsels which I judge the best,

I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,

In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250

And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.

Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;

Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
For sure, to warn us Jove his omen sent, 255

And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight

Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle scales,

Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize; 260

Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,

Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Tails unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;

More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise: 265

For thus a skillful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd :
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong : 270
 Or, if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure Heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
 The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the favouring God,
 These shall I slight? and guide my wavering
 mind

By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend; 280
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
 But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?

285
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
 Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave. 290
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison through our soldiers'
 breasts,

My javelin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.
 Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
 And gives great Hector the destin'd day.
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
 Close to the works their rigid siegethey laid.
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, 305
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
 Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
 The clouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,

310
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
 The bold Ajaxes fly from tower to tower,
 And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
 The generous impulse every Greek obeys: 315
 Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.

Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to
 fame,

And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
 Since not alike endued with force or art;
 Behold a day when each may act his part! 320
 A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
 To gain new glories, or augment the old.
 Urge those who stand; and those who faint, ex-
 cite;

Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;
 Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; 325
 Seek not your fleet, but rally from the wall;

So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
 And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
 And now the stones descend in heavier showers.

330
 As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
 And opens his cloudy magazine of storms;
 In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
 A snowy inundation hides the plain;
 He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep; 335
 Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
 And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
 Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
 Bent with the weight the nodding woods are
 seen,

And one bright waste hides all the works of men : 340

The circling seas alone, absorbing all,
 Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.

So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
 And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend 345

To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
 Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would
 yield,

Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
 For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
 His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350

In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile
 gold :

And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands, 355

Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's
 brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In fallen majesty, and stern disdain : 360

In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows 365

With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
 He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
 To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
 Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
 Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke : 370

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
 Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,

375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with musick's sprightly
 sound?

Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,

And vindicate the bounteous Powers above? 380

'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place :

That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,

385

Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,

395

Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said: his words the listening chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's
fire;

The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the
field:

Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd to avert th' approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood,

405

Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields;
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders
all the ground.

Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with speed (he
said)

And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend.
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420

Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.

Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands! 415
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force. 430
But if too fiercely here the foes contend.
At least, let Telamon those towers defend.
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,

435

And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomedes! exert your might,
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd;

440

That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his seven-fold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,

445

Like some black tempest gathering round the
towers;

The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
skies.

Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain 455
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and swung it round; then, toss'd on
high,

It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.

460

As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew, 465
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his
height,

Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,

475

He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering
found,

His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;

485

The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe: 490
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling
wood;

But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and feverer fight;

Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,

His fainting squadrons to new fury warms :
O where, ye Lycians ! is the strength you boast ?
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost ! 500
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pats to gain ;
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall ;
The force of powerful union conquers all

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew, 505
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew :
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war ;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers. 510

As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds :

They tug, thy sweat, but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field :
Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall ; 515
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,

Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,

From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
Each equal weight, nor this, nor that, descends :
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries : 530
Advance, ye Trojans ! lend your valiant hands ;
Haste to the fleet, and to the blazing brands !
They hear, they run ; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling-engines, and ascend the wall :
Around the works a wood of glittering spears 535
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and grots below :
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,

Such men as live in these degenerate days ; 540
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and thook in air :
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its lead
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung :

Then, thundering through the planks with force-
ful sway,
Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way ; 550

The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door
Leap the rebounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night ! and shakes two shining spears :
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555

And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame. 555
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place ; 560
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly :
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
the sky.

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat
coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight 5
Those eyes that shed insufferable light:
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days; 20
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove fees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:

No aid, he deems, to either host is given, 15
While his high law suspends the powers of
Heaven.

Mean-time the * Monarch of the watery main
Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below, 20

He fate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;

* Neptune.

Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main 25
Emerg'd, he fate; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury flung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest flakes! earth trembled as he trod, 30
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægea shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: 35
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he
reins,

Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.

He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies, 40
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play: 45
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his couriers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave; 50
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds un-
bound,

Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, 55
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
The Father of the floods pursues his way:
Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground, 60
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name, 65
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mein; 70
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours, to save us, if you cease to fear; 75
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part
o'erthrown,

Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone. 80
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his fire.

Vol. VI.

If yet some heavenly Power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to
fight,

Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain: 85

And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be
vain:

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steeri'd their manly
souls:

Strength, not their own, the touch divine im-
parts,

Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring
hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight

Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:

Such, and so swift, the power of Ocean flew; 95
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Æleus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:

Some God, my friend, some God in human
form

Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm. 100

Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd. I saw the Power appear:

I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;

Ev'n now some energy divine I share, 105
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:

New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm. 110

This ready arm, unthinking shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;

Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.

Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast, 115

The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inspir'd,

Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours
tired,

Pant in the ships: while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls: 120

Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.

Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal
hour;

But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite; 125

Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Theas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,

And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes.

While thus the God the martial fire awakes: 130
Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace

To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see

Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free.

Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim, 135
 And one black day clouds all her former fame.
 Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
 Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd
 bands?

And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands? 140
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
 Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
 A prey to every savage of the wood:
 Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,

145
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
 A charge so shameful, say, what cause has
 wrought?

The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?
 Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
 The purchase infamy, and life the price? 150

'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
 Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
 Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
 Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?
 Prevent this evil, and your country save: 155

Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
 Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:

But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost! 160
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.

Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
 On endless infamy, on instant death,
 For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore; 165

Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
 The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecians' fainting hearts in-
 spire,

And listening armies catch t' e god-like fire. 170
 Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
 With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled
 round:

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight:
 Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes, 175

The God of War had own'd a just surprize.
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.

An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields, 180

Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,

As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
 And, level'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death in terrible array,
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
 Pierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy. 190

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury-borne
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)

Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:

From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; 195
 At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
 Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd
 amain,

Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to
 the plain:

There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
 prov'd,

Refistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, un-
 mov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
 And all their falchions wave around his head:
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;

But with repeated shouts his army fires.
 Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your
 way 205

Through yon square body, and that black array.
 Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering
 power,

Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
 For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,

The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms. 210
 He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast;

Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
 Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching, held
 Before his wary steps his ample shield.

Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215

The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
 But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
 The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.

The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
 On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear: 220
 The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,

And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe
 Then to the ships with furlly speed he went,
 To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows, 225
 The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.

By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
 The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.

Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
 In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, 230

The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
 And blest'd in bright Medecaste's arms:

(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)

To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235

And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,

He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:

He groans beneath the Telamonian spear. 240
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,

Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:

So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead, 245

From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
 He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart

Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;

Vain was his courage, and his race divine! 250
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,

And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung; 255
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung:
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
 Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn, 265
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd
 fawn,

In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
 So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head: 270
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his * grandion slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands, 275

And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
 His pensive brow the generous care express
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast, 280

Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
 That office paid, he issued from his tent,
 Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun, 285

In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:
 Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring
 boast,

Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost? 290
 To whom the king: On Greece no blame be
 thrown,

Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains.
 'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom, 295

That far, far distant from our native home
 Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
 Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest. 300

Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can
 make

The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
 Ah! never may he see his native land,
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay, 305
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!

* Amphimachus.

For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
 Together let us battle on the plain;
 Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain: 310

Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
 But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.
 This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
 From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand, 315

And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
 Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
 Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares, 320
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him near his tent, Meriones attends; 325
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!
 O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
 On some important message art thou bound,
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound? 330

Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.
 O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
 Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;
 This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield; 335

The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.
 To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
 Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all)
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall. 340
 Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
 And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd, 345
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame
 with gold.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
 But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war. 350

What need I more? if any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
 To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
 And were some ambush for the foes design'd, 355
 Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.

In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confess'd,
 No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
 He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes; 360

A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
 Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
 Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
 With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening
 hair,

And looks a bloodless image of despair! 365

Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast, 370
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before; 375

Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
To oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take, 380

And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars omnipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man). 385
Terror, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms 390

Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain. 395

Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the
right,

Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd): 400
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gull the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax feels not on th' ensanguin'd ground:
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. 415
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warbling winds, in Sirois' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain; 425

On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hells, and, meeting, darken'd
heaven.

All dreadful glaz'd the iron face of war, 430
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms, and
shields,

And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave. 435

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Pelus' god-like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers, 440

But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with stern dis-
dain, 445
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian
train.

Gods of one source, of one ethereal race, 445
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superiour right afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid. 450
These powers unfold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they
die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey, 455

The bold Idomenus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came; 460
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 465
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms refounded as the boaster fell. 470

The great Idomenus hestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive; 475
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atreides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on further methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies; 480
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.

He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;

(His valued courfers, to his squire confign'd, 485
 Impatient panted on his neck behind)
 To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
 He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
 The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
 Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:

490

Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
 And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
 As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
 Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,

495

Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
 So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
 And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courfers lay.
 He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.

500

Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
 Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
 Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
 But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
 Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
 The stately car, and labours out his breath.
 Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
 Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

505

Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.

510

The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
 From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
 Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
 Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
 On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd) 515
 He lay collected in defensive shade;
 O'er his fair head the javelin idly hung,
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
 Ev'n then, the spear the vigorous arm confest,
 And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast:

520

Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
 The chief, his people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
 Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
 For thee though hell's black portals stand display'd,
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
 Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
 Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;

Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
 His honour'd body to the tented shore.

530

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
 Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
 Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall doom

535

To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
 He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:
 Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire:
 His spouse Hippodamê, divinely fair,
 Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care: 540
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
 With beauty, sense, and every work of art:

He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
 The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.

By Neptune now the hapless hero dies: 54

Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
 And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
 His fate, he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
 Fixt as some column, or deep rooted oak,
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the
 stroke.

Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields, 550
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.

The riven armour sends a jarring sound.

His labouring heart heaves with so strong a
 bound,

The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the
 wound:

Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;

Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:

See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend, 560

This, my third victim, to the shades I send,

Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,

And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.

From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,

Great Minos, guardian of his country, came: 565

Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;

His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:

O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,

And thence my ships transport me through the
 main:

Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570

A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet

Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;

Or seek auxiliar force: at length decreed

To call some hero to partake the deed, 575

Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:

For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he fought;

Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,

And sees superiour posts in meaner hands.

To him, ambitious of so great an aid, 580

The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said:

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,

If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.

Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!

Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.

585

Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,

One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.

This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;

Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd 590

To tender pity all his manly mind;

Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight:

The Greek awaits him, with collected might.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,

Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,

595

When the loud rusticks rise, and shout from far,

Attends the tumult, and expects the war;

O'er his bent back the bristly honours rise,

Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes;

His foaming talks both dogs and men engage, 600

But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:

So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war, 605
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warrior sent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Spring from a God, and more than mortal bold;
610

He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke; and all as with one soul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade 615
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' assisting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train; 620
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known
meads,

So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets
ring,

And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing. 631
Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual
blood.

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke, 640
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death. 645
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbersome arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course; 650
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast: 655
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall; 660
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal fated fate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate,

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray. 665
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain; 670
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as the vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends; 675
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift couriers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine
ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth re-
found.

Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head, 685
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depress'd
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;
His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round, 690
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
695

Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains, 700

But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Faci'd every foe, and every danger fought; 705
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.

The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near, 710
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
715

Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground, 720 }
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring
side,

His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life de-
cays.

The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
725

And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
730

There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
735

And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded on the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door) 740
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
ground:

So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides', watchful of th' unwary foe, 745
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the
bow,

And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
sand.

But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound, 750
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame; 755
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown,
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far beaming-sword.

His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
765

His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below, 770
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell:
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
775

The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud exulting, said:

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to
fear;

O race perfidious, who delight in war! 780

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princess rapt transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame, 785
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes shall bend your glory
down,

And overwhelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man! supremely wise! 790
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy;
795

Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight 800

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew,
Harpalion had through Asia travel'd far, 805
Following his martial father to the war;
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king; 810
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends, 815
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(Like some vile worth extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on the car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed; 825
And, unaveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race; 830
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town; 835
Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death. 840

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;
His soul came issuing at the narrow vent,
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
845

(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field) ;
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands :
With such a tide superiour virtue sway'd,
And he * that shakes the solid earth gave aid. 850
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks
gain'd ;

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
855

Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides ;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the cattle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Boeotian strength re-
mains,

The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
860

Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epean force ;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong the Epeian hands control'd, 865
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold ;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line ;
Iphiclus' son : and that (Oileus) thine : 870
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace ;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
875

Mixt with Boeotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unwear'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war :
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowshare through the fallow
soil, 880

Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share ;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in
snow,

And streams of sweat down their four foreheads
flow.

A train of heroes follow'd through the field, 885
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield ;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with incessant slaughters of the fight.

No following troops his brave associate grace :
In close engagement an unpractis'd race, 890
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield ;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whist the founding pebble from the sling ;

Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound,
895

Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight main-
tain ;

Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, 900
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour ;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilions to their walls retir'd ;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave, 905
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave :

Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend ;

To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own ; 910

But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well ?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of Heaven.

To some the powers of bloody war belong, 915
To some, sweet musick, and the charm of song ;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd

A wise, extensive, all-considering mind ;

Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety blest. 920

If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best :

See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.

Behold ! distress'd within yon hostile wall, 925

How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall ?

What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war main-
tain ?

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain ?

Here cease thy fury ; and the chiefs and kings

Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things. 930

Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)

To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires ;

Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,

Contented with the conquest of the day.

I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone, 935

Pay the large debt of last revolving sun ;

Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains

On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

The counsel pleas'd ; and Hector, with a
bound,

Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling
ground ;

Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.

To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,

And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy ;

Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,

And hasten back to end the doubtful day. 945

This said ; the towering chief prepares to
go,

Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes
flow,

And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.

Through all his hot, inspiring force, he flies,

And bids anew the martial thunder rise. 950

To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,

Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band :

* Neptune.

But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer, 955
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear.
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground:
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls
away. 960

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind, 965
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late? 970
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend, 975

Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to
fame:

But since you rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow. 980
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.

Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires: 985
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.

But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the Gods alone. 990

These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood.
Cebrius, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood.
Palmas, with Polypætes the divine, 995
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings, 1000

Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the woary deeps:
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling }
to the shore: 1005

Thus rank on rank the thick battallions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.

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Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd, 1010
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, 1015
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his
look;

Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride, 1020
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:

Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven. 1025

Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and
hearts.

Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground; 1030

And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse; 1035
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame."

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, 1040
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the
skies:

Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame 1050
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.

And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore. 1055
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host; the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above 1060

Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

P

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare, 10
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore) 15
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey; 25
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last; 30
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flash, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet, 35
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line,
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand: 40
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor:
Who landed first lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way, 45
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host address:

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame? 50

Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage 55
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd. 60
Not he that thunders from th' aerial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend, 65
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls ex-
cite:
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight. 70

To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear, 75
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now Heaven, aversè, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies. 80
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. 85
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) 90
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous
heart.

Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight: 95
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in
vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear. 100
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
The bandied legions of all Greece obey? 105
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate de-
nies,

Then giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
prize.

No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view, 110
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies) 115
Like arrows pierce me, (for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast,
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began: 120
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:

A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings. 125
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall; 130
With three bold sons was generous Prothoüs blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd; 135
The monarch's daughter there (to Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield, 140
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire.
Attend; and in the son, respect the sire:
Though sore of battle, though with wounds op-
prest, 145

Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, 150
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage) 155
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;

Prest in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly; 160

Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.

So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heaven forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands 165

Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs re-
nown'd,

Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy. 170

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering
sound 175

Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Mean time Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below; 180
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height

She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall he try, 185
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?

At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lend the Lord of thunders in her arms. 190

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold: 195
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy sale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aerial
way; 200

Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent
pride

Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd, 205
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.

Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound. 210
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star

Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new fall'n snow, and gazing as th' light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace. 215

Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.

How long (to Venus thus apart she cries)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide? 220

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And sea-side the cause of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empress (Cytherea said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the Queen) those conquer-
ing charms, 225

That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of Heaven with sacred fires!

For lo, I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!) 230
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign, 235
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.

For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again; 240
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?

She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd, 245
With various skill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire, 250
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand, the Cyprian Goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smile she took the charm; and smiling prest 255
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew:
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore, 260
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd.
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground;
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother,

Sleep. 265
Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour still:
Shed thy soft dew on Jove's immortal eyes, 270
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.

A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wipe and feast thy golden humours please. 275

Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain:
The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign, 280
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to sleep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since, too venturous at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand;

What time, deserting Ilium's wasted plain, 285
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods; 290
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings dis-
play'd;

Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame, 295
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour
won,

Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son? 300
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithea the divine. [305

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and hind th' invoking
Gods:

Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch'd the other o'er the sacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310
That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithea the divine;

The queen assents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the fable subterranean Powers,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods, 315
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide 320
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills;)

Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise 325
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;

Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidia by the race of earth.) 330
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;

Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose lightning sets the heavens on
fire,

Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,

335
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then prest her hand, and thus with transport
spoke:

Why comes my goddess from th' æthereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariots nigh? 340

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main,

I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
 I owe the nursing of my tender years;
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
 Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
 The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
 O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way 350
 Wait under kie: of thy superior power
 To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
 For that (said Jove) suffice another day; 355
 But eager love denies the least delay.
 Let softer cares the present hour employ,
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
 Or for an earthly or a heavenly love; 360
 Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
 Whence rose Pirithous like the gods in fame.
 Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
 Stream into life, when Perseus brave and bold.
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame, 365
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
 Nor Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Lætônia's face,
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace. 370
 Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.
 He spoke: the Goddess with the charming eyes
 Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
 Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height 375
 Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
 Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
 The sport of Heaven, and fable of the sky.
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
 Or mix among the senate of the Gods? 380
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
 All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
 If such thy will, to that recess retire, 385
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.
 She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
 Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold; 390
 Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his
 rays,
 And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.
 Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
 His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
 Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours 395
 Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers:
 Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
 And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
 And flaming crocus made the mountain glow. 400
 There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
 Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
 Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
 At length, with Love and Sleep's soft power op-
 prest, 405
 The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest,
 Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;

Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
 And thus with gentle words address'd the God: 410
 Now, Neptune! now th' important hour em-
 ploy,
 To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
 The golden vision round his sacred head;
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties, 415
 Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.
 Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flew,
 On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
 Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
 And towering in the foremost ranks of war, 420
 Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
 O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
 This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
 Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
 Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with
 fires, 425
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
 One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
 Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
 Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms: 430
 His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
 Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
 Let to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
 The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
 (Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay: 435
 Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.
 The troops assent; their martial arms they
 change,
 The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
 The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with
 pain,
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train. 440
 The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield.
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
 Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
 His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes, 445
 Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
 Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking Power ap-
 pears;
 Pale mortars tremble, and confess their fears.
 Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God: 450
 And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
 The seas stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall
 Around the ships; seas hanging o'er the shores, 455
 Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
 Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
 Roar through the woods, and make whole forests
 fall; 460
 Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven:
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.
 The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force, 465
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)

Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew : 470
But 'scap'd not Ajax, his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,
(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;

On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground. 480

As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise ;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholder's stand, 485
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand !
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head ; 490
His load of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field ; a dead and hollow sound
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain :
Greece fees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain :
All spring to seize him ; storms of arrows fly, 495
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round :
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line, 500
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear :
His foaming couriers, swifter than the wind, 505
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the meads enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground, 510
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore ;
Now faints anew, low sinking on the shore ;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld, 515
With double fury each invades the field.
Oilean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled ;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore) 520
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead ;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans fled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near, 525
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear ;
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield : 530
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.

Prompt on that 'pear to which thou ow'st thy fall
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary
hall !

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive
breast ! 535

The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest,
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel :
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death ;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath : 540

Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in
twain : 545

The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes
(The towering Ajax loud insulting cries) 550
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain ?
Mark well his port ! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race ;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage
known, 555

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth : Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause,
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws, 560
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives ! destin'd by our arms to fall ;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath, 565
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most : 570
At the proud boaster he directs his course :
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear,
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train 575
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of
gain :)

Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the
plain :

He lifts his miserable arms in vain ! 580
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head :
To earth at once the head and helmet fly ;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd ; and as aloft he shook 585
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke :

Trojans ! your great Ilioneus behold !
Haste, to his father let the tale be told :
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know ; 590
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear ;

When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn. [595]

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine! 600

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax, on th' entangl'd plain 605
Laid Hyæus, leader of the Mylian train.

Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 610
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.

But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son, 615
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular, touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,

And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie,
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Mean while, awaken'd from his dream of love, 5
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;

And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main, 10
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look, 15
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke:

O thou, still adverse to th' Eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the field. 20

Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' Almighty hand?

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vault concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain; 25
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?

Heav'n long I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hail,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.

For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son: 30
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, 35
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successful prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd: 40

By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow

Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;

By the dread honours of thy sacred head, 45
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!

Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobey'd: 50
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the Sire of Heaven.

Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the Skies!

(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty Sea-god shall obey, 55
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.

If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the silver bow. 60
Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus hastes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath, 65
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Trôÿ ev'n to Achilles' fleet.
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain. 70
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise;
And lo! that instant godlike Hector dies. 75
From that great hour the war's whole fortune

turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a God 80
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise:

Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heaven. 85
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space;
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes, 90
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods,
There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd:
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets

crown'd
They hail her queen: the nectar streams around. 95

Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus re-
plies:

Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil, 100
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threat'ned woes to come, 105

As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddess said, and sullen took her place:
Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.

To see the gathering grudge in every breast, 110
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat seditious care, and lowering discontent.

Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove: 115
Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:

Fierce in the majesty of power controls,
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the
poles.

Submit, Immortals! all he wills, obey; 120
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own 125
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd
son,

Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain, 130
The God of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and
Flight

To join his rapid coursers for the fight: 135
Then, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode, 140

Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and
spear;

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said: 145

By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command re-
strain,

And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be
driven, 150

And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin overwhelm th' Olympian state. 155
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall,
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man com-
ply,

Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne: 160
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.

Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.

Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide: 165

There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.

Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came 170
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game);

There sat th' Eternal; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round: 175

Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest
care,

And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow:

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain 180
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.

Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.

If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway. 185

How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?

Th' Almighty spoke: the Goddess wing'd her
flight 190

To sacred Ilion from th' Idzan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely
blows;

So from the clouds descending Iris falls,
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls: 195

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove.

He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.

'Tis if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh 200
His elder birthright, and superior sway.

How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is
given?

And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven? 205

What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal God, nor of his train, am I.

Three brother Deities from Saturn came, 210
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:

Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;

O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain; 215

My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:

Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?

Far in the distant clouds let him control, 220
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;

There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods? 225

Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.

To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heaven.

Great is the profit (thus the God rejoind) 230
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:

Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.

Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same. 235

If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To the seas, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;

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To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;

Give him to know, unless the Grecian train 240
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,

Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood. 245

The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light:

Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whose earthquakes rock the

world;
Desists at length his rebel war to wage, 250

Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking

round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;

And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell. 255

Well was the crime and well the vengeance spar'd;
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.

Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;

Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care, 260
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:

Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships, and Hellespont again:

Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The God-
head said;

His will divine the son of Jove obey'd. 265
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,

That drives a turtle through the liquid skies;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idzan brow,

Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees, 270

His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;

Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass away.

To whom the God who gives the golden day: 275
Why sits great Hector from the field so far?

What grief, what wound, withholds thee from
the war?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:

What blest Immortal, with commanding breath, 280
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?

Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,

The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below? 285

Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him Apollo: Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the Thunderer sends thee aid.

Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ, 290
Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.

Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:

Ev'n I will make thy fiery couriers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea. 295

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.

As when the panther'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;

Q

With ample strokes he rushes to the flood, 300
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again: 305
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
 Full of the God; and all his hosts pursue.
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
 Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie 310
 Close in the rock (not fated yet to die);
 When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
 They fly: at once the chafers and the prey.
 So Greece, that late in conquering troops pur-
 sued,
 And mark'd their progress through the ranks in
 blood, 315
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.
 Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:
 Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight, 320
 And bold to combat in the standing fight;
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
 Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
 Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes in-
 vades?
 Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades! 325
 We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
 What God restores him to the frighted field;
 And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again?
 He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will; 330
 Lo! still he lives, pursues and conquers still!
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
 The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm. 335
 Thus point your arms; and when such foes ap-
 pear
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
 The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
 Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
 Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command, 340
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend. 345
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came towering to the war.
 Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
 High-held before him Jove's enormous shield 350
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
 The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
 From different parts, and mingle in the skies. 355
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
 These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
 As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield, 360
 Not doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field;

But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
 Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confest. 365
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,
 And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
 Impending Phœbus pours around them fear, 370
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
 Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
 First great Arcefilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
 One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer. 375

Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
 This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
 But hapless Medon from Oileus came;
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
 Though born of lawless love: from home ex-
 pell'd, 380
 A banish'd man, in Phylacé he dwell'd,
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
 Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
 Mécystes next Polydamas o'erthrew;
 And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor flew. 385
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
 Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
 Polites' arm aid Echius on the plain;
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
 The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall; 390
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic Death.
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight, 395
 Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
 No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
 Who stops to plunder at this signal hour, 400
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.
 Furious he said; the smarting scourge refunds;
 The courfers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
 The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
 The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar! 405
 Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
 Push'd at the bank, down sunk th' enormous
 mound;
 Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
 A sudden road! a long and ample way.
 O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space) 410
 New steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
 The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the
 God.

Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
 And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall. 415
 Easy, as when ashore the infant stands,
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
 The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
 Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
 Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls; 420
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
 The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
 Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;

Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.

425

Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.

435

Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,

And peals of thunder shook the firmament:
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,

440

The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus, loudly roaring, and o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
He wrings his hands, he bears his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress (he cries)

460

Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
Perhaps some favouring God his soul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.

465

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse, in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;

475

With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were
try'd,

480

And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;

For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;

485

One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Pelamon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd
fires.

Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!

[495

This said, his eager javelin fought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax board,
Faithful servant to a Aforeign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;

505

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to
bend?

515

Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-tor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:

520

Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytius, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong couriers spurn his empty car;
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every
blow.

535

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;

545

Down dropt the bow : the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprise ;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe, 550
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with
art,

Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by, 555
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield ;
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain, 560
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood : their utmost
might

Shall find its match—no more : 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside ;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulders ty'd ; 565
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd ;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields : and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy : 570
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us ; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow. 575
Indulgent Jove ! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine !
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate !
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours. 580
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ; 585
Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate ;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed ;
And late posterity enjoy the deed !

This rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast. 590
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address :
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace !
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die ! 595
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire ?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call !
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites, 600
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates ;
And better far, in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life ; 605
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame ;
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

Then mutual slaughters spread on either side ; 610
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd ;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,

The fierce commander of th' Epean band. 615
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw ;
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care) ;
But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear :

His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore ; 620
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.

Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field ;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield : 625
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Scles' winding shore ;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale) ;
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, 630
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye : in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.

Mean time their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound 635

The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain :
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young. 645
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain ;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war ;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place, 650
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.

Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead :
Lo, Melanippus ! lo where Dolops lies ;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies ; 655
O'ermatch'd he falls ; to two at once a prey,
And lo ! they bear the bloody arms away !
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage,
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end, 660
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone ; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes :
With equal ardour Melanippus glows : 665
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks ! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame :
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 670
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame

His generous sense he not in vain imparts ;
 It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts ; 675
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;
 Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
 And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
 The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause, 680
 Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause :
 Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
 So strong to fight, so active to pursue ?
 Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?
 Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

685

He said ; and backward to the lines retir'd ;
 Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
 Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he threw,
 And round the black battalions cast his view.
 The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear, 690
 While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
 Advancing Melanippus met the dart
 With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :
 Thundering he falls ; his falling arms resound,
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

695

The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize :
 Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
 And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
 The distant hunter sent into his heart.
 Observing Hector to the rescue flew : 700
 Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
 So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
 Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain ;
 While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
 And hears the gathering multitude resound, 705
 Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
 And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
 So fears the youth ; all Troy with shouts pursue,
 While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew ;
 But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns 710
 His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
 Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove :
 The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
 The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair ; 715
 But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
 Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
 To view the navy blazing to the skies ;
 Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn, 720
 The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilium burn.
 These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
 He raises Hector to the work design'd,
 Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
 And drives him, like a lightening, on the foe. 725
 So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
 Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
 Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
 Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
 He foams with wrath ; beneath his gloomy brow

730

Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow :
 The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
 Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns :
 For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
 And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one. 735

Unhappy glories ! for his fate was near,
 Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear :
 Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
 And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day !

Now, all on fire for fame his breast, his eyes 740
 Burn at each foe, and single every prize ;
 Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
 He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
 The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tower,
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power : 745
 So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
 By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain ;
 Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
 And sees the watery mountains break below.
 Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fail, 750
 Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all :
 Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends ;
 White are the decks with foam ; the winds aloud
 Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' every shroud :

755

Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears ;
 And instant death on every wave appears.
 So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
 The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion rushing from his den, 760
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen
 (Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
 Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes :
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies : 765
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
 He singles out ; arrests, and lays him dead.

Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
 All Greece in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and slew :
 Mycenian Periphus, a mighty name, 770
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame ;
 The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
 Against Alcides, Corpreus was his fire :
 The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
 A son as generous as the fire was base ; 775
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
 In every virtue, or of peace or war :

But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield !
 Against the margin of his ample shield
 He struck his hasty foot : his heels up sprung ; 780
 Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.
 On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
 And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
 His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
 Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate. 785

Chac'd from the foremost line the Grecian train
 Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main ;
 Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
 Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.

Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight : 790

Now fear itself confines them to the fight :
 Man courage breathes in man ; but Nestor most
 (The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores ;
 And by their parents, by themselves, implores. 795
 O friends ! be men : your generous breasts in-
 flame

With equal honour, and with mutual shame !

'Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, share:
Think of each living father's reverend head: 800
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day. 805

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain, 810
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.

First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size: 815

A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride, 820
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.

So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair courfers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way: 825
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew, 830
No less the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd, threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores: 835
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand, 840
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their
fire,

No force could tame them, and no toil could tire; 845

As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main 850
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand; 855

The same which dead Protefilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual
blood.

No room to poize the lance or bend the bow; 860
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's
hearts

With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground; 865
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud com-
mand:

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long
years 870

Is finish'd! and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long: 875
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms;
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command, 880

Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate: 885
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now portends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires.
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear, 890
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate? 895
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend;
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands 900

Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands, 905
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore,
Mean time Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best-belov'd:

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears? 10
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end 15
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care)
Thy good Menætiüs breathes the vital air, 20
And hoary Pelus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens' praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword, 25
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh, that instant from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke: 30

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek, and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son 35

And wife Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.

Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease,
May never rage like thine my soul enslave, 40
O gear in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country flighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?

No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind. 45

O man un pitying! if of man thy race:
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form, 50
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm, 55
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day, 60
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death. 65
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh

Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest: 70
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,

Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me; I felt it; and shall feel it long. 75

The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.

From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave; 80
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:

I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears, 85
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears,
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms;

Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right. 90
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last age of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd, 95
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
'Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there: 100
No longer flames the lance of 'Tydides' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain: 105
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's com-
mand,

Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host 110
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war;
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear: 115
The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chase,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece redeem'd from this destructive strait, 120
Do her own work; and leave the rest to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive; 125
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town!

Such conference held the chiefs; while on the
strand
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan
band.

Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd, 130
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and
goes;

And painful sweat from all his members flows. 135
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at
most;

Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame, 140
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing
near

Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
Full on the lance attack'd so justly sped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head: 145
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls bounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;

Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour 150
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims: 155
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.

Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops—the hero said; 160
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes; 165

Emblaz'd with studs of gold his faulchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head;

Adorn'd in all his terrible array; 170
He flash'd around intolerable day.

Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands;
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire; 175
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180
The winged couriers harness'd to the car;

Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore: 185
Swift Pedafus was added to their side

(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms 190
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.

All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim terrific formidable band:

Grim as ferocious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings; 195
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with
blood,

To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore, 200
And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for
more:

Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful
view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands. 205
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in way.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth, 210
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-descending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.

Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Dorus that espous'd the dame. 215

Endorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cyllenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire, 220
The God pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echeclæus, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms; 225
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he fought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her fire she bare;
Her fire caref'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art 230
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was
grac'd;

Laërtes' valiant offspring led the last. 235

Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan
throng, 240

Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
" Stern son of Peleus! (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
" Oh, nurs'd with gail, unknowing how to yield;
" Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field; 245
" If that dire fury must for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, re-
turn!" [no more,

Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands; 250
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the
king. 255

As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng, 260
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea; and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here; 265
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd, 270
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).

From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine, 275
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.

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This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a space 280
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd:

O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonaean Jove! 285
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill

(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling rocks, thy dark de-
crees; 290

And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze :)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield; 295
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.

Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Pres'd by his single force, let Hector see 300
His fame in arms not owing all to me.

But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again. 305

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies, 310
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Mean while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high way,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage, 316
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the servent legion swarms, 320
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days: 325
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.

Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke, 330
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.

The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd, 335
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult
grew.

Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore 340
Unblest Proteus to Ilion's shore.

The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood:)

R

His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground. 345
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly divers, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies: 350
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black cieling spread,

355
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray, [day:
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospects rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight, 360
And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew; 365
As Ariëlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance, 370
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay. 375

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand.
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound, 380
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below: 385
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er;
And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led, 390
The bane of men, abhor'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate un pitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, 400
Lycôn the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the pinn'd crest of his Boëotian foe,
The daring Lycôn aim'd a noble blow; 405
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.

Overtaken Neamas by Merion bleeds, 415
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his
steeds;

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel 415
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in
gore:

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sob's his soul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the swain 420
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unrelenting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;

Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame. 425
But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breast his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour, 430
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken heaven with
storms, 435

Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of disarray 440
The fiery couriers forc'd their lord away;
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruise'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their
yokes: 445

In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involvetheir rapid flight; 450
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from
sight.

Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry, 455
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.

No stop, no check, the steeds of Pelæus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal couriers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car 460
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.

Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course, 465
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause);
From their deep beds he bids the river rise, 470
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies;

Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept
away;

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain. 475

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows, 480
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires
rose,

All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart. 485
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly;
Patroclus mark'd him as he sawn'd the war.
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car, 490
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the
jaws

The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore; 495
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown: 500
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burit the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltès, Echiüs lie; 505
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres biçd.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead. 510

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in dust, and gasping on the fil',
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forfake, inglorious, the contended plain; 515
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war. 520
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with refounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage 525
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whole event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain: 530
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,

And send him safe to Lycia, distant far 535
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?

Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O Sovereign of th' Skies! 540
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man:
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began? }
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath! 545
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial
Jove.

Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight:
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her
flight,

Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command, 550
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live. 555

She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom. 560
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averted from the plain 565
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native
reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and poiz'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled, 565
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thetymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bires the bloody plain.
Two founding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew, 570
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he roll'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery
ground.

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke; 575
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting couriers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed: 580
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fights advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, 585
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part, }
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall, 590
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth, supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine: 595
He grasp'd the dust disdain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
 While the grim savage grinds with feamy jaws
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking
 blood; 600 [the wood.
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through
 Then to the leader of the Lycian band
 The dying chief address'd his last command:
 Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
 The glorious dangers of destructive war, 605
 To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.
 Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
 Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
 What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo, 610
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
 Defend my body, conquer in my right;
 That, taught by great examples, all may try
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die 615
 He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his labouring
 breath,
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
 Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart, 620
 The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of
 blood,
 And the soul issued in the purple flood.
 His flying steeds, the Myrmidons detain,
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain. 625
 All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd; 630
 To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd
 All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
 Or sacred lion, thy bright presence boast,
 Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart!
 O hear me! God of every healing art! 635
 Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with
 pain,
 That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' every vein,
 I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
 Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid, 640
 Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
 But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,
 To guard the reliques of my slaughtered friend.
 For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
 To head my Lycians, and support the fight. 645
 Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
 His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
 He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
 And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:
 Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands, 650
 And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
 First to the fight his native troops he warms,
 Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
 With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
 Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas; 655
 Æneïs next, and Hector, he accosts;
 Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:
 What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast
 employ?
 Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!

Those generous friends, who, from their country
 far, 660
 Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
 See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
 In action valiant, and in council wise,
 Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
 To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee! 665
 Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
 O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
 Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
 Nor on his cost revenge her heroes lost.
 He spoke; each leader in his grief partook, 670
 Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
 Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
 At once his country's pillar, and their own;
 A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguerr'd wall
 A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all. 675
 Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
 And with superior vengeance greatly glows.
 But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
 And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening bands:
 Heroes, be men! be what you were before; 680
 Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
 The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
 Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
 To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
 'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize. 685
 Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him
 And send the living Lycians to the dead. [spread,
 The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
 The martial squadrons close on either hand:
 Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms, 690
 Theſſaliâ there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
 With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
 The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
 Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
 O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night; 695
 And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
 His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.
 Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
 Agacelus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:
 Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came 700
 To Pelus and the silver-footed dame;
 Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
 He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
 Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
 A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head; 705
 Hur'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
 His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the
 slain,
 Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
 And, like an eagle darting at his game,
 Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band; 710
 What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
 Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
 At Sthenelâus flew the weighty stone,
 Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too
 near 715
 That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
 Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
 Or at the lifts, or at the fighting foe;
 So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
 Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
 Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage, 720
 The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
 Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
 With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:

Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew; 725
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaïans sorrow for their hero slain;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the
plain, [730]

And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God. 735
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.

His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance his'd harmless o'er his covering shield, 740

And trembling struck and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize, 745
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust, 750
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from Heaven:
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost. 755

O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of
hell.

To speak, befits the council: but to dare 760
In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sound the storm of blows. 765
As thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on every side:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms, 770
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead. 775
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train, 780
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates: 785
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,

This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd
son;

Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight, 790
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and, that his last of days
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below. 795

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, or before, the hardy Lycians fled, 800
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.

(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain. 805
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain, 810
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood:
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celestial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead. 815

Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive, 820
Those unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore; 825
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews. [830]

Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade. 835

Mean while Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming couriers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what Fate and powerful Jove ordain, 840
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontrol'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall. 845

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance, press'd the
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led, [plain;
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Antonoüs then succeeds; 850
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Euphor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The slaughter Elatus and Melius crown'd:

Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
 The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight. 855
 Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless
 power,
 But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
 Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
 His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook: [860
 He try'd the fourth; when bursting from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
 Patroclus! cease; this heaven-defended wall
 Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
 Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand:
 Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand. 865
 So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
 The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
 While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
 His panting courfers, in his breast debates,
 Or in the field his forces to employ, 870
 Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
 Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
 In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
 (Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
 A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.) 875
 Thus he accosts him: What a shameful fight!
 Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
 Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
 Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
 Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame, 880
 And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
 Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
 And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
 So spoke th' inspiring God; then took his flight,
 And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight. 885
 He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car;
 The last refounds, the courfers rush to war:
 The God the Grecians' sinking souls deprest,
 And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight; 890
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
 With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head,
 The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed; 895
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
 The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides; 900
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
 Good heavens! what active feats yon artist
 shows!
 What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
 Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
 Pity! that all their practice is by land! 905
 Then, rushing forward on his prostrate prize,
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
 Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tum-
 bles slain; 910
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
 At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
 Defends the body, and provokes the war.
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage; 915
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
 And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.

Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright, 920
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
 So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
 Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
 The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan; 925
 This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
 Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase
 ring; 930
 Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
 Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
 Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
 But where the rising whirlwind clouds the
 plains,
 Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains, 935
 And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding
 reins!
 Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
 His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
 While on each host with equal tempest fell
 The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell. 940
 But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
 Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
 Then, from amidst the tumult and alarms,
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
 Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows, 945
 And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
 Thrice on the press, like Mars himself, he flew,
 And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.
 There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
 The last, black remnant of so bright a line; 950
 Apollo dreadful stops the wide way;
 Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
 For lo! the God, in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
 Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
 The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel; 955
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
 In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
 His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
 Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore, [960
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before;
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
 And shade the temples of the man divine.
 Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod:
 Not long—for Fate pursues him, and the God.
 His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield 965
 Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:
 The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
 Loose is each joint: each nerve with horror shakes.
 Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands! 970
 A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
 From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
 Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
 Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
 Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car, 975
 While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
 His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
 Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood;
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood, } 980
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train, [985
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Ere Hektor, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues :
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall. [990
So, scorched with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaring lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring : they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with
blood ; 995

At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies, 1000
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries !

Lie there, Patroclus : and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy ;
The fancy'd scenes of Ilium wrapt in flames, [1005
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames !
Unthinking man ! I fought, those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ; [thee ;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ;
Though much at parting that great chief might
say, 1010

And much enjoin thee, this important day.

" Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said) }
" Without the bloody arms of Hector dead." }
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped. }

Supine and wildly gazing on the skies, 1015
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies :
Vain boaster ! cease, and know the Powers di-
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine ; [vine !
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall. 1020
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight :
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next, the third mean part thy own :
But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ; 1025
The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I ; [nigh :
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand. 1030

He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector, pausing, as his eyes he fed 1035
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead :
From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me ?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance ? Who knows the will of Hea-
ven ? 1040

Pensive he said ; then pressing, as he lay,
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away,
And upwards cast the corpse : the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins 1045
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove,
Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus : the Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy : Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires ; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a slight ; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them : Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus : Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness : the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death ; then returns to the fight ; where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships. The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar
dead.

Great Menelaus, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe :
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves, [5
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Thurns, and re-returns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came, [10
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend :
This hand, Atreides, laid Patroclus low ;
Warrior desist, nor tempt an equal blow :
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign ; 15
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus : the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd :
Laugh'st thou not, Jove ! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own ? 20

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
 Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
 Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
 Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
 But far the vainest of the boastful kind 25
 These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
 Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
 This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
 Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride. 30
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
 Presumptuous youth! like him shall be thy doom,
 Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom; [35
 Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed: 40
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
 To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe;
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,
 Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings, 45
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
 But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
 On Jove the father, great Atides calls,
 Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain; 50
 Wide though the neck appears the grisly wound,
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,
 Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
 Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore, 55
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
 Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
 Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,
 And plays and dances to the gentle air; 60
 When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
 It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
 'T' lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
 Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay, 65
 While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
 Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
 Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
 Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
 The village curs and trembling swains retire, 70
 When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him
 roar,

And see his jaws distill with smoking gore;
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound. [75

Mean while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
 And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize
 (In Mentès shape, beneath whose martial care
 The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war:)
 Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chase
 Achilles' coursers, of ætherial race; 80
 They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
 Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
 Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
 Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
 By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress 85
 The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
 His words infix'd unutterable care [90
 Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the war
 He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd
 The breathless hero in his blood imbrued
 (Forth welking from the wound, as prone he lay)
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks
 he flies, 95

And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
 Atides from the voice the storm divin'd,
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind: 100

Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
 Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
 Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend! [105
 Sure where such partial favour heaven bestow'd,
 To brave the hero were to brave the God:
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
 'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.

Yet, nor the God, nor heaven, shall give me fear,
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear: 110
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give Achilles all that yet remains
 Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
 The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
 A fable scene! The terrors Hector led. 115

Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.
 So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
 Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
 With heart indignant and retorted eyes. 120
 Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
 His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;
 O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
 And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
 Where labouring on the left the warrior stood, 125
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
 There breathing courage, where the God of Day
 Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
 Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend: 130
 The body to Achilles to restore,
 Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
 For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
 And Hector glories in the dazzling prize. [135
 He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
 Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
 Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
 And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
 But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
 Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field. 140
 His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
 To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Mean while great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
 And now before, and now behind he stood: 145
 Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lions' furrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow
 lowers.

Fall by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find? 155
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy; 160
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect? 165
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there.
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws 175
The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corpse again! 180
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye; 185
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:

Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear? 190
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, 195
And hear the thunder of the founding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and
now

Strike the fresh garland from the victor's brow! 200
Come, through yon Squadron let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day:
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.

Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries, 205
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine. 210

He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head:)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore 215
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.

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There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands; 220
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbidden by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar, 225
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he fate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said: 230
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart! 235
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away: 240

For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his fable brow he gave the nod, 245
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew, 250
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Methles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires: 255
Now Phorcys, Chromius and Hippothous fires;
The great Theseus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,

And Ennomus, in augury renown'd. }
Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands 260
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a violent foe to chafe,
To save our present, and our future race. 265

For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die, or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain, 270
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their
fears,

They join, they thicken, they protend their spears; 275
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'er-
spread,

What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far, 280
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

Our fatal day! alas! is come (my friend)
 And all our wars and glories at an end!
 'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain; 285
 We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
 See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call, 290
 The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field re-echoed the distressful sound;
 Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
 The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven! 295
 Whom with due honours both Atreides grace:
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race! [far,
 All whom this well-known voice should reach to
 All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
 Come all! let generous rage your arms employ, 300
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage. 305
 And long succeeding numbers who can name?
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
 Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
 Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves, 310
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaean band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend, 320
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
 Dead he protects him with superior care.
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain;
 Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain: 325
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
 (Ajax, to Peleus's son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame)
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore: 330
 So through the thickest bursts the mountain-boar
 And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelagus' heir,
 Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcase through the war; 335
 The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed,
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
 It cleft the helmets brazen cheeks in twain; 340
 The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
 The brain comes gushing through the ghastly
 wound:

He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead: 345
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.

Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
 Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies; 350
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphitus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The noblest warrior, and the noblest mind: 355
 In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all 360
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
 Phorcy's, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke, [365
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke:
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain. [370
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
 But Phoebus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight 375
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
 Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).
 Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
 To save your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care, 380
 By valour, numbers, and by art of war,
 Have forc'd the Powers to spare a sinking state,
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
 But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove de-
 clares

His partial favour, and assists your wars, 385
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
 And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
 Æneas, through the form assum'd, describes
 The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
 Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey, 390
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day!
 A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
 The bold example all his host pursue. 395
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomedes;
 Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
 The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd, 400
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
 From rich Pzonias' vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, Asteropæus! in place and fame.
 Asteropæus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain: 405
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecian
 Abrazen bulwark, and an iron wood. [stood
 Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care, 410
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:

Fixt on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steep the reeking ground: 415
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns, 420
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
In one thick darkness all the light was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ætherial host,
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes, 425
And all heaven's splendours blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in darkness fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Mean while the sons of Nestor in the rear 436
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, 440
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death: 445
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs and feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills
their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide, 450
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to
side,

The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore;
So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood: 455
While Greeks and lions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene: such rage, such horror
reign'd; 460

Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall, 465
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd; 470
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day! 475
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice

First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost! [said, 480

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Mean time, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood; 485
Their god-like master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.

In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain! 490

Nor to the fight nor H-llet-out they go,
Relieve they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unprov'd

Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands

A marble courser by the sculptor's hands, 495

Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face

The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,

Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late

Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,

Frail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,

And prone to earth wash'd their languid head: 500

Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,

While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke;

Unhappy couriers of immortal strain!

Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;

Did we your race on mortal man bestow, 506

Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?

For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,

That breaths or creeps upon the dust of earth;

What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,

Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind? 511

A miserable race! but cease to mourn;

For not by you shall Priam's son be borne

High on the splendid car: one glorious prize

He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies. 515

Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,

Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.

Automedon your rapid flight shall bear

Safe to the navy through the storm of war:

For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er 520

The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;

The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall

With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and, breathing in th' immortal horse

Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course; 525

From their high manes they shake the dust, and

bear

The kindling chariot through the parted war;

So flies a vulture through the clamorous train

Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.

From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,

And now to conquest with like speed pursue; 531

Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,

Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:

Him brave Alcimedon behold distress'd,

Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address;

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare, 536

Alone unaided, in the thickest war?

Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields

Achilles' arm triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)

The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes 541

No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrain

Or holds their fury in suspended reins;

Patroclus while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name !
To thee I yield the feat, to thee resign 545
The ruling charge : the task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the feat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side : 550
Lo, to my fight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the

fight :
Can such opponents stand, when we assail ? 555
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the council yields !
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields :
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd, 560
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds ;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds :
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight, 565
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind :
Oh keep the foaming courfers close behind !
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe ; 570
'Tis Hector comes ; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean : he wins it, or he dies.

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atreides. Hither turn (he said) 575
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid ;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage : 580
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine : th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young ;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art, 585
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull ;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a
bound,

Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground : 590
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance ; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd ; the javelin idly fled, 595
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head :
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd ; 600
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood :
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice !
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have
paid, 605
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade !

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his feat the bloody trophies hung. 610
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe, 615
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies ;
In such a form the Goddess round her drew 620
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls :
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all, 625
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall ?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell !
O chief, oh father ! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days ! by long experience wise ! 630
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd ?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war !
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread, 635
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers address,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight. 640
So burns the vengeful hornet (foul all o'er !)
Repuls'd in vain, and thursty still of gore
(Bold son of air and heat !) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardor fierce Atreides flew, 645
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Etion's son, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest.
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest ; 650
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms rebound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign 655
in fair Abydos, by the rolling main) :

Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in
fame !

What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name ?
Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field ; 660
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies !
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled ;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead ! 665
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ido and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670
Involv'd the mount ; the thunder roar'd aloud ;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God :

At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece. The flight Penelopeus
led: 675

For, as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with
the pain, 680

Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomenus addrest
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields; 685
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam hurl'd the milvive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the 'squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Coeranus his name, 690
Who left fair Lycus for the fields of farce.
On foot bold Merion fought: and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'squire the ready couriers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought. 695
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car, 700
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of Heaven deserv'd,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side, 705
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:

Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band? [710
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.

Detested of the God, yet let us try [715
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who trembled yet, scarce rescued from their
fates,

And still hear Hector thundering at their gates,
Some hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear 720
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost 725
In general darkness—Lord of earth and air!
On King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey, 730
But let us perish in the face of day!

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray,
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day. 735
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,

Let him to great Achilles' ear convey

The fatal news—Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold, 740
Though high in courage, and with hunger bled,
Long gall'd by herds-men, and long vex'd by
hounds:

Stiff with fatigue, and fretted fore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands: 745

Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain, 750
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:

O guard these relics, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart: 755
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye 760
Of all that wing the mid aerial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then swoops, and, fousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air. 765

Not with less quickness, his exerted flight
Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.

To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear; [770
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
Now Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaeans mourn
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no
more. 775

Fly to the fleet, this instant, fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd one fell;
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow; [780
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung, [785
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaus stands,
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain:
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain, [790
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)

But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe. 795
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigor must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax); be it then thy care, 800
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd, 805
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said;
 High from the ground the warriors heave the
 A general clamour rises at the sight: [lead.
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood, 810
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
 Voracious hounds, that many a length bore
 Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
 But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly. 815
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick faulchions, and their javelins
 shower:
 But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
 While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear, 820
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
 To whelm some city under waves of fire; 825
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls.
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.

The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
 As when two mules, along the rugged road, 831
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;
 Only they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
 Sh' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
 So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands, 835
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus, when a river swell'd with sudden rains
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
 Some interposing hill the stream divides, 840
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding
 tides.
 Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
 Aeneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes, 845
 That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
 Within, without the trench, and all the way, 850
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour
 lay:
 Such horror Jove impress! yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The fight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus. Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles. The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent, on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
 And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
 Mean while, where Hellespont's broad waters
 flow,
 Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
 There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails, 5
 On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
 Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
 Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
 Is this the day, which heaven so long ago 11
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
 (So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
 The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
 Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree? 15
 Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?

In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
 And warn'd to shun Hecorean force in vain!
 Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears: 20
 Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
 Dead is Patroclus! For his corpse they fight,
 His naked corpse; his arms are Hector's right.
 A sudden horror shot through all the chief, 25
 And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
 Cast on the ground, with furious hand:
 spread
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs, [30
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grov'ell'd, as to earth he grew.

The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms
 (Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
 Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gathering
 round, 35
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground!
 While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
 Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
 And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40
 Far in the deep abysses of the main,
 With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
 The mother Goddess from her crystal throne
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
 The circling Nereids with their mistress weep, 45
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
 Thalia, Glaucus (every watery name)
 Nereia mild, and silver Spio came:
 Cymothoe and Cymodocæ were nigh,
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye. 50
 Their locks Aetæa and Limnoria rear,
 Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
 Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
 Agave gentle, and Amphithoe gay;
 Next Callianira, Callianassa, show 55
 Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
 And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
 Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
 Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
 Bright Gaïatea quits her pearly bed;
 These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
 Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
 And Amatheia, with her amber hair.
 All these, and all that deep in ocean held 65
 Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
 Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
 Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:
 Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
 How just a cause has Thetis to complain? 70
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
 Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
 The bravest far that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand 75
 He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him: but the Fates ordain
 He never, never, must return again.
 So short a space the light of heaven to view,
 So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too. 80
 Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
 I go at least to bear a tender part,
 And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
 She said, and left the caverns of the main, 85
 All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
 Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
 While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
 Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. 90
 Th' immortal Mother, standing close beside
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
 Along the coast the mingled clamours ran,
 And thus the silver-footed Dame began: [95
 Why mourns my son? thy late prefer'd request
 The God has granted, and the Greeks distress:
 Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He deeply groaning—To this cureless grief
 Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief. 100
 Patroclus—Ah!—say, Goddess, can I boast
 A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
 Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
 Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain! [105
 Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
 On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
 Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
 Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
 Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
 Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign; 110
 And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
 An mortal beauty to his equal bed?
 Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
 For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain, 115
 New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
 'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
 Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
 Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
 Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart; 120
 On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
 I blush to walk among the race of men.
 A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead! [125
 When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die,
 And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
 Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
 He fell, and, falling, with'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then, since from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away; 130
 Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
 The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand:
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
 I live an idle burden to the ground
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill, 135
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill).
 Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
 Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
 Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste: 140
 Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
 'Tis past—I quell it, I resign to fate.
 Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend; 145
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
 To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all-conquering death. 150
 So shall Achilles fall? stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields,
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear 155
 With frantic hands her long dishevel'd hair?
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
 In vain you hold me—Hence!—my arms, my 160
 arms!
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
 That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.
 My son (cærulean Thetis made reply,
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh)

The host to succour, and thy friends to save, 165
Is worthy thee: the duty of the brave.
But canst thou naked issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170
Yet, yet a while, thy generous ardour stay:
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with resurgent arms a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main, 175
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train:
Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend:
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:—180
So tell our hoary sire—This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's
force, 185
Urg'd to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the wated shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd, [190
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind,
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain; 195
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain. 200

Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various Goddess of the show'ry bow, 205
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below:
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save: 210
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,
To drag him back to Troy, the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie, 215
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame.

Who sends thee, Goddess! from the ætherial
Achilles thus. And Iristhus replies: [skies? 220
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky, [225
Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield? 230

That in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menæceus' son,
And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go! 236
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 240
She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.

As when from some beleagu'rd town arise 245
The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze; 250
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies. [255
Forthmarch' the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud,
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds the alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high, 260
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and couriers bound, 265
And steeds and men lay mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd:
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd. 270
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-conn'd carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears: 275
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent resurgent to the field of war; 280
Unhappy change! now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping
wound.

Mean time, unwear'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves, th' unwilling light of day [285
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labour's eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (parting from the war,
Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd. 290
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate,
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears; 295
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years;

The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in counsel, one in action brave):

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me I move, before the morning break, 300
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd: [305
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.

I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day; 310
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame but life.
Haste then to Ilium, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here, 315
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heav'n permit them then to enter Troy.

Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue, 320
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers. 326

Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent couriers seek the fleet again: 330

So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.
Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)

What! coop whole armies in our walls again
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say, 335
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?

Wide o'er the world was Ilium fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sink were her treasures, and her stores decay'd; 340

The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mazonia wastes the fruits of Troy.

Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls.

Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;

Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share:

'Tis better generously bestow'd on those, 351
Than lest the plunder of our country's foes,
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,

Pierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles rise in all his might, 355
His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.

Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:

And oft the victor triumphs but to fall. 360
The shouting lost in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;

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To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign, 365
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.

Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start

The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung, 371
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young:

When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds; 375

His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds,
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage,
When, to console Menætiüs' feeble age, 380
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,

Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!

One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike, 385
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,

An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390

Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;

And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire; 395
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.

Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,

Weep all the night, and murmur all the day: 400
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our sword's kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd
A massy caldron of stupendous frame (wound. 405

They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides;

In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim. 410
The body then they bathe with pious toil,

Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade; [415

Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their torrows and their sighs renew.

Mean while to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke Almighty Jove:

At last thy will prevails: great Pælus' son
Rises in arms: such Grace thy Greeks have won.

Say (for I know not) is their race divine, 421
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, 425

And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above, Jove,
Heaven's Queen, and comfort of the thundering

Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land? 430

So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where Heaven's far beaming brazen mansions
shine.

There the lame architect the Goddess found, 435
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440
That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods!
For their fair handles now o'erwrought with
flowers, 445

In moulds prepar'd the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
Observ'd her entering? her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery Queen address'd:
What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatso'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour 455
Approach, and taste the dainty of the bower.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd:
A footstool at her feet; then, calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid. 460
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redress, 465
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I
wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God: 470
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share 475
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes, 480
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire, 485
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine, (such wonders are in heaven!)
On these supported, with unequal gait, 491
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sat;

There, plac'd behind her on a shining frame,
He thus address'd the Silver-footed Dame:

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls 495
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine 501
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd, as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care!

I, only I, of all the wat'ry race, 505
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest sire that ever bore the name; 510
Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land;
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;

(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow! 516
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress
Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredress. 520
Large gifts they promise, and their elders fend;
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
Then, slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame 526
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more! 530
To her the Artist-god: Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze 535
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd; at once the blast expires, 541
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd, 545
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vanes re-
bound. 550

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield,
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;

Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex
crown'd; 560

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain, 565
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymenæal rite; 570
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound: 575
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide: 580
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands
On seats of stone, within the sacred place, 585
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And rising, solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right. 590

Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leagu'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the
place. 595

Mean time the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare: [band
Their wives, their children, and the watchful
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.

They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold: 600
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!

A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.

Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem 605
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.

Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains:
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. 610

In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear; [war; 615
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood:
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.

There tumult, there contention, flood contest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast; 620

One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead.
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.

And the whole war came out, and met the eye; 625
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep-furrow'd next, the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side; 630
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the
soil:

Behind, the rising earth, in ridges roll'd: [635
And fable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here, stretch'd in ranks, the level'd swarths are
found, 640

Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the
ground.

With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of
The rustic monarch of the field deseries, [corn. 645
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.

The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care. 650

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place; 655
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling
bear

The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings:
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold, 665
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsman as their guardians stand,
And nine four dogs complete the rustic band. 670
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood:
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey, 675
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
Ane fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene. 680

A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnosus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand
The maids in soft cymars of linen dress; (81
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths interl'd
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords or go.

That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend 690
 With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique
 ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost, 695
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
 The gazing multitudes admire around,
 The active tumblers in the centre bound;
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
 And general songs the sprightly revel end. 700

Thus the broad shield complete the artist
 crown'd
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll, [whole.
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
 This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires, 705
 He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
 At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:
 She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way, 710
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present through the skies.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophecy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
 Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
 (With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
 Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears 5
 Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
 Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
 Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express.
 A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
 And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said 10
 Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
 It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
 Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd?
 Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
 Then drops the radiant burden on the ground: 15
 Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores a-
 round:
 Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
 And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
 Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
 And feels with rage divine his bosom glow: 20
 From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
 And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
 He turns the radiant gift, and seeds his mind
 On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
 Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that
 shine 25
 With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
 Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
 But ah! the relics of a slaughter'd friend!

In those wide wounds through which his spirit
 fled,
 Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead? 30
 That unavailing care be laid aside,
 (The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
 Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
 Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
 But go, Achilles (as affairs require) 35
 Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
 Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
 And Heaven with strength supply the mighty
 rage!
 Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
 Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd 40
 O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
 Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
 Achilles to the strand obedient went:
 The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
 The heroes heard, and all the naval train 45
 That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
 Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
 Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
 Studious to see that terror of the plain,
 Long lost to battle, shine in arms again. 50
 Tydides and Ulysses first appear, [spear;
 Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the
 These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
 The king of men, Atreides, came the last:
 He too sore wounded by Agenor's son,
 Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If, (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid) 60
Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
'Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our
gore:

Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd be-
wail, 65

And sad posterity repeat the tale.

But this, no more the subject of debate,
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
Why should, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die? 70

Here then my anger ends; let war succeed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try, if in our fight
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night? [75
I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun: 80
Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence
hear!

And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause 85
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinny's, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey. 90
What then could I against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Atë driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The wrath of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads, 95
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long festering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the Sire of men and Gods, 100
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were
run,

And Jove expected his immortal son:
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy 105
He shov'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth. 110
The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddess from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaean Argos bent her flight;
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her lingering infant into life; 116
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (said he) of Jove's immortal kind 120

"Is this day born; from Sthenelus he springs,
"And claims thy promise to be king of kings."
Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat,
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate, 126
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven: 130
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled, 135
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with
dead.

What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures, are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent: 140
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care; 145
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round, 150
With emulation what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.

The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd, 155
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and
food: 160

What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength
Mere unsupported man must yield at length; 166
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band; 170
But let the presents to Achilles made
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes, 176
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign
might

Beyond the bounds of reason and of right; 180
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they
wrong'd.

To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.

Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
 And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
 Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
 Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay:
 Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
 And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made. 190
 A train of noble youths the charge shall bear;
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:
 Talthybius shall the victim boar convey, 195
 Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.

For this (the stern Æacides replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
 By Hector slain, their faces to the sky, 201
 All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
 Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant should commence the fight:

Thou, when the day's complete, let generous
 bowls, 205

And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
 Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door. 210
 Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
 Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd) 215
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are fatiate of the field; 220
 Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,

The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
 The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall, 225
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?

Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day. 230

One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
 And pour new furies on the feeble foe. 236

Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war;
 Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind. 240
 Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
 And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
 To bear the presents from the royal tent.
 The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir, 245
 Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
 With Lycomedes of Creontian strain,
 And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train,
 Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid; 250

A row of six fair tripods then succeeds:
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds:
 Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
 The eighth Briseis, like the blooming rose,
 Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before, 255
 First of the train, the golden talents bore:
 The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
 A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
 The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
 Drew the broad cutlafs, sheath'd beside his sword
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow 261
 He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
 His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
 The solemn words a deep attention drew, 266
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness, thou first! thou greatest Power above!
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surviving Jove!
 And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving
 light,

And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night, 270
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!

The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed,
 And level'd thunder strike my guilty head! 276

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main. 280

Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
 Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all, 285
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks
 to fall.

Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
 Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.

He speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
 To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd. 290
 Achilles sought his tent. His train before
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they
 bore.

Those in the tents the 'squires industrious spread:
 The foaming couriers to the stalls they led;
 To their new seats the female captives move: 295
 Briseis, radiant as the Queen of Love,
 Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey,
 Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
 Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
 Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair; 300
 All beautiful in grief her humid eyes

Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:
 Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay! 305

Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
 What woes my wretched race of life attend!
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
 The first lov'd consort of my virgin-bed
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled! 310

My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
 All trod the dark irremediable way:
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;
 Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove, 315
 The first, the dearest partner of his love;

That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land,
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe! 320

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own:
The leaders press'd their chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd:

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care 325
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race, 330
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he forrows from his soul.

Thoutoo, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents) 335
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents;
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind? 340
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.

What more, should Neoptolemus the brave 345
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).

I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend. 350
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.

From Scyros ille conduct him o'er the main, 355
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd; 360
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:

Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war; 365
Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.

He spoke: and sudden, at the word of Jove, 370
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.

To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast, 375
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
Th'n, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships, the warrior-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain. 380
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whole dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields; 385
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed
rays,

Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze;
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the
fields around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest, 390
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
Arms, which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire; 395
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody
day.

The silver cuisses first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd, 400
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the
field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears, 405
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky;
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the
main

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind 410
The sweepy crest, hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glo-
ries shed. 415

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear, 420
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could
rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields. 425

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side);
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind, 430
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire; 435

Not brighter Phœbus, in th' ætherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:

Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain 440
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care.

Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord. [sword,

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said, 451
Seem'd sensible of woe, and dropp'd his head!
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honour's of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke 455
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom. 460
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;

The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Conscit we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail, 465
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd, 470
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I sink in night; 475
Now perish Troy! he said, and rush'd to fight.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter: but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with great slaughter. The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels
stood:

While' near impending from a neighbouring
height,

Troy's black battalions wake the shock of fight.

Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call 5

The Gods to council in the starry hall:

Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,

And summons all the senate of the skies.

These shining on, in long procession come

To Jove's eternal adamant dome. 10

Not one was absent, not a rural Power,

That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower;

Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,

Each azure Sister of the silver flood;

All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps 15

His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd

(The work of Vulcan) sat the Powers around.

Ev'n * he whose trident sways the watery reign,

Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main, 20

Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,

And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:

What moves the God who heaven and earth
commands,

And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,

Thus to convene the whole æthereal state? 25

Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?

Already met, the lowering hosts appear,

And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

* 'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)

This day, we call the council of the skies 30

* Neptune.

In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.

Far on Olympus' top in secret state

Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate

Work out our will. Celestial Powers! descend, 35

And, as your minds direct, your succour lend

To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown.

If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:

Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;

What can they now, if in his rage he rise? 40

Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall

May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.

He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with
rage:

On adverse parts the warring gods engage. [45

Heaven's awful Queen; and he whose azure round

Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;

Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;

And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire!

These to the fleet repair with instant flight;

The vessels tremble as the Gods alight. 50

In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,

Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter loving Dame,

Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,

And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.

Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ, 55

Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,

While great Achilles (terror of the plain)

Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.

Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;

Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost; 60

Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,

And trembling seek another God of War.

But when the Powers descending swelt'd the fight,

Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms, 65
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrors shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds: 70
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls, 75
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods, 80
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his hoary head, 85
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should
His dark dominions open to the day, [lay
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrors rend

[tend. 90
The world's vast concave, when the Gods con-
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Against Latona march'd the Son of May; 95
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
(Her golden arrows founding at her side)
Saturnia, Majesty of Heaven, def'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands; 100
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he fought; in search of Hector turn'd 105
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and
vow'd

To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way; 110
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded, to the fight.
Like young Lycæon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn 115
In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born,

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain;
To meet Pelides, you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear; 120
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneus, Pedasus, in ashes lay,
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day;
Else had I sunk, oppos'd in fatal fight 125
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.

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Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.

What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful }
plain, 130
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his
power,

Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.

To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before. 135

From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he, but from a Sister of the Main:

An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, 140
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero
prest: [cry'd,

His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen sur-
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said: 145

Behold an action, Gods! that claim your care;

Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;

Against Pelides he directs his course,

Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.

Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend 150

Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,

To guard his life, and add to his renown,

We, the great armament of heaven, came down.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,

That spun so short his life's illustrious line: 155

But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,

Give him to know what Powers assist this day:

For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,

When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she; and thus the God whose force can
make 160

The solid globe's eternal basis shake:

Against the might of man, so feeble known,

Why should celestial Powers exert their own?

Since, from yonder mount to view the scene,

And leave to war the fates of mortal men. 165

But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,

Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,

Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:

Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;

And these in ruin and confusion hurl'd, 170

Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,

Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound [175

Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;

In elder times to guard Alcides made

(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)

What-time a vengeful monster of the main

swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair, 180

With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:

The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,

Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.

In circle close each heavenly party fate:

Intent to form the future scheme of Fate; 185

But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high

Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Mean while the rushing armies hide the ground;

The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright, 190
 The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
 There, great Achilles: bold Æneas, here.
 With towering strides Æneas, first advanc'd,
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd; 195
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
 Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes, 200
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride:
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan; 205
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies; 210
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
 Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war, 215
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
 The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
 Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell; 220
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hill for vines, and arable for grain? 225
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled, 230
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast,
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast. 235
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening
 fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
 To this Anchises' son: Such words employ 240
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame; 245
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
 Each Goddess born; half human, half divine,
 Thetis, this day, or Venus' offspring, dies:
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
 For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend, 250
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
 (A tale resounded through the spacious earth)
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient Dardanus, th' first from Jove: 255

Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilium then
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
 From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs, 260
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, 265
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
 These, lightly skimming, when they swept the
 plain, 270
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
 And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew;
 Such Erichthonius was; from him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name. 275
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
 Ilus, Aslaracus, and Ganymed:
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
 Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
 To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial guest, 280
 The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).
 The two remaining sons the line divide:
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
 From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
 And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold): 285
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Aslaracus sprung Capys, he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth, 290
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
 He, source of power and might! with boundless
 All human courage gives, or takes away. [sway,
 Long in the field of words we may contend,
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end, 295
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
 (So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
 Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
 For every man has equal strength to rail:
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar, 300
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.
 Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
 Is not to question, but to prove, our might. 305
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
 Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
 He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
 Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held 310
 (To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful
 shield
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms 315, [held,
 Through two strong plates the point its passage
 But stoop'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
 Five plates of various metal, various mold,
 Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold, }
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold: 320 }

There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan's shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides.
And the slight covering of expanded hides. 326

Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven-targe extends,
Sees through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear: 330
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on 335
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the
ground,

Saw the distress, and mov'd the Powers around.

Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands, 341
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone, 345
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future Father of the Dardan line: 350
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing Mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign, 355
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great Earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care; 360
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Nor ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state; 365
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. 370
From great Æneas shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads 375
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:

[380

What power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must) 385
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,

Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own

With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away: 390
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders strike my
mind!

My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord, 395
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword.

I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly. 400
Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd,
O Greeks (he cries and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!

'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky, 405
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies
No God can singly such a host engage, [My:
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.

But whatso'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire: 410
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He said: nor less elate with martial joy, 415
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dreads the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with
words

Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords: 420
The weakest Atheist-wretch all Heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder dies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were
fire;

That fire, that steel, your Hector should with-
stand, 425

And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air, [430
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him, from high heaven, to shut
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.

He hears obedient to the God of Light, 435

And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies,
First falls Iphiryon, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led; 440
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naiad of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Timolus, crown'd with snow.
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.

Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides; 445
The parted visage falls on equal sides:

With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain:
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:

Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gyges boast thy birth: 450

Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are
roll'd,

And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore, 455
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel, with full descending sway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way, 460
Refittless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:

The lance arrest him: an ignoble wound 465
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helicé's high shores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound. 470

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass):
Of all his sons, the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight 475
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd: 480
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel:
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
'The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore, 485
'Thus sadly slain th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame. 490
'The son of Pelus sees, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
'The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector and Pelides' spear 495
'Turn from each other in the walks of war—
'Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy: 500
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart, 505
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: but Pallas's heavenly
Far from Achilles waits the winged death, [breath
The hidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies. 510
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
'Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart, 515
'Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:

The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:

Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more
thy flight

Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light. 520
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay. 525

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made. 530

Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy fire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford, 535
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpitied young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own! 540
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthless faulchion ope'd his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore, 545
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

'Thro' Milius' head then drove th' imperious
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear. [spear,
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion
cleaves; 550

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight, 555
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies. 560

Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pircus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends:
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground 565
His prostrate master rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er the dying lord.

As when a flame the winding valley fills, [570
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores:
Around him wide, immense destruction pours, 575
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers,
As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
'And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling steeds beat out th' unnumber'd
grain: 580

So the fierce courfers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes
souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they
fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye: 584

The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still infuriate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame! 590

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain, [5
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores: 10
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound:
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flaming steeds and shrieking warriors
drown'd.
As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire; 15
Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clattering lions rush into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
Roars the rebounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero casts aside 20
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the
waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound; 25
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge Dolphin reaping the main, 30
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land; 35

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their
chains).
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood, 40
The young Lycaon in his passage stood,
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel); 45
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eetion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign 50
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below. 55
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uselets lance and unavailing shield)
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled, 60
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field: 65
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear! 70
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;

If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and fought his knees with suppliant
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, [tears; 76
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the spear suspended stood, 80
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stop't the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee. 85
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day, 90
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me
here;

Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands! 95
I sprung from Priam and Laethoe fair
(Old Alce's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd):
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore; 100
For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore. [gore;
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind, 105
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.

These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears: 110
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friends! what boots it to deplore? 115
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?"
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born; 120
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he said: and, as the word he spoke, 125
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade. 130
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround 135
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound:

There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. 140
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd
stream,

His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are slain, 145
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid. 150

These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Mean while the hero springs in arms, to dare 155
The great Asteropus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round). 160
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
To avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began: 165
What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the fire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race? 170
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I
came

In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: 175
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my fire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropus discharg'd each lance 180
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could
wield)

One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies: 185
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew. 190
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, 195
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead: 200

So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How dost thou vaunt thy watery progeny? 205
 Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
 The race of these superior far to those,
 As he that thunders, to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son, 210
 Ev'n Achelous might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.
 Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
 The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear, 215
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said, then from the bank his javelin tore,
 And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
 The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
 And beat against it, wave succeeding wave; 220
 Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies, the food
 Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood. [slain]
 All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest
 Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
 He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225
 Thraſius, Aſtſtylus, and Mneſius flew;
 Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
 And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
 But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
 Scamander spoke; the shores return the sound: 230

O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
 In valour matchless, and in force divine!
 If Jove had given thee every Trojan head,
 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
 See! my chok'd streams no more their course can
 [keep, 235

Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
 Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
 Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.
 In human form confess'd before his eyes,
 The river thus, and thus the chief replies: 240
 O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
 But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay:
 Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
 Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
 Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall, 245
 Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.

He said, and drove with fury on the foe.
 Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
 The yellow flood began: O son of Jove!
 Was not the mandate of the fire above 250
 Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
 His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
 And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
 In awful darkness hide the face of all?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay 255
 Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate
 Then, rising in his rage above the shores, [way.
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
 Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost. 260
 While all before, the billows rang'd on high
 (A watery bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
 Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
 The falling delugewhelms the hero round:
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide; 265
 His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,

Sliddering and staggering. On the border flood
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood:
 He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
 The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way, 270
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand, 275
 Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
 Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
 The God pursues, a huger billow throws,
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy. 280
 He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' aerial race)
 Far as a spear can fly; Achilles springs
 At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on every side, 285
 And winds his course before the following tide;
 The waves flow after, where'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So, when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs, 290
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and
 flowers;

Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills, 295
 Louder and louder purr the falling rills;
 Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies: 300
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
 So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread, 305
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil: 310
 When thus (his eyes on Heaven's expansion
 thrown)

Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
 Is there no God, Achilles to befriend,
 No Power t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date, 315
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.
 Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
 By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall. 320
 Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
 Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate, 325
 Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase, to the sea.
 Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief, 330
 And thus in human form address the chief.

The Power of Ocean first : Forbear thy fear,
 O son of Pelus ! Lo, thy Gods appear !
 Behold ! from Jove descending to thy aid
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid. 335
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave :
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
 But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend !
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
 Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all 340
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall :
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods :
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes. 345
 Strung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
 He springs impetuous, and invades the field :
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread ;
 Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms ; while casques of
 gold 350

And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
 High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
 He wades and mounts ; the parted wave rebounds.
 Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force. 355
 With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
 Then thus to Simois : Haste, my brother flood !
 And check this mortal, that controls a God :
 Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight, 360
 And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
 Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
 From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
 With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
 Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head, 365
 Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
 And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes !
 But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
 Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite :
 Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,
 That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ; 371
 And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
 Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
 Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
 No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace, 375
 No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume ;
 These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.

He said ; and on the chief descends amain,
 Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
 Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he
 raves, 380

And a foam whitens on the purple waves :
 At every step, before Achilles flood
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
 Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven : she saw dis-
 may'd ;

She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid. 385
 Rise to the war ! th' insulting flood requires
 Thy wasteful arm : assemble all thy fires !
 While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
 Rush the swift eastern and the western wind.
 These from old Ocean at my word shall blow. 390
 Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
 Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
 Go, mighty in thy rage ! display thy power, [400
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.

Scorch all the banks ! and (till our voice reclaim
 Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame !

The Power ignipotent her word obeys :
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze ;
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil, 405
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry :
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
 While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around. 410
 Swift on the sedge reeds the ruin preys ;
 Along the margin winds the running blaze :
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
 The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire ; 415
 The watery willows hiss before the fire.
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death :
 Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
 Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky. 420

At length the river rear'd his languid head,
 And thus, short-panting, to the God he said :

Oh, Vulcan ! oh ! what power resists thy might ?
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
 I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree ; 425
 Ah, bend no more thy fiery arms on me !

He ceas'd ; wide conflagration blazing round ;
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
 As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice, 430
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires :
 So boils in imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
 And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
 To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air, 435
 The burning river sends his earnest prayer :

Ah, why, Saturnia ! must thy son engage
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage ?
 On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
 For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy. 440
 Submissive I desert, if thou command ;
 But, ah ! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
 Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
 Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state, [445
 Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
 And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear :
 She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,
 Recall the flame, nor in a mortal case
 Insect a God ; th' obedient flame withdraws : 450
 Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
 The warring Gods in fierce contention join :
 Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms ; 455
 With horrid clangor shock'd th' æthereal arms :
 Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending
 ground.

Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes, [460
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
 The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
 And first assaults the radiant Queen of War :

What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
 Æthereal minds, and mix all Heaven in fight ?
 What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood 465
 Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God ?

The impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-responding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her fire, 471
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
This at the heavenly homicide she cast. 476

Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound: 480
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:

Halt thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand; 486
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day, 490
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd.
And, scoffing thus, to War's victorious Maid: 496

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Love's unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 500

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread:
And like these heroes, be the fate of all 505
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd. 510

Mean time, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns
the sound?

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire, 515
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:

Rath as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) 520
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's com-
mands) 525

And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves.
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our
With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd [pain,
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd: 531

For. VI.

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands,
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 535
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infect the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy.
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind, 540
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that, now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground. 545
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior Power submits retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 550
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies.
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 555
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
Power.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven 560
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plaque design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched marron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart? 565
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage— 570
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied
The bow, the quiver, and the plumed pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow: 575
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above, 580
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her Latona hastes with tender care, 585
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 590
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode, 595
Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th'ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and pant'd on her breast.

X

The Sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abash'd, she names his own Imperial spouse;
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows. 601

Thus they above; while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms, 606
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds, 610
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky: 615
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire dismay;
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojan's scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his fight! 621

No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could, he fighting quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls: 625

You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way! [630
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were
flung

The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung,
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat, 635
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, glad some, see their last escape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 640
With heavier strides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear; [town.
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd; 645
But † he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Agenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beside the beech he sate, 650
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.

When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll);
He stops and questions thus his mighty soul: 655
What! shall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road,
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall— 660
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?

† Apollo.

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood, 665
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.

What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall, 670
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:

Such is his swiftness 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate. 675

Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said, and stood collected in his might: 680
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.

So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds [685
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds:
Tho' struck, tho' wounded scarce perceives the
pain;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir 690

Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he stood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe: 695

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils, remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ, 700
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st slain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cushions rung 7
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in the ætherial arms.

Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds 710
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.

Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Mean while the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape, 715
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.

Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd
strides, [glides:

Now urge the course where swift Scamander
The God, now distant scarce a stride before, 720
Tempt his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,

And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
Who scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell. 725
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;

And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation. The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded lions rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power confest in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.
The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day;
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilium else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous
night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;

He lifts his wicher'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain;
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the
shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their
own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lægia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd:
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor; 90
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
 The last sad relick of my ruin'd state
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness! must fall,
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall; 95
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
 Well have they perish'd; for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best, 100
 Struck through with wounds, all honest, on the
 breast.
 But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm; 105
 Thus, this is misery! the last, the worst,
 That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!
 He said; and, acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.
 With him the mournful mother bears a part; 110
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
 Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
 The words of age; attend a parent's prayer! 115
 If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
 Ah, do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe,
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains. 125
 So they; while down their cheeks the torrents
 roll:
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
 Resolv'd he stands; and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood; and question'd thus his mighty mind:
 Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recall?
 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate 140
 Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight!
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145
 Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear;
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No—if I e'er return, return I must 150
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:

Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least; and fighting for her wall.
 And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, 155
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay
 down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town.
 The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 With honourable justice to restore; 160
 And add half Ilium's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd
 Greece [peace?
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a
 blow?
 We greet not here as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
 No season now for calm familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk: 170
 War is our business; but to whom is given
 To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!
 Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
 The Pelian javelin, in his better hand, 175
 Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
 And on his breast the beamy splendor shone
 Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun:
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
 Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies: 180
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey, 185
 Obliquely wheeling through th' aerial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage
 broad
 (A wider compass) smoke along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows. 200
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they pass'd, one chafing, one in flight 205
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might).
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife).
 The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210
 As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
 Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
 (Some golden tripod or some lovely dame);

The panting courfers swiftly turn the goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd fpectators' foul:
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
 The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
 To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
 The Sire of mortals and immortals fpoke: 220
 Unworthy fight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
 Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
 My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has flain, [225
 Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
 From Ida's fummits, and the towers of Troy:
 Now fee him flying! to his fears refign'd,
 And Fate, and fierce Achilles, clofe behind.
 Confult, ye Powers! 'tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to fnatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by ftern Pelides flain
 (Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.
 Then Pallas thus: Shall he whole vengeance
 forms
 The forky bolt, and blackens Heaven with ftorms,
 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath! 235
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
 No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
 Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
 Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way. 240
 Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
 And ftoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
 As through the foreft, o'er the vale and lawn,
 The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket fnakes;
 Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
 The certain hound his various maze purfues.
 Thus, ftep by ftep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
 There fwift Achilles compafs'd round the field.
 Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends, 251
 And hopes th' affiftance of his pitying friends,
 (Whofe fhowering arrows, as he cours'd below,
 From the high turrets might opprefs the foe)
 So oft Achilles turns him to the plain: 255
 He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
 As men in flumber ftem with fpeedy pace
 One to purfue, and one to lead the chace,
 Their finking limbs the fancy'd courfe forfake,
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake: 260
 No lefs the labouring heroes pant and ftrain;
 While that but flies, and this purfues, in vain.
 What God, O Mufe! affifted Hector's force,
 With Fate itfelf fo long to hold the courfe?
 Phœbus it was; who, in his lateft hour, 265
 Endued his knees with ftrength, his nerves with
 power:
 And great Achilles, left fome Greeks advance
 Should fnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
 Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
 And leave untouch'd the honours of the day. 270
 Jove lifts the golden balances, that fhew
 The fates of mortal men, and things below:
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries, [275
 And weighs, with equal hand, their deftinies.
 Low finks the fcale, furcharg'd with Hector's fate;
 Heavy with death it finks, and hell receives the
 weight.
 Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
 To ftern Pelides, and triumphing cries;

Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceafe,
 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece. 280
 Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd fo far,
 Drunk with renown, infatiable of war,
 Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
 Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
 See, where in vain he fupplicates above,
 Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
 Reft here: myfelf will lead the Trojan on,
 And urge to meet the fate he cannot fhun.
 Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
 Obey'd; and refted, on his lance, reclin'd. 290
 While like Deiphobus the martial Dame
 (Her face, her gefture, and her arms, the fame)
 In fhew and aid, by haplefs Hector's fide
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd:
 Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight 295
 Of this diftrefs, and forrow'd in thy flight:
 It fits us now a noble ftand to make,
 And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
 Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
 Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
 Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
 Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd
 more!
 Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
 Defend my life, regardless of your own. [305
 Again the Goddefs: Much my father's prayer,
 And much my mother's, preft me to forbear:
 My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my flay,
 But ftonger love impell'd, and I obey.
 Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
 Let the fteel fparkle, and the javelin fly: 310
 Or let us ftretch Achilles on the field,
 Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
 Fraudful fhe fuid; then fwiftly march'd before;
 The Dardan hero fhuns his foe no more.
 Sternly they met. The fentence Hector broke; 315
 His dreadful plumage nodded as he fpoke:
 Enough, O fon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purfued.
 But now fome God within me bids me try
 Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320
 Yet on the verge of battle let us ftay,
 And for a moment's fpace fufpend the day;
 Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
 The juft conditions of this ftern debate...
 (Eternal witneffes of all below, 325
 And faithful guardians of the treafur'd vow!)
 To them I fwear; if, victor in the ftife,
 Jove by thefe hands fhall fhed thy noble life,
 No vile difhonour fhall thy corfe purfue;
 Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) 330
 The reft to Greece uninjur'd I'll reftore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I afk no more.
 Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flafh'd from his difdainful eyes)
 Detefted as thou art, and ought to be, 335
 Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
 Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
 Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
 To fuch I call the Gods! one conftant ftate
 Of lafting rancour and eternal hate; 340
 No thought but rage and never-ceafing ftife,
 Till death extinguifh rage, and thought, and life.
 Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
 Collect thy foul, and call forth all thy power.

No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
 Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death. 350

He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
 But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land, 355
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
 Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, [Troy.
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of
 The life you boasted to that javelin given,
 Prince! you have mis'd. My fate depends on
 Heaven. 360

To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
 Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
 Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
 And with false terror sink another's mind.
 But know, whatever fate I am to try, 365
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
 I shall not fail a fugitive at least;
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first try thou my arm; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy
 heart! 370

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
 Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
 Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain, 375
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
 He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
 In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.

All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
 'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh! 380
 I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
 A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
 Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I must bleed,
 No refuge now, no succour from above, 385
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire! 390

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
 So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to trust the quivering hare.
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares; 395
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
 And, as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame. 400
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round, 405
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er;
 One place at length he spies, to let in Fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed
 plate 410

Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
 Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.

Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies, 415
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
 At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain;
 Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now
 you feel;

Achilles absent, was Achilles still. 420
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
 While, cast to all the rage of hostile power, 425
 Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
 By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
 By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear! 430
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst! relentless he replies, 435
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
 Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join!

No—to the dogs that carcase I resign. 440
 Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
 And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
 Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
 Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
 Their Hector on the pile they should not see, 445
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
 Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield. 450
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
 Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his labouring
 breath, 455

And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
 (The manly body left a load of clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost! 460

Achilles, musing, as he roll'd his eyes
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
 Die thou the first! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
 I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground, 466
 The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
 His manly beauty and superior size:
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface [470
 With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace
 "How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of
 late

"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate."
 High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;

And thus aloud, while all the host attends: 475
 Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
 Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
 The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
 Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
 See, if already their deserted towers 480
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
 But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes; 485
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow, 490
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
 Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
 Mean while, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Paans sing.
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore, 495
 "Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
 Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
 (Unworthy of himself and of the dead).
 The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound 500
 With thongs insert'd through the double wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies; 505
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air;
 The face divine, and long-descending hair,
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land, 510
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!
 The mother first beheld with sad survey:
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away. 515
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans;
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe:
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires, 520
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate. 525
 Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force;
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun: 530
 Imploring all, and naming one by one:
 Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls:
 I, only I, will issue from your walls
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask you none)
 And bow before the murderer of my son. 535
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
 He has a father too, a man like me;
 One, not exempt from age and misery 540
 (Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me and all my race);

How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
 Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave. 545
 Oh, had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace,
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief, 550
 To melt in full satiety of grief!
 Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
 Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears) 555
 Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
 O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
 The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd; 560
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
 O fatal change! become in one sad day
 A senseless corpse! inanimated clay!
 But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead; 565
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate,
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,
 Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours; 570
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
 The bath preparing for her lord's return:
 In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore! 575
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear;
 Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls: 580
 Ah, follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
 My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
 (Ye Gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan state. 585
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
 Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait. 590
 And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
 She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face, 595
 Flies through the doom (the maids her steps
 pursue)
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes: 600
 She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
 The net that held him, and the wreath that
 The veil and diadem, flew far away [crown'd,
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day) 605
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
 To raise her, sinking, with assistant hands,

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife! 610
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we
came,

At different periods, yet our fates the same! 615
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone! 620
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his fire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend! 625
For should he 'scape the sword, the common
doom,

What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends, 630
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee, 635

While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast 640
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father seats not here;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Aëtion appears! 645
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed.
And when still evening gave him up to rest, 650
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aëtionax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy. 655
But thou, my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy comfort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey, 660
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear.
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear. 765

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the right of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the castus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book. In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus, humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking coursers from the car; 10
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.

Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led 15
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe, [flow. 20
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to
But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost, 25
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line, 30
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around 35
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound,
All to Achilles' fable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire: 40
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings 45
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vase surround; 50
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile
gore,

They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore:

No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear 55
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair:
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows while I bear to live.

Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay, 60
And share your feast; but with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade). 65

Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey; }
The rage of hunger and the thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day. }

But great Pelides stretch'd along the shore, 70
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.

Along the grafs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall; 75
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When, lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;

In the same robe he living wore, he came; 80
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head: }
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said) }

Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead? }
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care, 85

But now forgot, I wander in the air:
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,

And give me entrance in the realms below;
Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chase, 90

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The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend, 95
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make
known;

Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.

Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth, 100

The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:

Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall

Ev'n great and godlike thou, art doom'd to fall.

Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,

Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!

Together have we liv'd; together bred, 105

One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;

That golden urn, thy Goddess-mother gave,

May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight 110

Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?

Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,

Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;

But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!

Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd 115

In vain to grasp the visionary shade;

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,

And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the }
bands }

Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands, 120

Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains

Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:

The form subsists without the body's aid,

Aërial semblance, and an empty shade! 125

This night my friend, so late in battle lost,

Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;

Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,

Alas! how different! yet how like the same! 130

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with

And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears, 135

Shews every mournful face with tears o'erspread,

And glares on the pale visage of the dead.

But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,

With mules and waggons sends a chosen band, 140

To load the timber, and the pile to rear;

A charge assign'd to Merion's faithful care.

With proper instruments they take the road,

Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.

First march the heavy mules, securely slow, 145

O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:

Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,

Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles

bound.

But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods

(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods) 145

Loud sounds the ax, redoubling strokes on strokes;

On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks

Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets

brown;

Then, rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;

And the slow mules the same rough road return. 151

The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore

Such charge was given them, to the sandy shore:

Y

There, on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;
 Circling around the place, where timesto come 156
 Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
 The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires, 160
 All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
 Next these a melancholy band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier: 165
 O'er all the corpse their scatter'd locks they throw;
 Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
 Supporting with his hands the hero's head;
 Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
 Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground 170
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
 But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
 And from his head divides the yellow hair;
 Those curling locks which from his youth he
 vow'd,

And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood; 175
 Then, sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
 And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:
 Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
 Delightful roll along my native coast!
 To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, 180
 These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
 Full fifty ramsto bleed in sacrifice,
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
 And where in shade of consecrated bowers
 Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flowers! 185
 So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
 No more Achilles sees his native plain:
 In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
 Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd, 190
 On his cold hard the sacred lock he laid,
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
 And now the sun had set upon their woe,
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief:
 Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief: 195
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
 He said: the people to their ships return;
 While those deputed to inter the slain 200
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on every side;
 High on the top the manly corpse they lay,
 And well-fed sheep and fable oxen slay: 205
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan, 210
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord,
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
 Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell. 215
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
 Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost 220
 Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.
 Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
 Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
 But heavier fates on Hector's corpse attend,
 Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend. 225
 So spake he threatening: but the Gods made
 vain

His threat, and guard inviolate the slain;
 Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
 And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed:
 She watch'd him all the night, and all the day, 230
 And drove the blood-hounds from their destin'd
 prey.

Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
 And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
 Against the solar beam and Sirian fire. 235

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
 Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
 But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
 Invok'd the Gods, whose spirit moves the air,
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast, 240
 To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
 He call'd th' aerial Powers, along the skies
 To breathe and whisper to the fires to rise.

The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall, 245
 Where, in old Zephyrs open courts on high,
 Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites 250
 The various Goddesses to partake the rites:
 Not so (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
 Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend, [255

And Heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
 With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
 Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
 But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The Western Spirit, and the North, to rise;
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven, 260
 And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view:
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
 Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
 And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before. 265
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
 The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise:
 Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.

The structure crackles in the roaring fires, 270
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
 All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
 With large libations from the golden bowl.
 As a poor father, helpless and undone,
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son, 275
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
 And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
 So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no
 more. [280

'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night,
 The morning planet told th' approach of light;
 And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:

Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd; 285
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief: mean while the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood; 291
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet-remaining flame 295
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known, they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men). 300
These, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade. 305

Mean time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers
glow, 310

Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next, the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore; 315
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre,
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead. 320

The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ships
proceeds

A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games) 325
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom; 330
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame; 335
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address the train: 340

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To brave the rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal couriers take the plain
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God 345
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit with them the games of this sad day:

Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck 350
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.

Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand;
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.

Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise; 355

But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed,
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tras beneath his yoke compell'd 360
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).

Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the king of kings;
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave) 365

To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.

Next him Antiochus demands the course, [370
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.

Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;

Nor idly warns the hoary fire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears:

My son! though youthful ardour fire thy
breast, [blest. 375

The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. 380

Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize;
And to be swift is less than to be wise. [385

'Tis more by art, than force of numerous strokes,
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;

By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;

And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse. 390

In vain; unskillful, to the goal they strive,
And short or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:

While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;

Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the course, 395
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,

And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.

Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground; 400

Of some once-stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:

Inclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car [405

(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);

Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand steed:

But urge the right, and give him all the reins: [410
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,

And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.

Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course:

Left, through incaution failing, thou may'st be 415
A joy to others, a reproach to me.

So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed; 420
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes; then fate, stiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold Meriones was seen to rise, 425
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.

They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws).

Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men: 430

Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.

They stand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,

And sends before old Phoenix to the place, 435
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.

At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once resound; [fore;

Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they send be-
And up the champain thunder from the shore: 440

Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;

Loose on their shoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:

The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound, 445
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.

While, hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)

Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein, [plain.
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the

Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) 451
At the near prize each gathers all his soul.

Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
'Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main,

First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds; 455
With those of 'Tros bold Diomed succeeds:

Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;

Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze, 460
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.

Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies, [vain

Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.

Rage fills his eye, with anguish to survey, 465
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,

And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke; 470

Nor more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;

Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell; 475

His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd

wound:
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;

Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,

And crowns him victor of the labour'd race. 480

The next, though distant, Menelaus succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds:

Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,

Since great Minerva wings their rapid way, 485
And gives their lord the honours of the day.

But reach Atreides! shall his mare out-go
Your swiftness, vanquish'd by a female foe?

Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain; 490

No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.

Haste then; yon narrow road before our sight
Presents th' occasion, could we use it right. 495

Thus he. The coursers at their masters' threat
With quicker steps the founding champain beat.

And now Antilochus with nice survey
Observes the compass of the hollow way.

'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn: 500

Here, where but one could pass to shun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.

Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.

Atreides trembling, casts his eyes below, 505
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.

Held, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)

Or both must fall—Atreides cry'd in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. 510

Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,

So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew

His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears 515
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,

The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain:

But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise! 520

Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.

Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,
Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!

Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, 525
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,

And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,

And seem already to retrieve the day.

Mean time the Grecians in a ring beheld 530
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.

The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,

The monarch sate: from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the chief who led the way, 535

And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;

On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.

He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks began: 540
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?

Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?

Those, though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field: 545

For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.

Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray 550
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war. 555

Old man! (Oileus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace, 560
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind! 565
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride:
To vile reproach what answer can we make?

A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise 570
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the prize.

He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To sell extremes: but Thetis' godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun: 575

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, should others thus offend:

And lo! th'approaching steeds your contest end.
No sooner had he spoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a stream of dust the charioteer. 580
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold, 585
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce couriers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.

Now victor at the goal Tydides stands, 590
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes;
These to the ships his train triumphant leads, 595
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-past Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courier in his swift career 600
The following car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd, 605
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Memon pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came Admetus! thy unhappy son: 610
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles' law, and pitying thus begun:

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away) 615
To him the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame;
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim. 620
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?

Perhaps he sought not Heaven by sacrifice, 625
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store 630
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.
But this my prize I never shall forego:

This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe. 635
Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.

With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er
(The fame renown'd Asteropæus wore) 640
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows 645
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands,
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun: 650

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame, 655
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.

But shall not we ourselves the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize? 660
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole in-
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent. [tent
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave
the ground. 666

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense. 670
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine;
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn) 675
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare contested to the king restor'd.

Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain, 680
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said:

Still may our souls, O generous youth! agree, 685
'Tis now Atreides' turn to yield to thee.

Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave contention with superior sway; 690

For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous, alike, for me, the fire and son 695
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield: that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride prefer'd before my friend.

He said; and, pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courses to Noëman's hand, 700
Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.

Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears, 705
And thus the purpose of his gift declares:

Accept thou this, O sacred fire! (he said)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes! 710
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown, 715
But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd! 720
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.

Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game, 725
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand, 730
Surpass'd Iphycus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.

The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away, 735
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the couriers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds: 740

I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;

While pleas'd I take the gifts thy hands present 745
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);

Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just Gods return another day! 750

Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the castus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke, 755

Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles, rising, thus: Let Greece excite

Two heroes equal to this hardy fight: 760

Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke,
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know.
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay; 765
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great Epëus chose;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away! 770

(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe 775

Draw near, but first his certain fortune know;
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain. 780

The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!

'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,
The great Mecistheus, who in days of yore 785

In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.

Him great Tydides urges to contend, 790
Warm'd with the hopes of conquest for his friend;

Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands; 794

With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows. }

At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway 800

Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,

Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground. 805

To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Whose arms support him reeling through the
And dragging his disabled legs along: [throng,
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore; 811

Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands: 815

A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose, 820
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are
mixt;

Below, their planted feet at distance fixt; 825
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends; 830
The humid sweat from every pore descends:
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders,
thighs,

Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground; 835
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me; 840
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

He said; and, straining, heav'd him off the
ground

With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength he evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine; 845
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd; 850
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize: 855

Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain:
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey, 860
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.

And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held, 865
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port: 870
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd.
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race. 875

A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train—
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the } 880
plain.

The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oilean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand; 885
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oileus led the race;
The next, Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread 890
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays; 895
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul: 900
Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain, 905
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre, [910
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast, 915
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address:

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal eye, a Goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day. 920

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:

Why with our wiser elders should we strive? 925
The Gods still love them, and they always
thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise
(A green old-age, unconscious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!) 930
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace;
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech: Pelides cries, 935
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his fire. 940

Next these; a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings,
 Cast on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
 Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
 And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
 Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries) 945
 Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
 Now grace the list before our army's fight,
 And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
 Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore; 950
 The sword Asteropæus possess'd of old
 (A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
 Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
 These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
 For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
 A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends. 956
 Fierce at the word, up-rose great Tydeus' son,
 And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
 Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand: 960
 Lowering they meet, tremendous to the sight,
 Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
 Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-
 A furious pass the spear of Ajax made [new'd.
 Through the broad shield, but at the corselet
 stay'd: 966
 Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
 But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife. 970
 Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.
 Then hu-l'd the hero thundering on the ground
 A mass of iron (an enormous round) [975
 Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
 This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
 The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
 Among his spoils this memorable load. 980
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
 Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize:
 If he be one, enrich'd with large domain. 985
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
 From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
 For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
 Stern Polypætes slept before the throng, 991
 And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Up rose great Ajax; un Epæus rose.
 Each stood in order: first Epæus threw; 995
 High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling
 Leontes next a little space surpass, [circle flew,
 And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
 O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
 From Polypætes' arm, the discus's sung: 1000
 Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So past them all the rapid circle flies:
 His friends (while loud applauses shake the
 skies)
 With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. }
 Those who in skilful archery contend, 1006
 He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
 And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
 The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, 1010
 The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
 To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
 Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall
 bear
 These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war: 1015
 The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
 He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
 And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
 Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew. [1020
 Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies,
 But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
 No firstling lambs, unheeded! didst thou vow
 To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside, [1025
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
 A-down the main-mast fell the parting string,
 And the free bird to heaven displays her wing:
 Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
 And Merion eager meditates the wound:
 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above, 1030
 And, following with his eye the soaring dove,
 Implores the God to speed it through the skies,
 With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
 The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
 Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels: 1035
 Quite through and through the point its passage
 found,
 And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
 The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
 With flagging wings alighted on the mast;
 A moment hung, and spread her pinions there, 1040
 Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
 From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
 And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.
 To close the funeral games Achilles last
 A massy spear amid the circle plac'd, 1045
 An ample charger of unsullied frame, [flame.
 With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by
 For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
 Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
 Here too Great Merion hopes the noble prize; 1050
 Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
 With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
 Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
 Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
 O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim; 1055
 In every martial game thy worth attest,
 And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
 Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
 This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
 Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
 The king to Merion gives the brazen spear: [1061
 But, set apart for sacred use, commands
 The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The Lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen; with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand;

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet shire,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,

What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:

Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:

Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying Skies.

For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ominous as it swept the field,

Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:

But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,

What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.

But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:

Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!

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And, can ye still his cold remains pursue?

Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?

Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire

The last sad honour of a funeral fire?

Is then the dire Achilles all your care?

That iron heart, inflexibly severe;

A lion, not a man, who slaughter's wide

In strength of rage, and impotence of pride;

Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,

Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.

Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,

The greatest evil and the greatest good.

Still for one loss he rages unrelign'd.

Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;

To lose a friend, a brother, or a son.

Heaven deems each mortal, and its will is done:

A while they sorrow, then dismiss the ir care;

Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.

But this, intemperate, the commission given

By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:

Lo! how his rage dishonest drags along

Hector's dead earth, infamous of wrong!

Brave though he be, yet, by no reason mov'd,

He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial Skies

Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)

If Thetis son must no distinction know,

Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,

His birth deriving from a mortal dame:

Achilles of your own ætherial race

Spings from a Goddess by a man's embrace

(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,

A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven).

To grace those nuptials from the bright abode

Yourself were present; where this minstrel-

God

(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire

Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial

Dame:

Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;

Their merits, not their honours, are the same.

But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,

Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:

Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay

(The only honours men to Gods can pay);

Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
 We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure Queen: let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.
 He added not: and Iris from the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies. 100
 Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the fable deeps,
 Between where Samos wide his forest spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
 Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves re-
 found); 105
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So pass'd the Goddess through the closing wave,
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave: 110
 There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
 Pensive the sat, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
 Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow, 115
 Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below:
 'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies,
 Sad object as I am for heavenly sight?
 Ah, may my sorrows ever shut the light! 120
 Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
 She spake, and veil'd her head in fable shade,
 Which flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pass'd, majestically sad.
 Then through the world of waters they repair 125
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies,
 There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
 And all the Gods in shining synod round. 130
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
 (Minerva, rising, gave the Mourner place;)
 Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began 135
 The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
 Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
 Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
 But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140
 Nine days are past, since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore, 145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead: 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
 The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
 With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.
 His word the silver-footed Queen attends, 155
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent;

His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes; 160
 The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun:
 How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe:
 Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign 165
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain?
 O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
 Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
 Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far. 170
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain;
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
 To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given, 175
 And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
 While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian
 bowers
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
 Haste, winged Goddess, to the sacred town,
 And urge her monarch to redeem his son: 180
 Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive;
 Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand, 185
 May the slow mules and funeral car command.
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
 Safe through the foe by our protection led:
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way. 190
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
 Then down her bow the winged Iris drives, 195
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
 (Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire, 200
 Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
 A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
 Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy, 205
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
 And thus, in whispers, greets his trembling ears:
 Fear not, oh father, no ill news I bear; [210
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
 Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand, 215
 May the slow mules and funeral car command.
 Nor shalt thou, death, nor shalt thou danger, dread,
 Safe through the foe by his protection led:
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
 Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
 She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
 His gentle mules, and harness to the car; 226

There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay;
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
Unhappy consort of a king disirest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast;
I saw descend the messenger of Jove, 235
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
For sake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go [240
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd man-
kind: [known;

Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown? 246
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel! the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare, 251
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fallen! To calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give 255
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents woe!
Doom'd, from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Pelus' son! 260
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265
And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to slay me: nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man). [270
'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer, had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call. 275
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my
fall,

Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!
One cold embrace at last may be allow'd, [280
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of resplendent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine: 286
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy: 290

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:

In vain each slave with dutious care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes. 296
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?

Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? 300
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall:
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown, 305
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, Gods! ere that fatal day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Apollon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine 315
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:

Inglorious sons, of an unhappy fire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest off-spring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house remain! 320
Nestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All these relentless Mars untimely slew, 325
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son? 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains, 335
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd. 340
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they
bring

(The gift of Myfia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle couriers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind; 350
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the Power divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:

Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from
harms, 355
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and flight from mine,
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
 Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race
 Tower on the right of yon ætherial space.
 That sign behold, and strengthen'd from above,
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove; 366
 But if the God his augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
 'Tis just (said Priam, to the Sire above)
 To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove? 370
 He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring
 (Her ready hands the ewer and basin held);
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375
 Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
 O! first, and greatest! Heaven's imperial Lord!
 On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
 To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
 And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
 If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
 Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
 Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race
 Tower on the right of yon ætherial space:
 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove. 386
 Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on
 Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury! [high
 The swift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
 And known to Gods by Peronos' lofty name. 390
 Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
 So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
 As slooping dexter with resounding wings
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
 A dawn of joy in every face appears; 395
 The mourning matron dries her timorous tears;
 Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
 Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein; 400
 The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
 And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;
 With hands uplifted, eye him as he past, 405
 And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their last.
 Now forward fares the father on his way,
 Through the lone fields, and back to Ilium they.
 Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
 And felt the woes of miserable man. 410
 Then thus to Hermes: Thou whose constant cares
 Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers;
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
 Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent, 415
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
 The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
 That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain.
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, 421
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
 And stoops on Hellepont's resounding sea.
 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, 425
 He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
 What time the herald and the hoary king
 Their chariots stopping at the silver spring, 430
 (That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Through the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
 I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; 435
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
 For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
 Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
 Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall 440
 (Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?
 Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
 Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
 Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
 A sudden trembling shook his aged frame: 445
 When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
 And gently thus accosts with kind demand:
 Say whither, father! when each mortal fight
 Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the
 night?
 Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
 Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
 What could'st thou hope, should these thy trea-
 sures view; 451
 These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
 For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide;
 Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread: 455
 From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head;
 From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
 The living image of my father shines.
 Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
 Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoind) 460
 Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
 Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
 Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide 465
 (The sacred messenger of Heaven reply'd);
 But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
 Prepar'd perchance, to leave thy native land! 470
 Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy re-
 tain:
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?
 The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence
 thou art,
 Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
 And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd? 475
 Thus Priam spoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
 You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
 On this sad subject you enquire too much.
 Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
 In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
 I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost 481
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host:
 I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
 Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race; 485
 One ship convey'd us from our native place;
 Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
 Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame
 Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
 To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last. 490

To watch this quarter my adventure falls :
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls :
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train 495
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid
My son's dear relics ? what befalls him dead ?
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains ? 500

O favour'd of the Skies ! thus answer'd then
The Power that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent ;
This the twelfth evening since he rested there, 505
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead :
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace, 510
Majestical in death ! No stains are found
O'er all the corpse, and clos'd is every wound ;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly
care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led 515
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide !
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd :
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love ; 520
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power ;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth ! this goblet take, 525
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake ;
And, while the favouring Gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God : O King, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err : 530
But can I, absent from my-prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence ; 535
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey ;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main. 540

He said, then took the chariot at the bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around !
Before th' inspiring God, that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own. 545
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round :
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes :
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state, 555
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.

Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length ;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty
weight,

But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
This Hermes (such the power of Gods !) set wide ;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince ! and under-
stand

Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand :
Hermes I am, descended from above, 565
The King of arts, the Messenger of Jove.
Farewell : to shun Achilles' sight I fly ;
Uncommon are such favours of the Sky,
Nor stand confest to frail mortality. }
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers ; 570
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies : 575
The king, confirm'd from Heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent :

There fate the hero ; Alcimus the brave, 580
And great Automedon, attendance gave :
These serv'd his person at the royal feast ;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid, 585
Sudden (a venerable sight) appears ;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears ;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime) 590
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd !
All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise ;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes :
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke, 596
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :

Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine !
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
In me, that father's reverend image trace, 600
Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !
In all my equal, but in misery !
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ; 605
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes ;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day 610
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain :
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain !
Yet what a race ! ere Greece to lion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame ! 615
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead !
How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !

Still one was left, their loss to recompense :
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel, 620
Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell !

For him, through hostile camps I bend my way.
For him, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods reverse! 625

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace 630
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my childrens' murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire. 635
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:

This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
A father one, and one a son, deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began; 645
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face 655
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear. 660
Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree:
They, only they, are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven. 670
The happiest, taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Pelcus shone in wealth and
power!

What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddess to his wishes given; 675
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway:
An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land. 680

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, 685
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,

What sees the fun, but hapless heroes' falls? 690
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!

What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more! 695

To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies. }

Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more. 700
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from
So shall thy pity and forbearance give [Troy;
A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies, 705
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thee Hector, I myself intend:

For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame); 710
Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:

No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd, }
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd }
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard. 715

Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more. 720

The fire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;

Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom most he honour'd since he lost his friend);
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent; 725

Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.

Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730
To wash the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire

The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age, [735
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.

This done, the garments o'er the corpse they
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed: [spread;
Then, while the body on the car they laid,

He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:

If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below: 740

O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine. 745

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sat:

To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;

Extended on the funeral couch he lies; 750
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,

The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night

Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe, 755

The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,

A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:

Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades; 760
 These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's
 line; 765
 But two the Goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone): 770
 The Gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock (for such was Heav'n's high will)
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
 Where round the bed, whence Achelous springs,
 The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings, 776
 There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
 She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
 Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own. 781
 The care of Heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilium stream around. 785
 He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the separate morsels lays, 790
 And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glittering canisters they load,
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His godlike aspect and majestic size;
 Here youthful grace and noble fire engage: 800
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
 (A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:
 Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to sleep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805
 For, since the day that number'd with the dead
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
 My only food my sorrows and my sighs!
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live.
 With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
 With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
 Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way.
 And place the couches, and the coverings lay. 815
 Then he: Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear;
 Lest any Argive, at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
 Approaching sudden to our open tent, 820
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,
 The king of men the ransom might defer;
 But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require 825

To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
 Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.
 If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
 To finish all due honours to the dead,
 This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known 830
 The fears of Ilium clos'd within her town;
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of Iie, and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
 The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast; 835
 The next, to raise his monument be given;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by
 Heaven!
 This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
 Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.
 Then gave his hand at parting to prevent 840
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
 Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the king and herald rest, [845
 Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
 Now Gods and men the gift of sleep partake;
 Industrious Hermes only was awake;
 The king's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
 The Pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head: 850
 And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
 Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
 Nor fear the Grecian foe, or Grecian lord?
 Thy presence here should stern Atreides see,
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee, 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age, and offer all in vain.
 Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,
 And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
 And moves in silence through the hostile land. 860
 When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
 The winged Deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865
 Now shed Aurora round her lustrous ray, [day:
 Sprung through the gate of light, and gave the
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilium go
 The sage and king, majestically flow.
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilium's spire, 870
 The sad procession of her hoary sire;
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
 (Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
 A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
 Alarming thus all Ilium with her cries: 875
 Turn here your Reys, and here your eyes em-
 ploy,
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight, [880
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
 Your common triumph, and your common woe.
 In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
 Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
 In every face the self-same grief is shown;
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885
 At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
 Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay; 890
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;

But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
 Forbear the cry'd) this violence of woes,
 First to the palace let the car proceed, [895
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.
 The waves of people at his word divide,
 Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
 A melancholy choir attend around, 900
 With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
 And nature speaks at every pause of art. 905
 First to the corpse the weeping comfort flew;
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
 And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! she cries,
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! 910
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with increasing graces glad mine eyes; 915
 For Ilium now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
 New hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er 920
 (Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
 Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
 The sad companions of thy mother's woe:
 Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword;
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord: 925
 Or else some Greek, whose father prest the plain,
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain;
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
 And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe: 930
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
 Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
 His parents many, but his comfort more.
 Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935
 Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear; [dear,
 Which never, never, could be lost in air,
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
 Thus to her weeping maids she makes her
 moan: 940
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
 The mournful mother next sustains her part:
 Oh, thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
 Of all my race thou most by Heaven approv'd,
 And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945
 While all my other sons in barbarous bands
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
 This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
 Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950
 Thy noble corpse was dragg'd around the tomb
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
 Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
 No mark of pain, or violence of face; 955

Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!
 Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief appears:
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
 Ah, dearest friend! in whom the Gods had
 join'd
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore; 965
 (O had I perish'd ere that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
 When others curst the authoress of their woe, 970
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow;
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
 For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee, 975
 The wretched source of all this misery!
 The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
 Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
 Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I
 roam!
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home! 980
 So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:—
 Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require, 985
 And sell the forests for a funeral pyre;
 Twelve days, nor foe, nor secret ambush dread;
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead.
 He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990
 Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's
 crown,
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town,
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise;
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, 995
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
 And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn. 1000
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase;
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, 1005
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were
 done
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun). 1010
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
 Such honours Ilium to her hero paid, 1015
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Descent to Ithaca.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus in the shape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Pheemus sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

THE man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall.
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unblest'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from Fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And escap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves confin'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile power restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the general feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys);
There on the world's extreme verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' assembly thus the Sire supreme address'd,
Ægythus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.

VOL. VI.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægythus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atreides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.
Here paus'd the God; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast,
For brave Ulysses, still by Fate oppress'd.
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his with'd-for home
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome:
(Atlas her fire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successful all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment would he close his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wife and brave?

A 2

Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore 80
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unblest'd abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?

Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips un-
weigh'd?

(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid) 85
Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd
Of human race the wisest and the best.

Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, to avenge his giant-son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light! 90
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bore (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas:

Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom'd Beauty blest,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd. 95
For this, the God constrains the Creek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn!
Let all combin'd achieve his wish'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain, 100
Or thwart the synod of the Gods in vain.

Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic * isle repair; 105

Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
The sanction of th' assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir 110
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:

'Tis mine to form his green unpractis'd years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train: 115

Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.

There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire 120
That from his realm retards his god-like fire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.

She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with
gold, 125

Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th' æthereal space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore; [130

Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.

Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentès' form conceal'd from human eyes 135
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land):
A glittering spear wav'd awful in her hand.

There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule survey'd.
On hides of beees, before the palace gate, 140
(Sad f. oils of luxury) the suitors fate.

With rival art, and ardour in their mein,
At check they vie to captivate the queen;

* *Ortygia*.

Divining of their loves: Attending night 145
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And from the costly feast with busy care.

There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace 150
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude! his bosom tear.

Now, imagin'd in his mind, he sees restor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword. }

While his fond soul, these fancied triumphs swell'd;
The stranger guest, the royal youth beheld: 156
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Instant he flew with hospitable haste.

And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest, 161
Assur'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.

Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes, 165
And to the dome th' unknown Celestial leads.

The spear receiving from her hand he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd, in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood. 170

He led the Goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide);
Then drew his seat, familiar to her side;

Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd, 175
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free guest, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.

The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish from the cool, translucent springs; 180
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver, of capacious size:

They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread.
Viands of various kinds allure the taste, 185
Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!

Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste: 190

Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hanks, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feast. Observant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets

crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance, 195
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance:

To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling
wire:

Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string. 200

Mean while, in whispers to his heavenly guest
His indignation thus the prince express'd:
Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.

Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays, 205
When for the dear delight another pays,
His treasure'd stores these cormorants consume,
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb

And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main 210
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed, 216
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land: 220
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or nurb'rd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own, 225
And, curious much to know, he far was known.

My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise—
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves em-
brace: 230

A duteous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce for the labour'd mass, 235
A just proportion of resplendent brass.
Far from your capital my ship resides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below. 240

Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date; 245
Who, prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
'To the gay court a rural shade prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines. 250

With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return, I came;
But still the frown of some celestial Power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair: 255
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd
breast,

To me, no tear, th' inspiring Gods suggest; 260
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky,
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat, 265
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years. 270
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to
Troy;

But, parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more. [275

To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the
great! 280

Happier the son, whose hoary fire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!

To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
Oh true descendant of a scepter'd line! 286
The Gods a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon joyful troop so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast! 290

Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
Unwelcome revelers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?

Magnificence of old (the prince replied) 295
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn. 300

Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friend's embrace, had breath'd his
last! [raise

Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would
Historic marbles, to record his praise; 306

His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissible honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost: 310
Vanish'd at once! unheard-of and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.

Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous
wiles. 315

Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend. 320

She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expence devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy. 326

With tender pity touch'd, the Goddess cried:
Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide!
Soon may your fire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear, 331
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd,
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul, 335
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl):

He then from Epyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length, in
vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art 340
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Observant of the Gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refus'd to impart the baneful trust:
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd. 345
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign, 350
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods attest: 355
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate,
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;
Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair 360
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail, 365
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand: 370
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand;
For young Atreides to th' Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year. 375
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night:
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave, 380
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy, 385
And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin-sword Ægythus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly blest'd with every blooming grace! 391
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of Fame.
But my associates now my stay deplore, 395
Impatient on the hoarse-responding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed:
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind. 400
To fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.

But, since to part, for sweet reflection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive, 405
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddess cries,
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temesé return'd, your royal court 410
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.
Then first he recogniz'd th' ætherial guest; 415
Wonder and joy alternatè fire his breast:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng;
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song. 420
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes,
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds, 425
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends:
A veil, of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs. 430
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:
Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ; 435
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound. 440
Why, dearest object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's æthereal rays (restitute fire)
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire:
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice, 445
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain, 450
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd lord, alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian
gloom,
With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil 455
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
I here rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and most to me.
Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires. 460
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Mean time, rekindled at the royal charms, 465
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.

Instant (he cry'd) your female discord end,
 Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend; 470
 Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane,
 With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
 Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
 But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
 I, to the peers assembled, shall propose 475
 The firm resolve, I here in few disclose:
 No longer live the cankers of my court;
 All to your several states with speed resort;
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
 There ply the early feast, and late carouse. 480
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
 For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
 Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
 By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
 (A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain; 485
 Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.

Aw'd by the prince, and haughty, bold, and
 young, [tongue.
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the
 Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
 Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke: 490
 What God to your untutor'd youth affords
 This headlong torrents of amazing words?
 May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
 So bright a genius with the toils of state!
 Those toils (Telemachus serene replies) 495
 Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the
 wife.

Fast by the throne obsequious Fame resides,
 And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
 Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
 Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire: 500
 Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
 With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
 Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
 Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
 Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead; 505
 To your pretence their title would precede.
 At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
 Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.

To this Eurymachus: To heaven alone
 Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne. 510
 Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
 Undoubted, all your filial claim confess:

Your private right should impious power invade,
 The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid. [515
 But lay, that stranger guest who late withdrew,
 What and from whence? his name and lineage
 His grave demeanour and majestic grace [shew.
 Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
 Did he some loan of ancient right require, 520
 Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd fire?
 Oh, son of Polybus! the prince replies,
 No more my fire will glad these longing eyes:
 The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
 Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
 That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys, 525
 A realm defended with encircling seas,
 Montes, an ever-honour'd name of old
 High in Ulysses' social list enroll'd.

Thus he, though conscious of th' etherial guest,
 Answer'd evasive of the shy request. 535

Mean time the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
 Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
 But when the star of eve with golden light
 Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night;
 The mirthful train dispersing quit the court, 530
 And to their several domes to rest resort.

A towering structure to the palace join'd;
 To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
 In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
 The lighted torch, the sage Euryyclea bears; 540

(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
 For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
 In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
 Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
 With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife 545
 To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.

Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
 A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)

Whilst to his couch the prince himself address,
 The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest: 550

The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
 The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
 The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,

To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd, [555
 Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,

Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd;
 Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
 And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarus her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an Augur expounds to be the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
 Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
 The youthful hero, with returning light,
 Rose anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
 A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
 A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side,
 Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
 And forth he mov'd majestic as a God.
 Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
 To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
 Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sate,
 From his high dome himself descends in state.
 Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd;
 Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
 Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
 And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
 The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.

'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke;
 Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
 A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
 A length of days had bent him to the ground.
 His eldest † hope in arms to Ilion came,
 By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
 But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
 His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
 Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
 The royal bed, Euryomus aspires;

The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,
 And ease the fire of half the cares of age.
 Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
 And, as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns:

Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
 Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
 Say then, ye peers, by whose commands we meet!
 Why here once more in solemn council sit?
 Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
 Arrives some message of invading foes?
 Or say, does high necessity of state
 Inspire some patriot, and demand debate?
 The present synod speaks its author wise;
 Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
 Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose
 (His royal hand, th' imperial sceptre sway'd);
 Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said:

Reverend old man! lo here confess he stands
 By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
 No story I unfold of public woes,
 Nor bear advices of impending foes:
 Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;
 Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
 For my lost fire continual sorrows spring,
 The great, the good; your father, and your king.
 Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
 Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes;
 Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
 Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome!
 If she must wed, from other hands require
 The dowry: is Telemachus her fire?
 Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,
 And waste the wife frugality of kings.
 Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
 Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
 Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
 Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.

† Antiochus.

But come it will, the time when manhood grants
 More powerful advocates than vain complaints.

Approach that hour! insufferable wrong [70
 Cries to the Gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.

Rise then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger rise!
 Your fame revere, but most th'avenging skies.

By all the deathless powers that reign above,
 By righteous Themis, and by thundering Jove,

(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies,
 Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise.) 75

Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
 For my lost fire, nor add new woe to woe.

If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
 Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will, 80

On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,
 And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.

If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
 Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.

Then might we hope redress from juster laws, 85
 And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:

But while your sons commit th' unpunish'd wrong,
 You make the arm of violence too strong.

While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he
 frown'd,

And dash'd the imperial sceptre to the ground. 90
 The big round tear hung trembling in his eye,

The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
 Then silent sate—at length Antiochus burns

With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:
 O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords 95

Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
 Studious thy country's worthies to defame,

Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.
 Elusive of the bridal day, she gives

Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives. 100
 Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure

roll'd,
 For three long years the royal fraud behold?

While she, laborious in delusion spread
 The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:

Where as to life the wondrous figures rise, 105
 Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs:

"Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no
 more,

"Cease yet a while, to urge the bridal hour;
 "Cease, till to great Lærtēs I bequeath

"A task of grief, her ornaments of death; 110
 "Left when the Fates his royal ashes claim,

"The Grecian marrons taint my spotless fame;
 "When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,

"Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade."
 Thus she: at once the generous train complies,

Nor fraud mistrusts in Virtue's fair disguise. 116
 The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,

By night revers'd the labours of the day.
 While thrice the sun his annual journey made,

The conscious lamp the midnight fraud sur-
 vey'd; 120

Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
 The fourth her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.

We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
 The backward labours of her faithless hand.

Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils; 125
 A wondrous monument of female wiles!

But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
 (I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear):

Dismiss the queen: and if her fire approves,
 Let him espouse her to the peer she loves: 130

Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast, 135
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom
crown'd;

Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boast of Fame)
Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She shines with fatal excellence to thee: 140
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name,
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till she leaves thy court, it is decreed, 145
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.

While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads, 151
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarus in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
How from my father should I vengeance dread? 155
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe. 160
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot, what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed 165
For you my bowls shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if heaven the power supply, 170
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.

With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight:
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the
wind,

Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high 175
And clang their wings, and hovering bear the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they
rend, [scend: 180

And from their plumes huge drops of blood de-
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.

The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress'd,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose: 186
Precient he view'd th' aerial tracks, and drew
A sure preface from every wing that flew.

Ye sons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear. 190
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.

Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way. 196
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.

When great Ulysses fought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers, 200
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds be-
I see (I cry'd) his woes, a countless train; [hold.
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams;
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!

To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wife dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go prophecy at home; thy sons advise: [skies.
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aerial way, 211
Vagrants of air, and unforboding stray.

Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulysses lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest, 215
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the God, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
Missed fallacious into idle rage, 220

Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst re-
Telemachus may bid the queen repair [dress.
To great Icarus, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice, 225
With wealthy dower, and bridl gifts of price.

Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate. 230
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease; 235
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.

To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my
wrongs:

To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs,
Yet this I ask, (nor be it ask'd in vain) 241
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful Fate be known, 245
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?

If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades; I measure back the main, 250
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while the peers abash'd attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend: [255
When fierce in arms he fought the scenes of war,
"My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
"Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
"Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around, [frown'd.
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke:

O never, never more ! let king be just, 261
 Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust !
 Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
 Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God :
 Since he who like a father held his reign, 265
 So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain !
 True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share ;
 Yet now the rivals are my smallest care :
 They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise, [270
 Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
 But against you, ye Greeks ! ye coward train,
 Gods ! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain !
 Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
 His injur'd prince the little aid of words.

While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoind : 275
 O pride of words, and arrogance of mind !
 Would'st thou to rise in arms, the Greeks, advise ?
 Join all your powers ! in arms, ye Greeks, arise !
 Yet would your powers in vain our strength op-
 pose !

The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes. 280
 Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
 While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms ;
 Though to his breast his spouse with transport
 flies,

Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
 But hence retreating to your domes repair ; 285
 To arm the vessel, Mentor ! be thy care,
 And, Halitherses ! thine : be each his friend ;
 Ye lov'd the father : go, the son attend.
 But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
 Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way. 290

Then, with a rushing sound, th' assembly bend,
 Diverse their steps : the rival rout ascend
 The royal dome ; while sad the prince explores
 The neighbouring main, and sorrowing treads the
 shores.

There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed, 295
 The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd :

O Goddess ! who descending from the skies
 Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wondering eyes,
 By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
 And seek my fire thro' storms and rolling seas ! 300
 Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warrior-maid !
 Descend once more propitious to my aid.
 Without thy presence, vain is thy command :
 Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand.

Indulgent to his prayer the Goddess took 305
 Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke.

O prince, in early youth divinely wise,
 Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise !
 If to the son the father's worth descends, [310
 O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends :
 To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd ;
 And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
 Were not wise sons descendants of the wise,
 And did not heroes from brave heroes rise : 315
 Vain were my hopes : few sons attain the praise
 Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
 But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
 And all Penelope thy soul inspires :

Go, and succeed ! the rivals aims despise ;
 For never, never, wicked man was wise. 320
 Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall,
 Death hastes amain : one hour o'erwhelms them all !
 And lo, with speed we plough the watery way,
 My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey :

The winged vessel studious I prepare, 325
 Through seas and realms companions of thy care.
 (Thou to the court ascend : and to the shores
 (When night advances) bear the naval stores ;
 Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
 And generous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.
 Mean while the mariners, by my command, 331
 Shall speed abroad, a valiant chosen band.
 Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides ;
 The best I choose to waft thee o'er the tides.

She spoke : to his high dome the prince returns,
 And, as he moves, with royal anguish mourns. 336
 'Twas riot all, among the lawless train ;
 Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
 Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous prest,
 And, thus deriding, with a smile address : 340

Grieve not, oh, daring prince ! that poble heart :
 Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part ;
 Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
 Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
 Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides 345
 The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides.

Is this, returns the prince, for mirth a time ?
 When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime ;
 The luscious wines, dishonour'd lose their taste ;
 The song is noise, and impious is the feast. 350

Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
 The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
 But now the wise instructions of the sage,
 And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
 Teach me to seek redress for all my woe, 355
 Here, or in Pyle.—in Pyle, or here, your foe.

Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain ;
 A private voyager I pass the main.
 Free breathe the winds, and free the billows
 flow :

And where on earth I live, I live your foe. 360

He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
 Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.
 Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they
 feast,

Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest, }
 And each in jovial mood his mate address :

Tremble ye not, oh friends ! and coward fly. 366
 Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die ?

To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
 Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies :

Or comes from Ephyre with poisons fraught, 370
 And kills us all in one tremendous draught ?

Or, who can say (his gamelome mate replies)
 But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
 He, like his sire, may sink depriv'd of breath,
 And punish us unkindly by his death ? 375

What mighty labours would he then create,
 To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
 The royal palace to the queen convey,
 Or him she blesses in the bridal day !

Meantime the lofty rooms the prince surveys. 380
 Where lay the treasures of th' Ithacian race ;
 Here ruddy bras and gold resplendent blaz'd ;
 There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd ;

Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume ;
 There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome. 385

(Pure flavoured wine, by Gods in bounty given,
 And worthy to exalt the feasts of heaven).

Untouch'd they stood, till, his long labours o'er,
 The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.

A double strength of bars secur'd the gates : 390
Fast by the door the wife Euryclea waits :

Euryclea, who, great Ops ! thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day ; a faithful guard.

To whom the prince : O thou, whose guardian
care

Nurs'd the most wretched king that breathes the
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand, 395
Till great Ulysses views his native land.

But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd ;
Next these in worth, and firm those urns be
seal'd ;

And twice ten measures of the choicest flour 400
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the evening hour.

For when the favouring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coasts shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses through the watery way. 405

While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with
cries,

And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my son ? she cry'd,
To realms that rocks and roaring seas divide ?

In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd, 410

And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,

All, all must perish, and by fraud you die ! [main ;
Then stay, my child ! storms beat, and rolls the
Oh, beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain !

Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be
driven ;

Heaven calls me forth ! these counsels are of Hea-
ven.

But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, swear,

To keep my voyage from the royal ear,

Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray, 420

Till twice six times descends the lamp of day ;

Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,

And grief destroy what time a while would spare.

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes

Attests th' all-seeing Sovereign of the skies. 425

Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,

The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.

While to the rival train the prince returns,

The martial Goddess with impatience burns ;

Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size, 430

With speed divine from street to street she flies,

She bids the mariners, prepar'd, to stand,

When night descends, embody'd on the strand.

Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,

And asks a bark : the chief a bark supplies. 435

And now declining with his sloping wheels,

Down sunk the fun behind the western hills

The Goddess shov'd the vessels from the shores,

And flow'd within its womb the naval stores,

Full in the openings of the spacious main 440

It rides ; and now descends the sailor-train

Next, to the court, impatient of delay,

With rapid step the Goddess urg'd her way !

There every eye with numerous chains she

bound,

And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground, 445

Drowfy they rose, with heavy fumes oppress'd,

Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.

Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,

Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid

Lo ! on the seas, prepar'd the vessel stands, 450

Th' impatient mariner thy speed demands.

Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads ;

The footsteps of the Deity he treads.

Swift to the shore they move : along the strand

The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand 455

He bids them bring their stores ; th' attending

train

Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.

The Prince and Goddess to the stern ascend ;

To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.

Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow ; 460

The sable billows foam and roar below

The chief his orders gives ; th' obedient band

With due observance wait the chief's command !

With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind

The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind. 465

High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails

Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales ;

The crooked keel the parting surge divides,

And to the stern retreating roll the tides.

And now they slip their oars, and crown with wine

The holy goblet to the powers divine : 471

Imploring all the Gods that reign above,

But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.

Thus all the night they stem the liquid way.

And end their voyage with the morning ray. 475

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Nestor.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming ; and Nestor relates what past in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle : Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva ; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea shore of Pylos.

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
 Through heav'n's eternal brazen portals
 blaz'd;
 And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
 To Gods and men to give the golden day.
 Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
 Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
 There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
 At nine green theatres the Pylians stood.
 Each held five hundred a deputed train),
 At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
 They take the entrails, and the altars load
 With smoking thighs, an offering to the God.
 Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
 And turl their sails, and issue on the laud.
 Telemachus already prest the shore;
 Not first, the Power of Wisdom march'd before,
 And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
 Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
 Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
 An honest business never blush to tell.
 To learn what fates thy wretched fire detain,
 We pass'd the wide immeasurable main
 Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
 With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
 Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
 And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.
 Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
 (The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
 How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
 Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
 Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
 To question wisely men of riper years.
 To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoind:
 Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting
 mind,
 And others, dictated by heavenly power,
 Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
 For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend.
 Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.
 She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
 As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
 And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
 Where fate, encompass'd with his sons, the fire.
 The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
 Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
 In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
 Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
 Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
 And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
 Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
 Where Nestor fate with youthful Thrasymed.
 To each a portion of the feast he bore,
 And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
 Then first approaching to the elder guest,
 The latent Goddess in these words address:
 Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
 The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
 The first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
 Thee due libation and the solemn prayer:
 Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
 Though much thy younger, and his years like
 mine,
 He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
 I or all mankind alike require their grace,
 All born to want: a miserable race!
 He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
 A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,

To see the preference due to sacred age
 Regarded ever by the just and sage.
 Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace:
 Oh, thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
 Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
 On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line:
 Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
 Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
 Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
 And crown our voyage with desir'd success.
 Thus she; and, having paid the rite divine,
 Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
 Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims drest,
 They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
 The banquet done, the narrative old man,
 Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:
 Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
 It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
 And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
 Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
 Relate (if business, or the thirst of gain,
 Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
 Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
 The lives of others, venturous of their own.
 Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess given,
 And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
 The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
 And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
 Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
 (Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
 From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Brown with o'erarching shades and pendent
 woods,
 Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
 A private sorrow, not a public cause.
 My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
 Has told the glories of his noble name,
 The great Ulysses: fam'd from shore to shore
 For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
 Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall,
 In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
 Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
 Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
 Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
 Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
 Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
 Lo! at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
 If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
 Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
 And, oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
 Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
 Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
 The lot of man; to suffer and to die.
 Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
 The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
 If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
 True in his deed, and constant to his word:
 Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
 Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
 'Tis sacred Truth I ask, and ask of thee.
 To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoind:
 O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind?
 Shall I the long laborious scene review,
 And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
 What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
 Dauntless we rov'd, Achilles led the way:
 What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
 Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:

There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
 There wife Patroclus, fill an early grave :
 There too my son—ah, once my best delight, 135
 Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight ;
 In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
 A faultless body, and a blameless mind :
 Antilochus—what more can I relate ?
 How trace the tedious series of our fate ? 140
 Not added years on years my task could close,
 The long historian of my country's woes :
 Back to thy native island might'st thou sail,
 And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
 Nine painful years on that detested shore, 145
 What stratagemis we form'd, what toils we bore !
 Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
 Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
 Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
 In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind. 150
 Art thou the son of that illustrious sire ?
 With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
 So like your voices, and your words to wife,
 Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes. ~
 Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought 155
 In public sentence, or in private thought ;
 Alike to council or th' assembly came,
 With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
 But when (by Wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
 And in their ships the conquering Greeks re-
 turn'd : 160
 'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
 And turn th' event, confounding human pride :
 Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
 (Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
 Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above, 165
 Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
 The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate :
 Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
 But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
 Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light, 170
 Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim).
 Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came.
 To these the cause of meeting they explain,
 And Menelaüs moves to cross the main ;
 Not so the king of men : he will'd to stay : 175
 These sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
 And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to
 Fate !
 The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
 With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
 Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose. 180
 Now different counsels every breast divide,
 Each burns with rancour to the adverse side :
 Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
 (So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
 We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd, 185
 And brought our captives and our stores aboard ;
 But half the people with respect obey'd
 The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
 Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
 (For God had smooch'd the waters of the deep ;
 For Tenedos we spread our eager oars, 191
 There land, and pay due victims to the Powers :
 To bless our safe return we join in prayer ;
 But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
 And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heaven de-
 creed) 195
 Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed :

Wife as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
 He there, though late, to please the monarch,
 But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods, [stay'd.
 Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods. 200
 With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste ;
 And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
 He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
 While yet we doubted of our watery way ;
 If to the right to urge the pilot's toil, 205
 (The safer road) beside the Psyrian isle ;
 Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
 And anchor under Mima's shaggy brow ?
 We sought direction of the Power divine :
 The God propitious gave the guiding sign ; 210
 Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
 And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
 The whistling winds already wak'd the sky ;
 Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
 With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way, 215
 And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
 There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
 High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
 The fourth day shone, when all their labours
 o'er,
 Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore. 220
 But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
 The Gods still breathing on my swelling sails ;
 Separate from all, I safely landed here ;
 Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
 Yet what I learn'd, attend : as here I fate, 225
 And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate ;
 Curious to know, and willing to relate. }
 Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
 Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
 Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art, 230
 Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart ;
 And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
 Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
 How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
 And how his life by fraud and force he lost, 235
 And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath ;
 What lands so distant from that scene of death
 But trembling heard the fame ; and, heard, ad-
 mire
 How well the son appeas'd the slaughter'd fire !
 Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed, 240
 Heaven gives posterity, t' avenge the deed.
 So fell Ægythus ; and may'st thou, my friend,
 (On whom the virtues of thy fire descend)
 Make future time thy equal æt adore,
 And be what brave Orestes was before ! 245
 The prudent youth reply'd : O thou the grace
 And lasting glory of the Grecian race !
 Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
 Shall long posterity resound the praise.
 Some God this arm with equal prowess blest ! 250
 And the proud suitors shall its force confess :
 Injurious men ! who while my soul is sore
 Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
 But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
 Nor shall my father repossess the land : 255
 The father's fortune never to return,
 And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn ?
 Thus he ; and Nestor took the word : My so
 Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
 That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charm
 Thy palace fill with insults and alarms ?

Say, is the fault through tame submission thine?
 Or, leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,
 Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
 And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate 265
 An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
 When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
 Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
 But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
 The happy son will, as the father, aid, 270
 (Whose fame and safety was her constant care
 In every danger, and in every war:
 Never on man did heavenly favour shine
 With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
 As those with which Minerva mark'd thy fire) 275
 So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
 Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
 And long oblivion of the bridal bed.

Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)

Can touch my breast; that blessing Heaven de-
 Ev'n by celestial favour were it given, 281
 Fortune or Fate will cross the will of Heaven.

What words are these, and what imprudence
 thine?

(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
 Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above 285
 With ease can save each object of his love;
 Wide as his will extends his boundless grace:
 Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
 Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
 Long labouring gains his natal shore at last: 290
 Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
 By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
 Death only is the lot which none can miss,
 And all is possible to Heaven, but this.
 The best, the dearest favourite of the sky 295
 Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.
 Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir:
 Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
 For he no more must draw his country's breath,
 Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of
 death! 300

Pass we to other subjects; and engage
 On themes remote the venerable sage
 (Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
 Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd
 Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind'. 305
 For much he knows, and just conclusions draws,
 From various precedents, and various laws.
 O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
 How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell? [310
 By what strange fraud Ægythus wrought, relate
 (By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
 Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
 Was then the martial brother's pious care?
 Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
 Or sure Ægythus had not dar'd the deed. 315

To whom the full of days: Illustrious youth!
 Attend (though partly thou hast guest) the truth.
 For had the martial Menelaüs found
 The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
 Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies, 320
 Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies.
 But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
 And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
 While us the work of bloody Mars employ'd,
 The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd; 325

He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
 Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
 With flattery's insinuating art
 Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
 At first, with worthy shame and decent pride, 330
 The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
 For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,
 Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
 Atreides, parting from the Trojan war,
 Consign'd the youthful consort to his care. 335
 True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
 In honour's limits; such the power of song.
 But when the Gods these objects of their hate
 Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
 The bard they banish'd from his native soil, 340
 And left all helpless in a desert isle:

There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
 Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
 Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
 She fell, to lust a voluntary prey. 345

Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
 With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
 With images, with garments, and with gold;
 And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way,
 With Menelaüs, through the curling sea. 351

But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
 Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
 Atreides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
 (Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd 355

To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
 When the storm thickens, and the billows boil):
 While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
 Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
 Even with the rudder in his hand he fell. 360

To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
 We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
 And laid our old companion in the ground.
 And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
 Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep: 365

Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
 Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,
 And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
 Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.

The tempest scatters and divides our fleet: 370
 Part the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
 Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
 The streams of Jordan issue to the main.

There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
 Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep. 375
 And views Gortyna on the western side,

On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
 With broken force the billows roll'd away,
 And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
 Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstian
 shores, 380

With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
 But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
 Far from their fellows on the Ægyptian coast.
 There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores,
 Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores; 385
 While curst Ægythus the detested deed

By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
 Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
 And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
 The eighth, from Athens, to his realm restor'd, 390
 Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,

Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atreides to the coast of Greece. 365
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;

Left heedless absence wear thy wealth away, 400
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the
And thou return with disappointed toil. [spoil; }
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.

Howe'er my friend, indulge one labour more, 405
And seek Atreides on the Spartan shore.

He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-linguag'd nations has survey'd;
And measur'd tracks unknown to other ships
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps; 410

(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;

Or, if by land thou choose thy course to bend, 415
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atreides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will; for Menelaus is wife. 420

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight grey her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine. 426
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest. 430

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial Maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets
crown'd:

From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows: 435
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid, 440
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night;
But this the hospitable sage deny'd.

Forbid it, Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd, [445
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay? 450
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their fire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.

Well hast thou spoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid re-
plies) 455
Belov'd old man! benevolent as wise.

Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship to give the orders due. 450

Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night; 466
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.

But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care, 470
Let thy strong coursfers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle through the liquid skies. 475
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.

But chief the reverend sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian Deities! 481

Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.

For lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of Almighty Jove, 485

Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Confest is thine, as once thy father's aid.

So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!

A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke, 490
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.

Submissive thus the hoary fire prefer'd
His holy vows the favouring Goddess heard. 495

Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,

(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome. [500

There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.

To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine

(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light.
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright). 505

To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.

Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.

Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid, 510
And slept beneath the pompous colonnade;
Fast by his side Pilestratus lay spread,
In age his equal) on a splendid bed:

But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The reverend Nestor and his queen repos'd. 515

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;

The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and fate
On polish'd stone before his palace-gate:

With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone, 520
Where ancient Nereus sat, a rustic throne;
But he descending to th' infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.

His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
 And duteous take the orders of the day. 525
 First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed :
 Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed ;
 The last, Pisistratus arose from rest :
 They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-
 To these the senior thus declar'd his will : [guest.
 My sons ! the dictates of your fire fulfil. 531
 To Pallas, first of Gods, prepare the feast,
 Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
 Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
 A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead ; 535
 One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
 And bring thy friends, Telemachus ! ashore
 (Leave only two the galley to attend) ;
 Another to Laerceus must we send,
 Artift divine, whose skilful hands infold 540
 The victim's horn with circumfulse gold.
 The rest may here the pious duty share,
 And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
 The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
 And limpid waters from the living spring. 545
 He said, and busy each his care bestow'd :
 Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
 Already came the Ithacensian crew,
 The dextrous smith the tools already drew :
 His ponderous hammer, and his anvil found, 550
 And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
 Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
 She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
 With reverend hand the king presents the gold,
 Which round th' intorted horns the gilder
 roll'd, 555
 So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
 Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
 Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
 And canisters of consecrated flour.
 Stratius and Echephron the victim led ; 560
 The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
 In act to strike : before him Perseus stood,
 The vase extending to receive the blood.
 The king himself initiates to the Power,
 Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour, 565
 And the stream sprinkles : from the curling brows
 The hair collected in the fire he throws.
 Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
 And sacred wheat upon the victim laid, 570
 Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
 Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
 Down sunk the heavy beast : the females round,
 Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
 Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
 (The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line ; 575
 In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
 And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).

From earth they rear him, struggling now with
 death ;
 And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
 The soul for ever flies ; on all sides round 580
 Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the
 ground,
 The beast they then divide, and disunite
 The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite :
 On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from every part. 585
 The sacred sage before his altar stands,
 Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
 And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire ;
 The youth with instruments surround the fire,
 The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 590
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
 While these officious tend the rites divine,
 The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
 Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil [595
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
 O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
 And issu'd, like a God, to mortal view.
 His former seat behind the king he found
 (His people's father with his peers around) ;
 All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join, 600
 And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
 The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress,
 The monarch turns him to his royal guest ;
 And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
 The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car, 605
 Observant of his word ; the word scarce spoke,
 The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
 Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
 And presents, such as suit the state of kings.
 The glittering seat Telemachus ascends ; 610
 His faithful guide Pisistratus attends ;
 With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew ;
 He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
 Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
 Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field. 615
 The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
 Fields after fields fly back, till close of day :
 Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way. }
 To Phæzæ now, Diocleus' stately seat
 (Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat. 620
 His house affords the hospitable rite,
 And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night).
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn ;
 Again they mount, their journey to renew, 625
 And from the sounding portico they flew.
 Along the waving fields their way they hold,
 The fields receding as the chariot roll'd :
 Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
 And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night. 630

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

Telemachus with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso. In the mean time the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphimache.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels
resounds :

Sparta, whose walls a range of hills surrounds :
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends ;
Where late Atreides, 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione the fairest of the kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy ;
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy :
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Mean while at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour
To great Atreides' age his handmaid bore :
To Helen's bed the Gods alone assign
Hermione, to extend the regal line ;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound :
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings ;
Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state :
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son :
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And, speeding, thus address'd the royal ear :

Two youths approach, whose semblant features
prove

Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful courie to seek a distant friend ?

Insensate ! (with a sigh the king replies)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise ;
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest ;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe :
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
'Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd —
Straight be the coursers from the car releast,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.

The seneschal rebuk'd in haste withdrew ;
With equal haste a menial train pursue ;

Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choicest grain furcharg'd ;

Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd :
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight ;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.

From room to room their eager view they bend :
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend ;
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.

Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atreides' fate :
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs ;

High on a massy vase of silver mold,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold ;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.

When thus the king with hospitable port :—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court ;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare ;
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame ?

For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.

Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest wines
To each accepted friend : with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun :

View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most !
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost !
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines :
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray :

Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd :
Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contend,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest !

With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast

(Sidon the capital), I stretch'd my toil
 Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
 Next, Æthiopia's utmost bound explore, 101
 And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian shore :
 Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
 O'er the warm Lybian wave to spread my sails :
 That happy clime ! where each revolving year 105
 The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear ;
 And two fair crescents of translucent horn
 The brows of all their young increase adorn :
 The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
 On the fat flock and rural dainties feast ; 110
 Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
 But every season fills the foaming pail.
 Whilst, heaping unwith'd wealth I distant roam ;
 The best of brothers, at his natal home,
 By the dire fury of a traitress wife, 115
 Ends the sad evening of a stormy life :
 Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
 These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd !
 My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
 To you, your fathers have recorded long : 120
 How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
 With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.
 Oh ! had the Gods so large a boon deny'd,
 And life, the just equivalent, supply'd
 To those brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd, 125
 Far from their country in my cause expir'd !
 Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
 Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
 I to the glorious dead for ever dear !
 Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear. 130
 But, oh ! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
 That sad idea wounds my anxious breast !
 My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain ;
 The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
 Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
 When imagin'd to my soul his sorrows rise. 136
 No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
 His labours equal'd only by my love :
 And both alike to bitter fortune born,
 For him to suffer, and for me to mourn ! 140
 Whether he wanders on some friendless coast,
 Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
 No fame reveals ; but, doubtful of his doom,
 His good old fire with sorrow to the tomb
 Declines his trembling steps ; untimely care 145
 Withers the blooming vigour of his heir ;
 And the chaste partner of his bed and throne
 Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
 While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
 From the brave youth the streaming passion 150
 broke :
 Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress,
 His face he shrouded with his purple vest :
 The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
 And view'd his filial love with vast surprize :
 Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait 155
 To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
 In this suspense bright Helen grac'd the room ;
 Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
 So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
 The silver-shafted Goddess of the chase ! 160
 The seat of majesty Adraсте brings,
 With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings ;
 To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
 Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.

A silver canister, divinely wrought, 165
 In her soft hands the beauteous Phyllo brought ;
 To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
 Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace :
 For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
 The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey), 170
 When to that court Atrides came, carest
 With vast munificence th' imperial guest ;
 Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
 With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd :
 And bounteous from the royal treasure told 175
 Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
 Alcandra, consort of his high command,
 A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand ;
 And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
 Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phyllo 180
 brought :
 The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
 Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
 The sovereign feat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
 And pleasing thus her scepter'd lord address'd :
 Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
 Speak they their lineage, or their names declare ?
 Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd, 187
 Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
 With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
 The features of the Ulyssian race : 190
 Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
 In just similitude, the grace and air
 Of young Telemachus ! the lovely boy,
 Who blest Ulysses with a father's joy, [195
 What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
 T' avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms !
 Just is thy thought, the king assenting cries,
 Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes :
 Full shines the father in the filial frame,
 His port, his features, and his shape, the same : 200
 Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow :
 Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow !
 And when he heard the long disastrous store
 Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore ;
 Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes, 205
 Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose :
 Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
 His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
 See there confest, Pisistratus replies,
 The genuine worth of Ithacus the wife ! 210
 Of that heroic fire the youth is sprung,
 But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue,
 Thy voice, O king ! with pleas'd attention heard,
 Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
 With him at Nestor's high command I came, 215
 Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
 By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
 For counsel and redress he sues to you.
 Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
 Bereav'd of parents in his infant years, 220
 Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
 If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain :
 Assur'd in your friendly power alone,
 The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
 Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes 225
 View my friend's son ? (the king exulting cries)
 Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
 Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd :
 Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd !—
 When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd, 230

No Greek an equal space had e'er possess,
Of dear affection in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose; 235
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil. 240
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious Power the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys: 246
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Fated to wander from this natal coast!

He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise,
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Fast from the fire the filial sorrows flow; 251
The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:
Thy checks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial † brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain! 256
But silence from the son of Nestor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, spoke:

Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise: 260
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of soul.

Let not your roof with echoing grief resound, 265
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd;
But when, from dewy shade emerging bright,
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his deed: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow: 270

O'er the consensual dust injoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name 275
Not unrecorded in the rolls of Fame:

With strength and speed superior form'd in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee. 280

Young and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins,)
In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age. 285

Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to shower
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great fire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom,
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate; 290
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each be calm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay, 295
Till Heaven's revolving lamp restores the day.

† Antilochus.

VOL. VI.

He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savoury viands share. 300
Mean time, with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, t' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care, 305
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted
All sense of woe delivers to the wind. [mind
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away, 310
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life, 315
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain; 320
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen address:
Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove 325
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd;
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind. 330
Myself, assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

Scann'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre
gave,
In the vile habit of a village-slave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain, 335
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise 340
The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd; 345
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war against the town prepar'd. 350
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy: 356
For then, with dire remorse and conscious shame,
I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove: 360
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;

C c

Admir'd among the first of human race,
 For every gift of mind, and manly grace.
 Right well, reply'd the king, your speech dis-
 plays 365
 The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
 Heroes in various climes myself have found,
 For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
 But Ithacus unrival'd, in his claim,
 May boast a title to the loudest fame: 370
 In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
 Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
 What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
 When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!
 Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom, 375
 Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come,
 To explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
 Slow-pacing thrice around th' insidious pile:
 Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
 Your accent varying as their spouses spoke: 380
 The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd
 But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
 To quit the steed we both impatient press,
 Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
 Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd: 385
 And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:
 But Anticlus, unable to control,
 Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:
 Ulysses straight, with indignation fir'd,
 (For so the common care of Greece requir'd) 390
 Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
 Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
 Mean time Minerva, from the fraudulent horie,
 Back to the court of Priam bent your course.
 Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies, 395
 Frail is the boasted attribute of wife:
 The leader, winging with the vulgar host,
 Is in the common mass of matter lost!
 But now let sleep the painful waste repair
 Of sad reflection, and corroding care. 400
 He ceas'd: the menial fair that round her wait,
 At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;
 Beneath an ample portico, they spread
 The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed;
 And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold 405
 Rich tapestry, stiff with interwoven gold:
 Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
 Th' obsequious herald guides each princely guest:
 While to his regal bower the king ascends,
 And beauteous Helen on her lord attends. 410
 Soon as the morn, in orient purple dress,
 Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,
 The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
 Th' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw:
 The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast, 415
 A starry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
 Clasp'd on his feet th' embroider'd sandals shine;
 And forth he moves, majestic and divine:
 Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
 And thus benevolent his speech address'd: 420
 Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
 What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
 Do public or domestic cares constrain
 This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?
 O highly-favoured delegate of Jove! 425
 (Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
 And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
 A suppliant to your royal court I come.

Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
 With lawless riot and misrule disgrace; 430
 To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
 Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
 For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
 And all to mount th' imperial bed aspire.
 But prostrate I implore, oh king! relate 435
 The mournful series of my father's fate:
 Each known disaster of the man disclose,
 Born by his mother to a world of woes!
 Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
 To wound with storied grief the filial ear: 440
 If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
 Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
 If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
 To the fire's merit give the son's request.
 Deep from his inmost soul Atreides sigh'd, 445
 And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
 Heavens! would a soft, inglorious dastard train
 An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
 So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
 A timorous hind the lion's court invades, 450
 Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
 Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns.
 Mean time return'd, with dire remorseless sway
 The monarch savage rends the trembling prey.
 With equal fury, and with equal fame, 455
 Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
 O Jove, supreme, whom Gods and men revere!
 And thou* to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere!
 With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
 The chief adopted by the martial Maid! 460
 Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
 As when contending on the Lesbian shore
 His prowess Philomelidus confess'd,
 And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor blest'd:
 Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne 465
 Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
 With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
 The storied labours of thy father's friend:
 Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
 But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue: 470
 Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
 Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of Fate.
 Long on th' Egyptian coast by calms confin'd,
 Heaven to my fleet refus'd a prosperous wind:
 No vows had we prefer'd, nor victim slain! 475
 For this the Gods each favouring gale restrain:
 Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd;
 Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade.
 High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
 Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile: 480
 Her distance from the shore, the course begun
 At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
 A galley measures: when the stiffer gales
 Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
 There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie, 485
 Whilst limpid springs the sailing cask supply.
 And now the twentieth sun, descending laves
 His glowing axle in the western waves;
 Still with expanded sails we court in vain
 Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main: 490
 And the pale mariner at once deplores
 His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores,
 When, lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
 The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
 *Apello.

Proteus her fire divine. With pity press'd, 495
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What-time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th' afflictive fierce desires of food. 500

Whoe'er thou art (the azure Goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wife:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train 505
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?

Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ætherial race: 510
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable seas? 515
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?

I ceas'd, when affable the Goddess cry'd;
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th' oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast: 520
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care, his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to superior force, 525
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the God obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes. 530

She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer?
For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil, 535
T' elude the presence of a God by guile.

Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of heaven the mounted
sun

Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run; 540
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phœx swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train 545
Of* her, whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd ex-
hales

An oily str am, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies, 550
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil:
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys 555
The slouching herd ascending from the seas;
Their number sum'm'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround: ..

* *Amphitrite.*

So with his battering flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain. 560
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb. 566
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain passive form constrains his flight.
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands, 570
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way:
Who straight, propitious, in prophetic strain 575
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the shelly shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resound-
ing roar.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed: 580
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn;
In saffron robes, the daughter of the dawn 586
Advanc'd her rosy steps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind. 590
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast Phœx takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath her finny spoils, extended prone, 595
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse the scaly frauds diffuse
Unfavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze;
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.

Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies, 601
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When, thronging thick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair: [605
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep;
Then, Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the sum complete).
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes. 610
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the God: our force t' evade,
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a surgy mane; 615
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then, arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscurer shape the God belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides; [620
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:

Say, son of Atreus, say what God inspir'd 625
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?

I thus; O thou whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd; 630
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?

To Jove (with stern regard the chief replies)
And all th' offended synod of the skies, 636
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend, 640
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar, 645
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.

He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main, 650
A shelly tract and long!) O fer, I cry,
To the stern sanction of th' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those peers, the reliques of our host, 655
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore? 660

Prefs not too far, reply'd the God; but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the rest, a lamentable train! 665
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were
crown'd,

Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast. 670

By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, safe Oilean Ajax fate,
His ship o'erwhelm'd; but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own prowess all the glory gave, 675
The power defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant, for such high disdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aerial summit from the marble base; 680
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Engulf'd, and to th' abyss the boaster bore.

By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother pass:
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds; 686
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd; 690

But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægythus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the King of Men descends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain salutes the soil: 996
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand, 700
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægythus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale ca-
reer;

And now, admonish'd by his eye, to court 705
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat: 711
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of couriers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal guest, 715
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.
The troop, forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppresses!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall. 720
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægythus sole survives to boast the deed.

He said; chill horrors shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll; 726
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow; 730
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death
deplor'd, 735

But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword:
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast. 740
He said: new thoughts my beating heart em-
ploy,

My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I address
The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest.
The doom decreed of those disastrous two 745
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the Fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main:
Or, in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes. 750
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.

Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd, 755
 When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
 But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
 Th' enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love :
 His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
 He lives reluctant on a foreign coast. 760
 But oh, belov'd by Heaven ! reserv'd to thee
 A happier lot the smiling Fates decree :
 Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
 Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay ;
 Elysium shall be thine ; the blissful plains 765
 Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
 Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
 Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year :
 Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime ;
 The fields are florid with unfading prime ; 770
 From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
 Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow :
 But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
 The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
 This grace peculiar will the Gods afford 775
 To thee the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's
 lord.

He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vast profound,
 Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
 Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
 My friends attending at the shore I sought. 780
 Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
 Till night with silent shade invests the pole ;
 Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest. —
 Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
 With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
 Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea. 786
 Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
 White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
 Then, steering backward from the Pharian Isle,
 We gain the stream of Jove-descending Nile : 790
 There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
 With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore :
 Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
 A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
 These rites to piety and grief discharg'd, 795
 The friendly Gods a springing gale enlarg'd :
 The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
 Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view !
 Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
 A story, fruitful of disastrous fate : 800
 And now, young prince, indulge my fond request ;
 Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
 Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
 His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
 Mean time my train the friendly gifts prepare,
 Three sprightly coursers and a polish'd car : 806
 With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
 Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
 (Form'd for libation to the Gods) shall prove
 A pledge and monument of sacred love. 810
 My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
 Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind :
 Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
 Charm'd by your speech, so raceful and humane,
 Lost in delight the circling year would roll, 815
 While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
 But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
 My lov'd associates chide my long delay :
 In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
 I take the present of the promis'd vase ; 820

The coursers, for the champaign sports, retain ;
 That gift our barren rocks will render vain ;
 Horrid with cliffs our meagre land allows
 Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
 But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed 825
 The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed :
 To sea-surrounding realms the Gods assign
 Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
 And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd : 830
 O early worth ! a soul so wise, and young,
 Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung,
 Selected from my stores, of matchless price
 An urn shall recompence your prudent choice
 Not mean, the massy mould of silver, grac'd 835
 By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd ;
 A pledge the scepter'd power of Sidon gave,
 When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.

Thus they alternate ; while with artful care
 The menial train the regal feast prepare : 840
 The firilings of the flock are doom'd to die ;
 Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowls supply ;
 A female band the gift of Ceres bring ;
 And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Mean while, in Ithaca, the suitor-powers 845
 In active game divide their jovial hours :
 In arcos vary'd with mosaic art,
 Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.

Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
 Antinous fate spectator of the sport ; 850
 With great Eurymachus of worth confest,
 And high descent, superior to the rest :
 Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address'd :

My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
 The prince, departing from the Pylian court, 855
 Requested for his speed ; but, courteous, say
 When steers he home, or why this long delay ?
 For Elis I should sail with utmost speed, [secl.
 T' import twelve mares which there luxurious
 And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
 New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace. 861

Unknowning of the course to Pyle design'd,
 A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind :
 The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
 Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.

Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile, 866
 When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle ?
 Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
 Attend his voyage, or domestic train ?
 Spontaneous did you speed his sacred course, 870
 Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force ?

With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
 (Noëmon cry'd) the vessel was resign'd.
 Who, in the balance, with the great affairs [875
 Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares ?
 With him, the peerage next in power to you :

And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
 Or some celestial in his reverend form,
 Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
 Pilots the course : for when the glimmering ray
 Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
 Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd —
 Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.

Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinish'd game
 The suitors quit, and all to council came. 885
 Antinous first th' assembled peers address'd, [breast.
 Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his

O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower 890
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd; 895
For ambush close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore:
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.

With vast applause the sentence all approve; 900
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands: 905

What will the suitors? must my servant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last!
Or, if they still must live, from me remove 910
The double plague of luxury and love?
Forbear, ye sons of Insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.

In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise? 915
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant minions vest the power:
Ulysses let no partial favours fall, 920
The people's parent, he protected all:
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.

He thus: O were the woes you speak the
worst

They form a deed more odious and accurs'd; 925
More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;
Before he anchors in his native port, 930
From Pyle re-sailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horror froze: 935
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love:
Why rashly would my son his fate explore, 940
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?

'Tis not, reply'd the sage, to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of Heaven, 945
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom.

The sage retir'd: unable to control 950
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.

Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies;
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries. 955

Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair:
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign
To woe! Did ever sorrows equal mine?

Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost, 960
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent! 965

Ill suits it with your shews of dutious zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose?

He either had obey'd my fond desire, 970
Or seen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarus gave,

To tend the fruit-groves: with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed 975
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,

Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal.

Then Euryclea thus: My dearest dread! 980
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,

Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd: 985

A solemn oath, impos'd, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.

But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd, 990
Pay due devotions to the martial Maid,

And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:

'Tis impious to surmise, the Powers divine 995
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line:
Long shall the race of just Arcegius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain.

The queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears: 1000
She bathes, and, rob'd, the sacred dome ascends:
Her pious speed a female train attends:

The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid: [1005

Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreaded shield!
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane prefer'd

The best and choicest of his flock and herd;
Hear, Goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
And for the pious fire preserve the son: 1010
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.

She ceas'd; shrill extacies of joy declare
The favouring Goddess present to the prayer:
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her hymeneal choice: 1016

Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board;
"Too late the queen selects a second lord:

" In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
 " When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
 Thus he, unskill'd of what the Fates provide ! 1021
 But with severe rebuke Antinous cry'd :

These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain:
 Alarm not with discourse the menial train :
 The great event with silent hope attend ; 1025
 Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.
 His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
 And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose :
 Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
 Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides, 1030
 Replete with male and military store,
 In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.
 The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails
 (The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales) ;
 Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd 1035
 His golden circlet in the western shade.

Mean time the queen, without reflection due,
 Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew ;
 In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
 And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul. 1040
 So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
 And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds ;
 With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,
 Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young. 1045

While pensive in the silent slumberous shade,
 Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade ;
 Minerva, life-like, on embodied air
 Impres'd the form of Iphthima the fair
 (Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
 Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms ; 1050
 A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
 Of Thessaly, wide-stretch'd his ample reign) :
 As Pallas will'd, along the fable skies,
 'To calm the queen, the phantom-sister flies.
 Swift on the regal dome descending right, 1055
 The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
 Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
 And thus performs Minerva's high commands.

O, why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
 To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere ? 1060
 Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
 The day-reflection, and the midnight dream !
 Thy son the Gods propitious will restore,
 And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.

To whom the queen (whilst yet her pensive
 mind 1065

Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd)
 O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
 Why this first visit to reprove my fear ?
 How in a realm so distant should you know 1070
 From what deep source my deathless sorrows flow ?
 To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
 And, with consummate woe to weigh me down,
 The heir of all his honours and his crown,
 My darling son is fled ! an easy prey 1075
 To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than
 they :

Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,
 Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.

Courage resume, the shadowy form reply'd,
 In the protecting care of heaven confide : 1080
 On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid ;
 What earthly can implore a surer aid ?
 Me now the guardian Goddess deigns to send,
 To bid thee patient his return attend.

The queen replies : If in the blest abodes 1085
 A Goddess, thou hast commerce with the Gods ;
 Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
 Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night ?

Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
 I speak not all the counsel of the skies : 1090
 Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
 The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

Swift through the valves the visionary fair
 Repas'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
 The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes : 1095
 With florid joy her heart dilating glows :
 The vision, manifest of future fate,
 Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

Mean time the suitors plough the watery plain,
 Telemachus in thought already slain ! 1100
 When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
 Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
 A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
 And Asteris th' advancing pilot knew :
 An ample port the rocks projected form, 1105
 To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm :
 That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
 And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulysses from Calypso.

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso ; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The feat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty ; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death : till Leucothea, a Sea Goddess, assists him, and after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phæacia.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
 Now rose refulgent from Pithonus' bed ;
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred
 light,

Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
 Before the God who thunders from on high,
 Supreme in might, sublime in majesty,
 Pallas, to these, deploras th' unequal fates
 Of woe Ulysses, and his toils relates :

5 }
 6 }

Her Hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power, 10
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.

Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!

And you who fill the blissful seats above!

Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,

Or bless a people willing to obey, 15

But crush the nations with an iron rod,

And every monarch be the scourge of God:

If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,

Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.

Sole in an isle, encircled by the main, 20

Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,

Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,

And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.

Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,

Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way. 25

And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy

His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;

Who, pious, following his great father's fame,

To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.

What words are these, (reply'd the Power who
forms 30

The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with

Is not already in thy soul decreed, [storms]

The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?

What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore

The son in safety to his native shore: 35

While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,

With fraud defeated, measure back their way.

Then thus to Hermes the command was given:

Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!

Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne: 40

'Tis Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:

The patient man shall view his old abodes,

Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:

In twice ten days shall fertile Sheria find,

Alone, and floating to the wave and wind. 45

The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line

Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,

The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,

And swift transport him to his place of rest.

His vessels loaded with a plenteous store 50

Of brags, of vestures, and resplendent ore

(A richer prize than if his joyful isle

Receiv'd him charg'd with Iliion's noble spoil).

His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;

Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate. 55

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged
winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,

That high through fields of air his flight sustain

O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.

He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, 60

Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:

Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,

And swoops incumbent on the rolling deep.

So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,

With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood, 65

Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,

Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.

Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,

Till now the distant island rose in view:

Then, swift ascending from the azure wave, 70

He took the path that winded to the cave.

Large was the grot, in which the nymph he
found [crown'd];

The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty

She sat, and sung: the rocks resound her lays;

The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze: 75

Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,

Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;

While she with work and song the time divides,

And through the loom the golden shuttle guides. 80

Without the grot a various sylvan scene

Appear'd around, and groves of living green;

Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,

And nodding cypresses form'd a fragrant shade;

On whose high branches, waving with the storm, 85

The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,

The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,

And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.

Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,

With purple clusters blushing through the green.

Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil; 90

And every fountain pours a several rill,

In mazy windings wandering down the hill:

Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were
crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours round,

A scene, where if a God should cast his sight, 95

A God might gaze, and wander with delight!

Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd

Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.

Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;

For Powers celestial to each other's view 100

Stand still confest, though distant far they lie

To 'habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.

But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,

Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;

All on the lonely shore he sat to weep, 105

And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;

Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,

Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd
again.

Now graceful seated on her shining throne,

To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun: 110

God of the golden wand! on what behest

Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?

Lo! as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;

'Tis mine with joy and duty to obey.

Till now a stranger, in a happy hour 115

Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower.

Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread

(Ambrosial eates, with nectar rosy-red):

Hermes the hospitable rite partook,

Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke: 120

What mov'd this journey from my native sky,

A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:

Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,

Unwilling have I trod this pleasing land;

For who, self-mov'd, with weary wings would 125

sweep

Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep:

A world of waters! far from all the ways

Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?

But to Jove's will submission we must pay;

What power so great to dare to disobey? 130

A man, he says, a man resides with thee,

Of all his kind most worn with misery:

The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years em-
ploy'd

Their force in Iliion, in the tenth destroy'd)

At length embarking in a luckless hour 135

With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:

Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
With storms pursu'd them through the liquid
world.

There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave! 140
Sav'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends, 145
And calls him to his country and his friends.

Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own æthereal race the worst! 150
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever Goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love, 155
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield, 160
Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her
arms.

And is it now my turn, ye mighty Powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave, 165
It was my crime to pity, and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,
Thespport of winds, and driven from every coast, 170
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis past - and Jove decrees he shall remove; 175
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if He ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again):
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these, her husband and her friend. 180
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go:
That last advice is all I can bestow.

To her, the Power who bears the charming
rod: 185
Dismiss the man, nor irritate the God:
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye. 190
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore: 195
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores condemn'd the tedious day; 200

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There fate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd a-
gain.

Here, on his musing mood the Goddess prest, 205
Approaching soft; and thus the chief address:
Unhappy man! to waiting foes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away.

Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, sell the timber of yon lofty grove, 210
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To store the vessel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life sustaining bread, and fair array, 215
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the Gods with my desires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)

In peace shall land thee at thy native home. 220
With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
Some other motive, Goddess! sways thy mind,
(Some close design, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way, 225
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety fails
The best-built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil,

Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will? 230
Swear then thou mean'st not what my soul fore-
bodes;

Swear by the solemn oath that binds the Gods.
Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
But hear, O earth! and hear, ye sacred skies!
And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide through the shades, and bind th' attesting
Gods! 240

No form'd design, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heaven has not curst me with a heart of steel, 245
But given the sense, to pity and to feel.

Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sat. 250
For him the nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress, 255

Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:
Ulysses (with a sigh she thus began)
O sprung from Gods! in wisdom more than man;
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part? 260
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

D d

Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease, 265
And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to
please.

A willing Oodessa and immortal life
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Lest lost my feature, lest august my frame? 270
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?

Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddess! as thou art, 275
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below; 280
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind; 285
Enur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends,
And rising night her friendly shade extends. 290
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd, 295
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty axe with truest temper steel'd, 300
And double edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighbouring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood 305
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or fear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). These pointing out to view,
The nymph just show'd him, and with tears with-
drew. 310

Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forest groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these dispos'd to join, 315
He smooth'd and squar'd them, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles or the work Calypso found)
With those he pierc'd them, and with clinchers
bound.

Long and capacious as a shipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms, 320
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind; 325
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course),

Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales. 330
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.

Four days were past, and now the work com-
plete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous garments giv-
en) 335 [Heaven

And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with fable wine:
Of every kind, provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd. 340
The Goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.

And now, rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulysses spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he fate, and mark'd the skies, 345
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more resplendent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky

The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye: 350
Who shines exalted on th' aetherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way: 355
The distant land appear'd the following day:
Then swell'd to fight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste. 360

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aerial brow,
The King of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd;)
The raging monarch shook his azure head, 365
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers on
high?

Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour; while a distant guest
I shar'd secure the Æthiopian feast?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?

No; if this sceptre yet commands the main.
He spoke, and high the forked trident hurl'd 375
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth the sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the Island Goddess knew, 385
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempests rears;
Death, present death, on every side appears,

Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
 Prest, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:
 Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall; 395
 Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
 (Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
 From conquering Troy around Achilles dead);
 All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
 And spread my glory with the sons of men. 400
 A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
 Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
 The raft is cover'd, and the mast it broke;
 Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn, 405
 Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:
 While by the howling tempest rent in twain
 Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
 Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
 Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave: 410
 At length, emerging from his nostrils wide
 And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
 Ev'n then not mindless of his last retreat,
 He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat.
 Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood 415
 Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
 As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
 Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast;
 Together clung, it rolls around the field;
 So roll'd the float, and so its texture held: 420
 And now the south, and now the north, bear
 And now the east the foamy floods obey, [sway,
 And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea. }
 The wandering chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,
 Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast 425
 (Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
 But now an azure sister of the main).
 Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
 All radiant on the raft the Goddess flood:
 Then thus address'd him: Thou, whom Heaven
 decrees 430

To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
 (Unequal contest! not his rage and power,
 Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
 What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform;
 Forake thy float, and leave it to the storm; 435
 Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
 With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
 To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
 There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
 This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind, 440
 And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
 Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
 Return the gift, and cast it on the main;
 Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
 Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away. 445

With that her hand the sacred veil bestows,
 Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she
 rose;

A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
 And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
 Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd, 450
 He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
 What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
 But other Gods intend me other woes?
 Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
 Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine: 455
 For scarce in ken appears that distant isle,
 Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil.

Thus then I judge; while yet the planks sustain
 The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
 But when their texture to the tempests yields, 460
 I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
 Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,
 And take this method, since the best I can.

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
 The raging God a watery mountain roll'd; 465
 Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread
 Bursts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
 Planks, beams, disparted fly: the scatter'd wood
 Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
 So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-shorn, 470
 Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
 And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
 There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
 His limbs discomburs of the clinging vest,
 And binds the sacred cincture round his breast; 475
 Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
 Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas
 All naked now, on heaving billows laid, [along.
 Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said;

Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay! 480
 Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
 Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
 (If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
 Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
 Shall last remember'd in thy best of days. 485

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
 And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth shaking
 power.

Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
 Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly. 490
 And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
 The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
 And bear him soft on broken waves away;
 With gentle force impelling to that shore,
 Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more. 495
 And now two nights, and now two days were past,
 Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste:
 Hrav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
 And hourly panting in the arms of death.
 The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main; 500
 Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain:
 The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
 And a dead silence still'd the watery world;
 When lifted on a ridgy wave he 'spies
 The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes, 505
 As pious children joy with vast delight
 When a lov'd fire revives before their sight
 (Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain.
 Fix'd by some dæmon to his bed of pain,
 Tili Heaven by miracle his life restore); 510
 So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore,
 And sees, (and labours onward as he sees)
 The rising forest, and the tufted trees.
 And now, as near approaching as the sound
 Of human voice the listening ear may wound, 515
 Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
 Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore;
 Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
 To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
 But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight! 520
 All-rough with rocks, with foaming billows white
 Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart;
 As thus commun'd he with his soul apart:

Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters tost,
 These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd for coast, 525
 No port receives me from the angry main,
 But the loud deeps demand me back again.
 Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around,
 Roar the wild wave; beneath is sea profound!
 No footing sure affords the faithless sand, 530
 To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
 If here I enter, my efforts are in vain,
 Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
 Or round the island if my course I bend,
 Where the ports open, or the shores descend, 535
 Back to the sea the rolling surge may sweep,
 And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
 Or some enormous whale the God may send,
 (For many such on Amphitrite attend)
 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know, 540
 And hate relentless of my heavenly foe. [bore

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave up-
 The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:
 Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
 But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul. 545
 Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung.
 And stuck adherent, and suspended hung; [sweep
 Till the huge surge roll'd off: then, backward
 The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.
 As when the Polyus, from forth his cave, 550
 Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
 His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands:
 So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses' hands.
 And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
 Th' unhappy man: ev'n Fate had been in vain:
 But all subduing Pallas lent her power,
 And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
 Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,
 (A wider circle, but in sight of shore)
 With longing eyes, observing, to survey 560
 Some smooth ascent, or safe sequester'd bay.
 Between the parting rocks at length he spy'd
 A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
 Where to the seas the sh-iving shore declin'd,
 And form'd a bay impervious to the wind. 565
 To this calm port the glad Ulysses prest,
 And hail'd the river, and its God address:

Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
 I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
 Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain 570
 To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
 Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
 For sacred ev'n to Gods is misery:
 Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
 And save a suppliant, and a man distressed. 575

He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
 Detains the rushing current of his tides,
 Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
 And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
 That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore, 580
 He dropt his unwary arms: his knees no more

Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
 His swollen heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd;
 From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
 And lost in lassitude lay all the man, 585
 Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
 The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
 Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
 The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
 Observant of her word, he turn'd aside 590
 His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
 Behind him far, upon the purple waves
 The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
 A mossy bank, with pliant rushes crown'd! 595
 The bank he prest'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;
 Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,
 Thus to his soul the sage began to say:

What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high?
 And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try? 600
 Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
 Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
 The dews descending, and nocturnal air;
 Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood
 When morning rise?—If I take the wood, 605
 And in thick shelter of innumerable boughs
 Enjoy the comfort gently sleep allows;
 Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be
 past,

What savage beasts may wander in the waste;
 Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey 610
 To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

Thus long debating in himself he stood:
 At length he took the passage to the wood,
 Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
 Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
 There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
 With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
 Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
 With sister fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
 Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power, 620
 Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower;
 The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
 Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
 Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
 (Thick strown by tempest through the bowery
 shade); 625

Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
 Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement sky.
 This store, with joy the patient hero found,
 And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around.
 As some poor peasant, fated to reside 630
 Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
 Studious to save what human wants require,
 In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:
 Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
 Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes; 635
 And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
 Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas, appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river, where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

WHILE thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast
The Martial Maid from heaven's aerial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease poss't the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of Gigantic foes:
Then great Naufithous from Hyperia far,
Through seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where ne'er science rear'd her laurel'd head:
There, round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd:
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
Just to his realms he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their
bounds.
Now in the filer grave the monarch lay,
And wise Alcinous held the regal sway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The Goddesses shot; Ulysses was her care.
There as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a
Grace.
Light as the viewless air the Warrior Maid
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spoke:
Oh indolent to waste thy hours away
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day?
Thy spouse's ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray:
Haste to the stream! Companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin, awake! the marriage hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
Where their fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majesty derives a grace from state.
Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:

The seat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
But on immortal thrones the blest repose:
The firmament with living splendor glows.
Hither the Goddesses wing'd th' aerial way,
Thru' heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up rose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night. [How'd
The queen she sought: the queen her hours be-
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Mean while Phæacia's peers in council sat;
From his high dome the king descends in state,
Then with a filial awe th' royal maid
Approach'd him passing and submissive said:
Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay.
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine.
Thus she: but blushes ill-restrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conscious fire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whatever our daughter asks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares
Tunicks, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavoured wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay seat, the filken reins
Shine in her hand: along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.

They seek the cisterns where Phazacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams; 100
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills;
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave, 105
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand :)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil; 110
And, while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies
Toft, and reft, the ball incessant flies.

They sport, they feast; Nauficæ lifts her voice, 115
And, warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven re-
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves, [voice.

Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds: 120
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves; 125
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.

With equal grace Nauficæ trod the plain,
And shone transcendant o'er the beauteous train.

Mean time (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies, 130
His woes forgot! but Pallas now address'd
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nauficæ threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin
train, 135

And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
Or what new region, is Ulysses tost? 140
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the
shores: [bowers,

The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood; 145
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,
Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?

Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous
bends,

With forceful strength a branch the hero rends; 150
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry showers,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow: 155
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
(The deer or stag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold. 160

No less a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;

Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry 165
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.

Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, self-considering, as he stands, debates; 170
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:

If from the skies a Goddess, or if earth 175
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves, 180
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide, 185
To such a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th' harmo-
nious maze.

But blest o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms!
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms! 190
Never, I never view'd till this blest hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!

Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast, 195
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-host,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my sorrow
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!) [flows;
Raptur'd I stood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd; 200
Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.

Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd 205
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven had the deep to spare! but Heaven, my
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe! [foe,
Inur'd to care, to death in all its forms;
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms! 210
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.

Propitious to my wants a vest supply 215
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed: 220
Blest be the husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate; 225
The good exult, and Heaven is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy
Wife is thy soul, but man is born to bear: [care;

Jove weighs affairs of earth, in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails: 230
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore, [above.
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide--- 235
Know, the Phœacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids: Why, why, ye coward
train,

These fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain. 240
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile steps these shores to tread:
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve, 245
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent;
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams. 250

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide:
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply, 255
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.

To them the king: No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave: 260
Ye Gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide 265
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds;
Then, dress'd, in pomp magnificently treads, 270
The Warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brow a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives 275
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves. 280
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wondering nymph his glorious port sur-
And to her damsels with amazement said: [vey'd,

Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from the realm, the favourite isle of Heaven. 290

Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desert sands, and now he looks a God.
Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he.

But haste, the viands and the bowl provide--- 295
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst affwag'd.

Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends, 300
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
The splendid feat, the listening chief address'd:

Stranger, arise! the sun rolls round the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high state the nobles of the land 305
Attend my royal fire, a radiant band.

But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain: 310
Alone I re-ascend--- With airy mounds

A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basins arching rocks enclose, 315
A sure defence from every storm that blows.

Close to the bay great Neptune's fame adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to
store,

Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar: 320
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.

They rush into the deep with eager joy, 325
Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race--- To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name: 330

"What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa
leads?"

"Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!

"Perhaps a native of some distant shore,

"The future consort of her bridal hour;

"Or rather some descendant of the skies; 335

"Won by her prayers, th' aerial bridegroom flies.

"Heaven on that hour his choicest influence shed,

"That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!

"All, all the godlike worthies that adorn

"This realm, she flies: Phœacia is her scorn." 340

And just the blame: for female innocence

Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence.

Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;

And the least freedom with the sex is shame,

'Till our consenting fires a spouse provide, 345

And public nuptials justify the bride.

But would'st thou soon review thy native plain,

Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:

Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars

crown'd, 350

To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,

We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils

A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;

Around the grove a mead with lively green

Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;

Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours; 355

And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.

Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear

Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.

There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.

Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp superior known;
A child may point the way. With earnest gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state;
Her royal hand a wondrous work designs,
Around a circle of bright damsels shines,
Part twist the threads, and part the wood dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows. 370
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father shares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore, 375
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as she wheel'd
The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:

With skill the virgin guides th' embroider'd
rein,

Slow rolls the car before the attending train. 380
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade,
To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd:
Daughter of Jove! whose arms in thunder
wield

Th' avenging bold, and shake the dreadful shield;
Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes. 390
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the sky:
Stern God! who rang'd with vengeance unre-
strain'd,
Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. He then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions. The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient, heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud streets she moves, the public
gaze:

The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His step a virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,

And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief de-
mands)

The house of him who rules the happy lands. 30
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.

Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!

The Goddess answer'd, Father, I obey, 35
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd fire;

But silent march, nor greet the common train
With questions needless, or inquiry vain, 40

A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas:
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.

These did the ruler of the deep ordain 45
To build proud navies, and command the main:
On canvas wings to cut the watery way;
No bird so light, no thought so swift, as they.

Thus having spoke, th' unknown celestial leads; 50
The footstep of the Deity he treads,
And sacred moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.

(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies,
The chief with wonder sees th' extended streets, 55
The spreading harbours, and the rising fleets;
He next their princely lofty domes admires,
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone. 60
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech re-
new'd:

My task is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feasting there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold;
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends,
First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous queen, Arete is her name. 70
The same her parents, and her power the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nautilous sprung,
And Peribea, beautiful and young
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold; 75
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left his only heir),
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compress'd.
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name; 80
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phæbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate. 85
With honours yet to womenkind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When through the streets she gracious deigns to
move, 90

(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with transport found her praise
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast:
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd; 95
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, they humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.

With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way: 100
Forfaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore, (head,
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats; 105
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.

Mean while Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates, 110
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
The walls were massy brass; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base; 115
Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.

Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait 120
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd, 125
The work of matrons: these the princely prest,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Resplendent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray, 130
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty hand-maids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain:
Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts, 140
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defending and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around, 145
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise: 155
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run, 160
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descri'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side, 165
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two pienteous fountains the whole prospect
crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around, 170
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows:
To various use their various streams they bring.
The people one, and one supplies the king. 175
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd.
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er 180
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land:

Prepar'd for rest, and offering to the † God
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod. 185
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night; 190
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.

Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees the much enduring man) 195
To thee, thy comfort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country fend, 200
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest! 205

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echenus sage, a venerable man!
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass,
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

O fight (he cry'd) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust! 215
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay 220
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way:
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger guest a stranger's due.

His sage advice the listening king obeys,
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd);
There next his side the godlike hero fate;
With stars of silver throned the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings, 230
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver of capacious size,
The table next in regal order spread,
The glittering caskets are heap'd with bread: 235
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!
Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.

Let all around the due libation pay 240
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.

He said. Pontonous heard the king's command:
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Earth drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began: 245

Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night:

† Mercury.

But with the rising day, assembled here, 250
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause:
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore 255
(How distant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour but relieve the woe.
Mean time, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
This interval, Heaven trusts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge resign'd, 260 [hind.
Heaven's his life to come, and all the woes be-
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and }
man!

But if, descended from th' Olympian bower, 265
Gracious approach us some immortal power;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:
Some high event the conscious Gods design.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest; 270
Then manifest of heaven the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way:
With social intercourse, and face to face, 275

The friends and guardians of our pious race,
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-sons of earth. 280
Let no such thought (with modest grace re-
join'd

The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind,
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind! 285
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes:
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none! 290
By Heaven's high will compell'd from shore to
shore;

With Heaven's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast, 295
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe'er the noble, suffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live;
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed. 300

But finish, oh ye peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
To see my foil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise 305
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!

Th' assembled peers with general praise ap-
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd. [prov'd
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gift of balmy sleep repairs. 310
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne }
Divine Arete and Alcinous sione.

The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made ;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man :

Canst thou not hither, wondrous stranger ! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea !
Tell then whence art thou ? whence that princely
air ? 320

And robes like these, so recent and so fair ?

Hard is the task, oh princess ! you impose :
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate

Of all my sorrows sent by Heaven and Fate ! 325
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms ;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms !
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign, 330
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.

Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unblest ! to tread that interdicted shore :
When Jove tremendous in the fable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships :
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling furies tost,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to
find,

Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms, 340
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms ;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe :
But all her blandishments successful prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love. 345

I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.

The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeable heart :
A raft was form'd, to cross the surging sea ; 350
Herself supply'd the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.

Joy touch'd my soul ; my soul was joy'd in vain, 355
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main ;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar ;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore ;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.

Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave 360
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle : but there my hopes were
lost,

The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind, 365
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood ;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.

'Twas night ; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.

All night I slept, oblivious of my pain : 370
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
Nor, till oblique he stop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.

Then female voices from the shore I heard :
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd : 375
To her I fled, the pity'd my distress ;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.

Who from such youth could hope considerate care
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare !
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies 380
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your
eyes.

This is the truth : and oh, ye Powers on high !
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie,

To this the king : Our daughter but express
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest. 385
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey ? }

Hero and king ! (Ulysses thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect her pride : 390
She bade me follow in th' attendant train ;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind :
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.

Far from my soul (he cry'd) the Gods efface 395
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base !
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve ;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were
one,

Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son. 400
In such alliance couldst thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But, if reluctant, who shall force thy stay !
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,

And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray. }
Till then, let slumber close their careful eyes ;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise ;
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more. 410

Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's || giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew :
This land, from whence their morning course
began, 415

Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our sail.
When justly trim'd with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below. 420

Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man re-
plies,

But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O, Jove ! O, father ! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect ! sacred be his words !
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine ! 425
Let fame be his, and ah ! my country mine !

Mean time Arete, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch and covering vest ;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care. 430
With torches blazing in their hands they pass,
And finish'd all the queen's command with haste :
Then gave the signal to the willing guest :
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.

There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound 435
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound !
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies,
And fast beside were clos'd Arete's eyes.

|| Tityus.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c.; where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day :
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Mean while Minerva in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries :
Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits :
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.
She spoke and sudden with tumultuous sounds 15
Of thronging multitudes the shores rebounds :
At once the seats they fill : and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves :
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw ; 21
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe
With strength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose :
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Toft by rude tempest through a war of waves ;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain :)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly :
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar ; 35
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend ;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend :
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim :
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame, 40
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.
Thus spoke the prince : th' attending peers obey,
In state they move ; Alcinous leads the way :
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies, 45
At once the sailors to their charge arise :
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales ;
Then to the palace move : A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along : 50

Now all access to the dome are fill'd ;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd :
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they
bring
To crown the feast ; so wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along 55
The sacred master of celestial song ;
Dear to the Muse ! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe :
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay. 60
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sat :
With silver shone the throne ; his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung :
Before his seat a polish'd table shines, 65
And a full goblet foams with generous wines :
His food a herald bore : and now they fed :
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then, fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings : 70
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes :
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy ;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy :
For Heaven foretold the contest, when he trod 75
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd 80
To soft affliction all his manly mind :
Before his eyes the purple veil he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew :
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head : 85
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain :
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head, 90
Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed :
Conceal'd he wept : the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan :
Then to the bard aloud : O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious 95
string ;
Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour !
Incessant in the games your strength display ;
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day :

That, pleas'd, th' admiring stranger may proclaim

In distant regions the Phæacian fame :
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way ;
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.

Thus spoke the king ; th' attending peers obey :
In state they move, Alcinous leads the way :
His golden lyre Demodocus unstring,
High on a column in the palace hung :
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of Fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace ; a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age : and man drives man along :
The games begin ; ambitious of the prize,
Acronotus Thoon, and Eretmus rise ;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of Fame :
These Proetus, Neates, Eratrus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polynceus' heir :
Euryalus like Mars terrific rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes :
Naubolides with grace unequal'd shone,
Or equal'd by Laodamas alone.

With these came forth Ambasineus the strong ;
And three brave sons, from great Alcineus sprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand :
Swift as on wings of winds upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky :
Before the race, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox from plough to plough ;
Clytonous sprung : he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrival'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join :
The conquest, great Euryalus is thine.

Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground :
From Elatreus' strong arm the discus flies,
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to speak, Laodamas ascends :

O friends, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd

To try th' illustrious labours of the field :
I deem him brave : then grant the brave man's
Invite the hero to his share of Fame. [claim,
What nervous arms he boasts ! how firm his tread
His limbs how turn'd ! how broad his shoulders
spread -

By age unbroke ! --- but all-consuming care [spare :
Destroys, perhaps, that strength that time would
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms !
Man must decay, when man contends with storms.

Well hast thou spoke (Euryalus replies) :
Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.
Swift at the word advancing from the crowd
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud :

Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day ?
Father, arise ! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
To fame arise ! for what more fame can yield
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field ?

Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay ;
Short is the time, and, lo ! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply ;
Ah ! why th' ill-fuited pastime must I try ?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free ;
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree :
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man !
Who suppliant to the king and peers implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores.

Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong
(Retorts Euryalus) : he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.

A wandering merchant he frequents the main :
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain :
Audacious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.

Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies.
Forward to proclaim thy soul unwise !
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense ;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense ;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies :

This man with energy of thought controls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse ;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.

In outward show Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong :
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim

A post of honour with the sons of Fame :
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays ;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,

In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero. --- Slander stings the brave.

Then, striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's sons discharg'd in air,
Pierced from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the shaded air it flies ;
Touch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies.
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the
skies.

Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down rushing, it up turns a hill of ground.
That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud :

Ev'n he who sightless wants his visual ray
Lay by his touch alone award the day :
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.

Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw : the strongest throws in vain.
She spoke ; and momentary mounts the sky :
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy ;

Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
 Rise, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried; 230
 If with this throw the strongest castor vie,
 Still, further still, I bid the discus fly,
 Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
 Or ye, the swiftest racers of the field!
 Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace,
 I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
 In such heroic games I yield to none,
 Or yield to brave Laodamas alone;
 Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?

A friend is sacred, and I style him friend. 240
 Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,
 Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
 Chiefly the man in foreign realms confin'd,
 Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
 All, all your heroes I this day defy; 245
 Give me a man that we our might may try.
 Expert in every art I boast the skill
 To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
 Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
 My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
 Alone superior in the field of Troy,
 Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
 From all the sons of earth, unrival'd praise
 I justly claim; but yield to better days,
 To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose, 255
 And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
 (Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
 Sudden th' irremediable way he trod,
 Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer-God). 260
 In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
 As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
 Sole in the race the contest I decline,
 Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign;
 By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail, 265
 When storms and hunger both at once assail.

Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
 Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:
 Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous
 tongue

With decent pride refutes a public wrong: 270
 Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
 Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:

Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's
 claim,

And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
 In distant realms our glorious deeds display, 275
 Repeat them frequent in the genial day; [end
 When blest with ease thy woes and wanderings
 Teach them thy comfort, bid thy sons attend!
 How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our fires with
 praise,

How we their offspring dignify our race. 280

Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
 Or boast the glories of th' athletic field;
 We in the course unrival'd speed display,
 Or through cerulean billows plough the way;
 To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight, 285

The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
 Raise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
 Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:
 And faithful say, to you the powers belong
 To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song. 290

But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
 And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
 The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
 Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey 295
 The future games, the judges of the day.
 With instant care they mark a spacious round,
 And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
 The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
 The bard advancing meditates the lay, 300
 Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
 Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand:
 Light bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
 Their feet half viewless quiver in the skies:

Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey 305
 The glancing splendours as their sandals play.
 Mean time the bard, alternate to the strings,
 The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
 How the stern God, enamour'd with her charms,
 Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms, 310
 By bribes seduc'd: and how the sun, whose eye
 Views the broad heavens, disclos'd the lawless joy.
 Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies
 To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
 Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place 315
 Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.

A wondrous net he labours, to betray
 The wanton lovers as entwin'd they lay,
 Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears 320
 To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
 Above, below, around, with art disspread,
 The sure enclosure folds the genial bed;
 Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,
 Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
 Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers, 325
 He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
 His favourite isle! observant Mars descries
 His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies:
 He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of
 Love

Descends smooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
 Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
 With eager joy, and with a sigh address:
 Come, my belov'd, and taste the soft delights:

Come, to repose the genial bed invites: 335
 Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
 Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms:

'Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
 And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
 Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
 The careless lovers in their wanton play: 340
 In vain they strive, th' entangling snares deny
 (Inextricably firm) the power to fly:

Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,
 Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way.
 Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns: 345
 Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven re-
 turns:

O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye powers above,
 See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
 Me, awkward me, she scorns; and yields her
 charms

To that fair latcher, the strong God of arms. 350
 If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
 By Fate impos'd: such me my parent bore:
 Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
 O fight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
 But yet I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly 355
 His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh—

But there remain, ye guilty in my power,
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face :
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace. 360

Mean while the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,

Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along ;
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain ;
But modesty withheld the Goddesses-train.
All Heaven beholds imprison'd as they lie, 365
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they spoke : Behold on wrong [strong!

Swift vengeance waits ; and art subdues the
Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

Thus serious they ; but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries :
Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy ?

O envy'd shame ! (the smiling youth rejoin'd),
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly
bind ;

Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace. 380

Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laugh'd
aloud,

Yet sues importunate to loose the God :
And free, he cries, O Vulcan ! free from shame
Thy captives ; I insure the penal claim.

Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust ?
He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust :
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly ;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct ? He instant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies. 390

To whom appeas'd : No more I urge delay ;
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.

Then to the snares his force the God applies ;
They burst ; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies :
To the soft Cyprian shores the Goddesses moves, 395

To visit Paphos and her blooming groves ;
Where to the Power an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies ;
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial showers. 440
Unguents that charm the Gods ! she last assumes
Her wondrous robes ; and full the Goddess
blooms.

Thus sung the bard : Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
In dance unmatch'd ! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polypus, divinely wrought) :
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky ; 410
His brother, springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground :
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.

Th' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes, 415
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus Ulysses : Happy king, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of Fame :

In subjects happy ! with surprise I gaze !
Thy praise was just ; their skill transcends thy
praise. [tears,

Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch
And thus benevolent accosts the peers :

Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues :
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share 425

O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear :
Bring gold, a pledge of love ; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe, and imitate your king :

Be swift to give ; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere. 430

And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong ;
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.

Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.

Then thus Euryalus : O prince, whose sway 435
Rules this best realm, repentant I obey !

Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam ; whose hilt a silver blaze ;

Whose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side. 440

He said : and to his hand the sword consign'd ;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,

Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds,
bear,

And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air :
Crown, O ye Heavens ! with joy his peaceful
hours,

And grant him to his spouse and native shores !
And blest be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries :

Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies !
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,

And never, never may'st thou want this sword ! 450
He said ; and o'er his shoulder slung the blade.

Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade :
The precious gifts th' illustrious heralds bear,

And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold 455

The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold ;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state :

Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sate.
Then to the queen : O partner of our reign,

O sole belov'd ! command thy menial train 460
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,

And healing waters for the bath prepare :
That, bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,

Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,

Ourself we give, memorial of our name :
To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,

And every God that treads the courts above.
Instant the queen, observant of the king,

Commands her train a spacious vase to bring, 470
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice.

Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,

The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares : in order roll'd 475

The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold :
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,

A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus : To guard with hands

Insoluble these gifts, thy care demands : 480
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,

The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
 A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
 Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends 485
 Around the bath: the bath the king ascends
 (Untrasted joy, since that disastrous hour
 He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bower):
 Where, happy as the Gods that range the sky,
 He feasted every sense with every joy. 494
 He bathes: the damsels, with officious toil,
 Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of oil:
 Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
 And to the feast magnificently treads,
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands, 495
 Nauficæa blooming as a Goddess stands,
 With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,
 And graceful thus began the royal maid:
 Hail, godlike stranger! and when Heaven re-
 stores
 To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores, 500
 This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
 To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air.
 O royal Maid! Ulysses straight returns,
 Whose worth the splendors of thy race adorns,
 So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance
 forms) 505
 The writen bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
 Restore me safe, through weary wanderings tost,
 To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
 As, while the spirit in this bosom glows,
 To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows: 510
 My life, thy gift I boast! He said, and fate
 Fast by Alcinous on a throne of state.
 Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
 Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
 The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng 515
 Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
 Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
 The peers encircling form an awful round.
 Then, from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
 Delicious food, an honorary part; 520
 This, let the master of the lyre receive,
 A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
 Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
 Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
 The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind; 525
 The Muse indulgent loves th'harmonious kind.
 The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
 Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.
 When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
 Thus to the Lyrist wife Ulysses said: 530
 Oh more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
 Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
 For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
 The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
 Just to the tale, as present as the fray, 535
 Or taught the labours of the dreadful day?
 The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
 And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
 Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
 Th'Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing: 540
 How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
 With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
 If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
 The God himself inspires thy breast with flame:
 And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise 545
 In every land, the monument of praise.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty strain,
 How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:
 How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
 While from the shores the winged navy flies: 550
 How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
 Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:
 All Troy up-heav'd the steed; of differing mind,
 Various the Trojans counsel'd; part consign'd
 The monster to the sword, part sentence gave 555
 To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
 Th'unwise prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
 An offering sacred to th'immortal Powers:
 Th'unwise award to lodge it in the walls,
 And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls; 560
 Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,
 And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.
 He sung the Greeks stern issuing from the steed,
 How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
 How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends 565
 The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
 (Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
 He fights, subdues: for Pallas strings his arms.
 Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
 Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground be-
 dew; 570
 As some fond matron views in mortal fight
 Her husband falling in his country's right:
 Frantic through clashing swords she runs, she flies,
 As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
 Close to his breast she grovels on the ground, 575
 And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
 She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
 Relentless mock her violence of woe:
 To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deplores:
 A widow, and a slave on foreign shores. 580
 So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
 Fast fell the tear, and sighs succeeded sighs:
 Conceal'd he griev'd: the King observ'd alone
 The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
 Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing, 585
 Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
 To every note his tears responsive flow,
 And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe:
 Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
 And o'er the banquet every heart be gay: 590
 This social rite demands: for him the sails,
 loating in air, invite th'impelling gales:
 His are the gifts of love: the wife and good
 Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.
 But, friend, discover faithful what I crave, 595
 Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
 Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
 Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
 (For from the natal hour distinctive names,
 One common right, the great and lowly claims: 600
 Say from what city, from what regions tost,
 And what inhabitants those regions boast?
 So shalt thou instant reach the realms assign'd,
 In wondrous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;
 No helm secures their course, no pilot guides, 605
 Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
 Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
 That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;
 Though clouds and darkness veil th'encumber'd
 sky, fly: 610
 Fearless through darkness and through clouds they

Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling
main,
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
Ev'n the stern God, that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey 615
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in a surge a ship should stand 620
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.
But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfill,
As suits the purpose of th' Eternal Will.

But say through what waste regions hast thou
stray'd, 625
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares.
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy
tears? 630
Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to
bleed:
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part, 635
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

THEN thus Ulysses: Thou, whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast, 5
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine! 10
Admit these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wanderer's woe:
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And, oh! what first, what last shall I relate, 15
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heaven and Fate?
Know first the man (though now a wretch distressed)
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my
My native soil is Ithaca the fair, [sanc. 20
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around
(These to the north and night's dark regions run, 25
Those to Aurora and the rising sun).
Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah! none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erspreads with
light! 30

In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot, 35
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land. 40
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus our Vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And every soldier found a like reward.
I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and fable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day. 50
Mean time the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers 55
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in
showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain. 60

Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heavens pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds, 65
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste; and quit the coast. 70
With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.

Mean while the God whose hand the thunder
forms, [storms!
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn. 80
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings, 85
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.

Then to my native country had I fail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd. 90
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost, 95
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view, 100
And learn what habitants possess the place.
The went and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce; 105
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends: 110
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The seas smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.

The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd: 120
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour, 125
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.

By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell. 130
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.

Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey:
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove, 135
Where savage goats through pathless thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground. 140
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermilion prore, 145
Or bark of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil. 150
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground:
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main, 155
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.

A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale. 160
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thought,
Through all surrounding shade our navy brought:
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the æthereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea, 170
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown, 175
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats come bounding o'er the lawn:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair, 180
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous God affords a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away: 185
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the fleet).
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample
jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
 The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear.
 And from their mountains rising smokes appear,
 Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er 195
 The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
 Satiated we sleep: but when the sacred dawn
 Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
 I call'd my fellows, and these words address:
 My dear associates, here indulge your rest: 200
 While, with my single ship, adventurous I
 Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
 Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
 Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;
 Or such who harbour pity in their breast, 205
 Revere the Gods, and succour the distress?
 This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side:
 My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.
 In order seated on their banks, they sweep [deep.
 Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
 When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
 Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
 High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
 Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the
 shore.
 Near this, a fence of marble from the rock. 215
 Brown with o'er-arching pine and spreading oak,
 A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
 Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
 In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
 And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind. 200
 A form enormous! far unlike the race
 Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
 As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
 Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
 I left my vessel at the point of land, 225
 And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
 With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
 I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
 Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
 The gift of Maron of Evanthus' line 230
 (The priest of Phœbus at th' Ithacian shrine).
 In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
 Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
 Him, and his house, Heaven mov'd my mind to save
 And costly presents in return he gave; 235
 Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
 A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
 And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
 Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine?
 Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd, 140
 The hoary fire in gratitude reveal'd;
 Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,
 Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
 To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
 Breath'd aromatic fragrances around. 245
 Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
 And brought another with provisions stor'd.
 My soul foreboded I should find the bower
 Of some fell Monster, fierce with barbarous power,
 Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
 Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
 The cave we found, but vacant all within
 (His flock the giant tended on the green):
 But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
 In order rang'd, our admiration drew: 255
 The bending shelves with loads of cheeses press'd,
 The folded flocks each separate from the rest

(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
 The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
 The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
 The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
 Capacious chargers all around were laid,
 Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
 With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
 My friends advise me, and to quit the shore; 265
 Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
 Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
 Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
 Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
 And try what social rites a savage lends: 270
 Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
 Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
 For his return with sacrifice and prayer:
 The loaded shelves afford us full repast;
 We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last, 275
 Near half a forest on his back he bore,
 And cast the ponderous burden at the door,
 It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
 And sought the deep recesses of the den. [rock, 280
 Now driven before him, through the arching
 Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd
 flock:
 Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
 (The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
 Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
 On the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
 (Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars compact and
 strong,
 The massy load could bear, or roll along).
 He next betakes him to his evening cares,
 And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
 Of half their udders eases first the dams, 290
 Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
 Half the white stream to hardening cheese he
 press'd,
 And high in wicker-baskets heap'd the rest,
 Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast.
 His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave 295
 A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
 We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
 Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
 What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,
 Thus far ye wander through the watery way? 300
 Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
 The lives of others, and expose your own?
 His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:
 My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
 Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man! 305
 At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
 From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er
 the main,
 Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
 Through various seas by various perils tost,
 And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast; 310
 Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
 Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command!
 Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
 Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name)
 Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow; 315
 Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
 Low at thy knee thy succour we implore:
 Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
 At least some hospitable gift bestow;
 'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:

'Tis what the Gods require : those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care ;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Fools that ye are ! (the savage thus replies, 325
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd
Jove : 330 [thine,

And learn, our power proceeds with thee and
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd ? near or off the shore ?

Thus he. His meditated fraud I find 335
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind) ;
And, cautious, thus : Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by our shore the gallant vessel broke,
Scarce with these few I 'scap'd ; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the
main ; 340

The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.

He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band ;
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor :
The pavement swims with brains and mingled
gore. 345

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beast :
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.

We see the death from which we cannot move, 350
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.

His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd ; [rock,
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock. 355

To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me ; and in act I stand
To draw the sword ; but wisdom held my hand.

A deep so rash had finish'd all our fate, 360
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.

Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies. 365

He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
The talk thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.

Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock be-
fore : 370

Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again : with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills :
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills. 375

Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.

Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my
But this of many counsels seem'd the best : [breast ;
The monster's club within the cave I 'spy'd, 380

A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood ; of height and bulk so vast,

The largest ship might claim it for a mast.

This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane ; 385

The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire ;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.

Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye

To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.

Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four :
Myself the fifth. We stand, and wait the hour.

He comes with evening : all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock :

Not one, or male or female stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd) ;

Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.

First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.

Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock ; his second dire repast. 405

I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er ;

Cyclop ! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest :

Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost, 410
And what rich liquors other climates boast.

We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare,

But oh ! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore, }
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more. }

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.

More ! give me more, he cry'd : the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine ! 420

Declare thy name ; nor mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unblest Cyclopean climes produce

(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our
fields) ;

But this descended from the blest abodes, 425
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.

His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume ;
While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume : 430

Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop ! now I claim,
And plead my title : Noman is my name.

By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.

The giant then : Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give :

When all thy wretched crew have left my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.

He said : then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine 440

His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames the
strong ! [blood,

There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and
And human flesh, is indigested food,

Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire 445
With animating breath the seeds of fire ;

Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.

The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red. 450
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground 455
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and
round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out: 460
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From their pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack. (black,
And as when armourers temper in the ford 465
The keen-edg'd pole axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye ball his'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair 475
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern-door.

What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange af-
fright,

Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power:
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
—Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power.

"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
"Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away. 490

Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Mean time the Cyclop raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and
round:

At last, the stone removing from the gate, 495
With hands extended in the midst he fate:
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door
(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine):
But secret I revolv'd the deep design; 500
'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every
thought;

This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsels ends.

Strong were the rams, with native purple
fair, 505

Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.

'These three and three, with ozier bands we ty'd
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd)
The midmost bore a man: the outward two
Secur'd each side: to bound we all the crew. 510

One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock:
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd e'er the dales, 515
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along, 520
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate:
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke: 525
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower. 530
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
'Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord, 535
And would but Fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to
rock,

His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure, my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.

The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through th' enclosure past, 545
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd, 550
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear, 555
As far as human voice could reach the ear:
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'I was on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave; 560
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.

The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and resurgent beat the shore.
The long concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again 575
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,

Once more I rais'd my voice? my friends afraid
 With mild entreaties my design dissuade,
 What boots the godless giant to provoke,
 Whose arms may sink us at a single stroke? 580
 Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
 Old ocean shook, and back his surges flew,
 Thy sounding voice directs his aim again;
 The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear, 585
 Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
 Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
 Ask who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face?
 Say 'twas Ulysses, 'twas his deed, declare,
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair; 590
 Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
 Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
 O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
 This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold, 595
 (The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;
 Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
 And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
 Long since he menac'd such was Fate's command;
 And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand. 600

I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
 Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
 Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
 Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
 But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray 605
 Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way:
 For his I am, and I the lineage own:
 Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.
 His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
 And only his, of all the Gods on high. 610

Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
 From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
 And send thee howling to the realms of night!
 As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.

Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries, 615
 With hands uplifted to the starry skies:
 Hear me, O Neptune! thou whose arms are
 hurl'd

From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.

If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
 And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son; 620
 Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.

If to review his country be his fate,
 Be it through toils and sufferings long and late;
 His lost companions let him first deplore; 625
 Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
 And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
 More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
 And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
 A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
 He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:
 It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
 Shake at the weight, and reflux beat the shore.

With all our force we kept aloof to sea, 635
 And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
 Our fight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
 Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
 There disembarking on the green sea-side,
 We land our cattle, and the spoil divide: 640

Of these due shares to every sailor fall;
 The master ram was voted mine by all:
 And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
 With pious mind to Heaven I consecrate.
 But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
 Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
 And sees me wandering still from coast to coast,
 And all my vessels, all my people, lost!

While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
 As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite; 650
 Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
 Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
 Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.
 Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
 And mount the decks, and call the willing
 wind. 655

Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
 With hasty strokes the hoarse resounding deep;
 Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
 Glad for the living, for the dead in tears,

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Læstrigons, and Circe.

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and encloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Læstrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares, at her instigation, for his voyage to the infernal shades.

AT length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore
 Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,
 A floating isle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
 Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred, 5
 And six fair daughters grac'd the royal bed:
 These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
 Their parents pride, and pleasure of their reign.

All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music through the isle resound : 10
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.
This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate 15
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told; at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling 20
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd [blast :
The tempest's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung, 25
Securely fetter'd by a silver throng;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!

Nine prosperous days we ply'd the labouring oar; 30
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest; 35
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought? 40
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought:

Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils, 45
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore.
They said; and (oh curst fate) the thongs un-
bound;

The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate 55
If still to live, or desperate plunge to Fate:
Thus, doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Mean while our vessels plough the liquid
plain

And soon the known Æolian coast regain
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main. 60
We leapt on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend:
And him amidst his jovial sons we found; 65
The banquet streaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and
awe,

Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descri'd
And starting from their couches loudly cry'd:
Ulysses here! what dæmon could'st thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?

Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear!
Thus they: in silence long my fate I mourn'd, 75
At length these words with accent low return'd:
Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!

But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve: 80
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern fire re-
ply'd:

Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these blest abodes, 85
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors, spent with toils, their folly mourn, 90
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Lestrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain; 95
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care.
So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day. 100

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat, 105
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halbers to the shore. 110

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy
brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command, 115
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten
road

Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king; 120
She to Artacia's silver streams came down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town):
The damsel they approach'd, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary strangers heard, 125
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height),
A sudden horror struck their aching sight. 130
Swift as her call her husband scour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton flew.
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies, 135
And fills the city with his hideous cries;

A ghastly band of giants hear the roar, [shore.
 And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the
 Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
 And dash the ruins on the ships below : 140
 The crackling vessels burst ; hoarse groans arise,
 And mingled horrors echo to the skies ;
 The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
 And cram'd their filthy throats with human
 Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay, 145 [food.
 My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh, [fly,
 And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would
 Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply,
 The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
 And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas : 150
 Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies ;
 Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
 With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
 While kindling transports glow'd at our success ;
 But the sad fate that did our friends destroy 155
 Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
 Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
 Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day ;
 Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
 Thus from the Sun descended and the Main 160
 [From the same lineage stern Æætes came,
 The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame) ;
 Goddess, and queen, to whom the powers belong
 Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.
 Some God directing to this peaceful bay 165
 Silent we came, and melancholy lay, [roll'd on,
 Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights
 And now the third succeeding morning shone.
 I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
 Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land : 170
 To learn if aught of mortal works appear ?
 Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear ?
 From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
 A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
 And spiry tops, the tufted trees above, 175
 Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.
 Thither to haste, the region to explore,
 Was first my thought : but speeding back to shore,
 I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
 And send out spies the dubious coast to view. 180
 As down the hill I solitary go,
 Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
 Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
 To cool his fervour in the crystal flood ;
 Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay, 185
 Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
 I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound,
 Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries :
 Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies. 190
 I drew, and casting on the river's side
 The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
 With twining ozers, which the bank supplied. }
 An ell in length the pliant whisp I weav'd,
 And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd : 195
 Then, leaning on my spear with both my hands,
 Up-bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
 With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew :
 Cheer up, my friends ! it is not yet our fate 200
 To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
 Food in the desert land, behold ! is given ;
 Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.

The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
 And on the future banquet feast their eyes, 205
 As huge in length extended lay the beast :
 Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
 There, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
 They fate indulging in the genial rite.
 When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er 210
 The face of things, we slept along the shore.
 But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
 My men I summon'd, and these words address :
 Followers and friends, attend what I propose :
 Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes ! 215
 We know not here what land before us lies,
 Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
 Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise. }
 Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
 If any counsel, any hope remain. 220
 Alas ! from yonder promontory's brow,
 I view'd the coast, a region flat and low ;
 An isle incircled with the boundless flood ;
 A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
 Some smoke I saw amid the forests rise, 225
 and all around it only seas and skies !
 With broken hearts my sad companions stood, }
 Mindful of Cyclop and his human food,
 And horrid Lestrigons, the men of blood. }
 Prefaging tears apace began to reign ; 230
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
 In equal parts I straight divide my band,
 And name a chief each party to command ;
 I led the one, and of the other side
 Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide. 235
 Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
 And Fortune casts Eurylochus to go :
 He march'd with twice eleven in his train :
 Penfive they march, and penfive we remain.
 The palace in a woody vale they found, 240
 High rais'd of stone ; a shaded space around ;
 Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
 (By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
 With gentle blandishments our men they meet,
 And wag their tails, and fawning lick their
 feet. 245
 As from some feast a man returning late,
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
 (Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
 Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near ; 250
 They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
 Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
 And heard a voice resounding through the wood :
 Plac'd at her loom within the Goddess sung ;
 The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung. 255
 O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
 Immortal labour ! worthy hands divine.
 Polite to the rest the question mov'd
 (A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd) :
 What voice celestial, chanting to the loom 260
 (Or Nymph, or Goddess) echoes from the room ?
 Say, shall we seek access ? With that they call ;
 And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
 The Goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
 Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
 Eurylochus alone of all the band,
 Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
 On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
 With semblance fair, th' unhappy men she plac'd.

Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat, 270
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat :
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the soul :
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast. 275
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine ;
Head, face, and members, bristle into swine ;
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone, 280
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Mean while the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food ! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around ;
Now prone and groveling on unfavoury ground. 285

Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns ; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart deny'd the words their way :
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye ;
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates :

We went, Ulysses ! (such was thy command) 295
Through the lone thicket and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found,
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, chanting to the loom. 300
Access we sought, nor was access denied :
Radiant she came : the portal's open'd wide :
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay :
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train ; 305
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain :
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate ;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung 310
(A beamy blade) ; then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and, weeping, thus his suit address'd :

O king, below'd of Jove ! thy servant spare, 315
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear !
Never, alas ! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die. 320

I answer'd stern : Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way ;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This said, and scornful turning from the shore 325
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
Till now approaching nigh the magic bower ;
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power,

A form divine forth issued from the wood
Immortal Hermes with the golden rod) 330
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began :
Ah ! whither art thou, much enduring man ?

Oh blind to fate ! what led thy steps to rove 335
The horrid mazes of this magic grove !
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of flies :
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape ?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape, 340
Fall prone their equal : first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.

Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes 345
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise ;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword, 350
And menace death : those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.

Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms :
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find, 355
And thy lost friends return to human kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Blessed in the sky ;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent. [new 360

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power :
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower ;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find, 365
But all is easy to th' aetherial kind.

This Hermes gave ; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.

While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome : 370
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd ;
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd ;
She leads before, and to the feast invites :

I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat 375
Receiv'd my limbs ; a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul ;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven :
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was gi-
Hence to thy fellows ! (dreadful she began) [ven.
Go, be a beast !—I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries, 385
She faints, she falls ; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou ? say ! from whence, from whom
you came ?

Oh more than human ! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain !
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain. 390
Or art thou he ? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round ;
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses ? oh ! thy threatening fury cease, [peace ;
Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hands in
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.

And how, dread Circe ! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine ! 400

Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent! 406
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain. 410

The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and
To the sweet transports of the genial bed. [led
Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady
woods, 415

Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flasks grac'd 420
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave; 425
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew; 430
Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs:
With copious water the bright vase supplies 435
A silver laver of capacious size.

I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread!
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest fort and flavour, rich repast! 440
Circe in vain invites, the feast to share:
Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and those words address:
Why sits Ulysses silent and apart, 445
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain? 450

I answer'd: Goddess! human is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Mewould'st thou please? For them thy cares em-
And them to me restore, and me to joy. [ploy,

With that she parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hastening to the fires, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before; 460
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter charms, they change
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men. [again
Those hairs, of late that bristled every part, 465
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!

Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace: 470
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamant heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of Laertes! (then the queen began) 475
Oh much-enduring, much experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms. 480

She said: obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companion on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field 485
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry: 490
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.

Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear! 495
(These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn?
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our lost companions' death. 500

I answer'd chearful: Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come 505
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.

With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun? 510
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl, away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclop, and his bloody dead: 515
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
My flying falchion at the rebels' head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the
ground.

But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades 525
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest. 530

Mean while the Goddess, with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;

'The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in resplendent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told;
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess
Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise, [cries:
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power.
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wanderers now, where'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breast;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:
Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.

Go then, (she cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wish deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban bard, depriv'd of sight:
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:
The rest are forms, of empty æther made;
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
And my toft limbs now weary'd into rest:
How shall I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?
Thy fated road (the magic power reply'd)
Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.

Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display, 600
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods: 605
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents, rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, flow-rolling from the Stygian bed, 610
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:

Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy fouchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide: 615
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strew the hallow'd
flour:

New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the crystal spring.
Then the war shades and feeble ghosts implore, 620
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore;

A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the seer must bleed
A fable ram, the pride of all thy breed. 625

These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the fable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw, 630
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.

Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades,
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the slay'd victims in the flame be cast, 635
And sacred vows and mystic song apply'd
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.

Wide o'er the pool, thy fouchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear, 640
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.

Let him, oracular, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy
day.

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone 645
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a filken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day: 650

A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command: 655
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd: 660
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long Jubauch of night:

The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay, 665
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way ;
Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.

The rest crowd round me with an eager look ;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke : 670
Already, friends ! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore :
Alas ! far otherwise the nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares ;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath, 675
The dreary realms of darkness and of death :
'To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair ;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair ; 680
To earth they fell ; the tears began to rain ;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore ;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran
o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found, 685
The sable ewe and ram, together bound,
For swift as thought the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided viewless as the air :
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey ?
Who eyes their motion ? who shall trace their
way ? 690

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Descent into Hell.

Ulysses continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades : his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroes, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a fullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules ; till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

NOW to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main :
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind :
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd, 5
And solemn horror saddens every breast.

A freshening breeze the * Magic Power supplied,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide ;
Our oars we shipp'd : all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales. 10

Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night :
When lo ! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during
mounds. 15

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells ;
The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats :
Unhappy race ! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in
shades. 20

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes ;
Disbark the sheep, an offering to the Gods ;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power, 25
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabhard drew the shining sword ;

* Circe.

And, trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide. 30
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring ;
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods :
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall ;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn ; 40
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the sheep ; a purple torrent flow'd, 45
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When, lo ! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts ;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids,
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades ; 50
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train :
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the
ground,

And all their dire assembly shriek'd around.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood, 55
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood ;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the slay'd victims to the flames are cast,

And mutter'd vows, and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride. 60
Now swift I wave my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.
There wandering through the gloom I first sur-
vey'd, 65
New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky,
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow: 70
O say what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging
wind?
The ghost replied: To hell my doom I owe, 73
Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height,
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to hell. 80
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend
By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heavenly Powers 85
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave. 90
But if, unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To shew posterity Elpenor was. 95
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
To whom with tears: These rites, O mournful
shade,
Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.
Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to moan, 100
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But, as my waving sword the blood furrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.
There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade: 105
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow,
Yet as I shook my faulchion o'er the blood, 110
Regardless of her son the parent stood.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke: 115
Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful
day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheathe thy poignard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's fixed purpose, and thy future fates.

While yet he spoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glittering blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast: 125
Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;
I see! I see thy bark by Neptune tost, 130
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball lost!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou please, and how to please attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Grazed numerous herds along the verdant shores; 135
Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are sacred to the God of Day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the God; and so propitious gales 140
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives! 145
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ends attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main! 155
Bear on thy back an oar: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring, 160
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays: 165
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with
death:
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!
Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate; 170
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordain, the wife with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands? 175
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres, that thy beverage taste, 180
The scenes of life recur, and actions past:
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and sunk from
To the black palace of eternal night. 185
Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood

Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks :
Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath, 190
The doleful realms of darkness and of death;
Com'st thou alive from pure, æthereal day ?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way !
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their
waves,

There the wide sea with all his billows raves !
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Com'st thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores ?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld ?

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly, 200
To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
To learn my doom ; for, tost from woe to woe,
In every land Ulysses finds a foe ;

Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her towers,

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say what distemper gave thee to the dead ?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze ?

Say if my sire, good old Laertes, lives ? 210

If yet Telemachus, my son, survives ?

Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,

Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod ?

Say if my spouse maintains her royal trust ;

Though tempted, chaste, and obstinately just ! 215

Or if no more her absent lord she wails,

But the false woman o'er the wife prevails ?

Thus I, and thus the parent-shade returns :

Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns :

Whether the night descends, or day prevails, 220

Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails,

Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys ;

In sacred groves celestial rites he pays ;

And shares the banquet in superior state,

Grac'd with such honours as become the great. 225

Thy fire in solitude foment his care :

The court is joyless, for thou art not there !

No costly carpets raise his hoary head,

No rich embroidery shines to grace his bed :

Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies, 230

Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies :

Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress

The garb of woe, and habit of distress.

And when the autumn takes his annual round,

The leafy honours scattering on the ground ; 235

Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,

His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.

Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,

And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb !

For thee, my son, I wept my life away ; 240

For thee through hell's eternal dungeons stray :

Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,

Nor bent the silver-shafted Queen her bow ;

No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath ;

Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death ; 245

Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,

For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like empty
wind,

Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.

Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide

Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd ;

Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly
mourn ?

Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn !

Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms ? 255

'Too great a bliss to weep within her arms ?

Or has hell's Queen an empty image sent,

That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament ?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoin'd,

Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind ! 260

'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives :

All, all are such, when life the body leaves ;

No more the substance of the man remains,

Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins : 265

These the funereal flames in atoms bear,

To wander with the wind in empty air ;

While the impassive soul reluctant flies,

Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.

But from the dark dominions speed thy way,

And climb the steep ascent to upper day ; 270

To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,

The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's Empress

brings

Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings ;

Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,

Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood !

Dauntless my sword I seize : the airy crew,

Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew :

Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,

Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds. 280

Tyro began, whom great Salmoncus bred ;

The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.

For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns

He pours his watery store, the virgin burns ;

Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,

And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.

As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,

The monarch of the deep beholds and loves !

In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,

The amorous God descends into her arms : 290

Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,

And high in air the liquid mountain rose :

Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves

The pleasing transport, and completes his loves.

Then, softly sighing, he the fair address'd, 295

And as he spoke, her tender hand he press'd :

Hail, happy nymph ! no vulgar births are ow'd

To the prolific raptures of a God :

Lo ! when nine times the moon renews her horn,

Two brother heroes shall from thee be-born :

Thy early care the future worthies claim,

To point them to the arduous paths of fame ;

But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,

Nor dare the secret of a God reveal :

For know, thou Neptune view'st ! and at my nod 305

Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.

He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,

Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Now in the time's full process forth she brings

Jove's dread viceregents, in two future kings ; 310

O'er proud Icolos Pelias stretch'd his reign,

And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain ;

Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed

She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æson bred :

From the same fountain Amythaon rose,

Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of
focs.

There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who blest th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms :
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name; 320
Though hold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here through seven wide portals rush'd the
war.

There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod 325
Who bore Alcides to the Thundering God :
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen : 330
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous
hands :

The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast :
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown, 335
A pompous wretch ! accus'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends;
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thousand stings. 340

And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy !
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus fought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms ;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great, 345
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last ; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace. 350
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn ;
The fire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphiclus, detain'd in wrong ; 355
Wild, furious herbs, unconquerably strong !
This dares a feer, but nought a feer prevails,
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails ;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains ; 360
The foe at last, from curance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day ;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The stedfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

With grateful port advancing now I spy'd 365
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride :
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet matchless in the fray ;
And Castor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein : 370
By turns they visit this æthereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die :
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the twin gods, the favourite sons of Jove.

There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain, 375
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundless main ;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong ;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their
weight,

None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height : 380

The wonderous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies :
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood ;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood :
Such were they youths ! had they to manhood
grown,

Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne. 390
But, ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd ; at once they found,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful Phædra with sad Procris
moves, 395

Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves ;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and flow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe ;

The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd ; from Crete with Theseus fled ; 400
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rd's his Athens bears the lovely prize ;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.

There Clymenè and Mera I behold : 405
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely fold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale :

And all-composing rest my nature craves, 410
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves ;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.

He ceas'd : but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear. 415
Till, rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke :
What wonderous man Heaven sends us in our
guest !

Through all his woes the hero shines confest ;
His comely port, his ample frame express 420
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, then in bount' share ;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay ; 425
For, since kind Heaven with wealth our realm has
blest,

Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distress.
Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose : Your words, he cries, 430
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act ; our part is to obey.

While life informs these limbs, (the king reply'd)
Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd : 435
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the sun flames along th' æthereal plain :
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores :
Tread you my steps ! 'Tis mine to lead the race, 440
The first in glory as the first in place.

To whom the prince : This night with joy I stay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in sway !

If thou the circling year my stay control,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!

O king! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wife is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like music every breast control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
The godlike leaders who, in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous scenes in hell,
Till in the vault of Heaven the stars decay.
And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the power the Gods assign'd
(Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood:
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black hall
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.

When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain
By stern Ægisthus, a majestic train;
And high above the rest, Atrides prest the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and straight his soldier
knew,

And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—O what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say, while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

The ghost returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;

Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my
friends!

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound,
But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glow in our veins, and opens every soul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!

Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
Nor did my traitress wife these eye-lids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.
O woman, woman, when to i! thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!

Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive Hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjurd sex, and blacken all the race;
And should posterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.
O injur'd shade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.

Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast;
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;

The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The fire shall bless his son, the son his fire:
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of womankind so few are just,
Think all are false, not ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port,
In rich Orchomenus, or Sparta's court?
Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of night.

Then I: thy suit is vain, nor can I say
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day:
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies:
Truth I revere: for Wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tide of tears our frowns flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;

Till side by side along the dreary coast 575
 Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
 A friendly pair! near these the † Pylian stray'd,
 And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
 War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
 None but Pelides brighter shone in arms. 580
 Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
 And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.
 Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
 Where the van spectres walk eternal rounds;
 Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread, 585
 Throng'd with pale ghosts familiar with the dead?
 To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
 To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
 For still, distant, I rove from coast to coast,
 Lost to my friends, and to my country lost, 590
 But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
 So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
 Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
 And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.
 Talk not ruling in this dolorous gloom, 595
 Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
 Rather I choose laboriously to bear
 A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
 A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
 Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead. 600
 But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
 And emulates his godlike father's deeds?
 If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
 Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
 Say, if my sire, the reverend Pelens, reigns, 605
 Great in his Phthia, and his throne maintains:
 Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
 To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands?
 Oh might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
 And death release me from the silent urn! 610
 This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
 And swell'd the ground with mountains of the
 Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame, [slain,
 Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.
 Illustrious shade, (I cried) of Pelens' fates 615
 No circumstance the voice of Fame relates:
 But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
 The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
 With me from Scyros to the field of fame
 Radiant in arms the blooming hero came. 620
 When Greece assembled all her hundred states,
 To ripen counsels, and decide debates;
 Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of
 sense,
 And won the heart with manly eloquence!
 He first was seen of all the peers to rise, 625
 The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
 But when, to try the fortune of the day,
 Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
 Before the van, impatient for the fight,
 With martial port he strode, and stern delight; 630
 Heaps strew'd on heaps beneath his falchion
 groan'd,
 And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
 The time would fail, should I in order tell
 What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers
 How, lost thro' love, Eurypylos was slain, 635 [fell:
 And round him bled his bold Ceteian train.
 To Troy no hero came of nobler line;
 Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

† Antilochus.

VOL. VI.

When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb; 640
 Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
 'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war:
 Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
 When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
 Fierce is his look his ardent valour glow'd, 645
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fallied in his blood;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
 His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering
 spear, [crown'd,
 And when the Gods our arms with conquest
 When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the
 ground,
 Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
 Heap high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.
 Thus great in glory from the din of war 655
 Safe he return'd without one hostile fear;
 Though spears in iron tempest rain'd around,
 Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.
 While yet I spoke, the shade with transport
 glow'd,
 Rose in his majesty, and nobler tread; 660
 With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
 Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.
 Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
 All wailing with unutterable woes.
 Alone, apart, in discontented mood, 665
 A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
 For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
 And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
 Though on the contest Thetis gave the laws,
 And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause. 670
 O why was I victorious in the strife;
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
 With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
 Our second hope to great Achilles died!
 Touch'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
 And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;
 Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
 With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.
 Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
 Ev'n after death? Relent, great shade, relent! 680
 Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
 With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
 And shook astonish'd through her hundred states;
 Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
 Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
 Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
 Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
 And calm the raging tempest of thy soul. 690
 While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
 In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.
 Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest night,
 Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,
 And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply; 695
 But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.
 High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
 Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
 Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
 Thro' the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band. 700
 Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant hunger flies ;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway 705
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey ;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground ; 710
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast, [feast.
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains, 715
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fane,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell re-
founds) 720

Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves :
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head, 725
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread ;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold ; 730
The fruit he strives to seize : but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eyes, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision ! the Sisyphian shade ;
With many a weary step, and many a groan, 735
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone ;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
Again the restless orb his toil renews, [ground.
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould.
A shadowy form ! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods ;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies, 745
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade sur-
round,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound !

Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow. 750
Around his breast a wonderous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the dusky boar,
There war and havoc and destruction stood, 755
And vengeful murder red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.

The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spoke : 760
O exercis'd in grief ! by arts refin'd !

O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind !
Such, such was I ! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air !
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders rose, 765
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes ;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind ?
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day ;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days, 775
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand ; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade ;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell, 780
They scream, they shriek ; sad groans and dismal
sounds [bounds.

Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins :
Lest Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes, 785
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night !
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair. 790
My mates ascend the ship ; they strike their oars ;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores ;
Swift o'er the waves we fly ; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling
sails.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis : the manner in which he escaped those dangers : how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun : the vengeance that followed ; how all perish'd by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the island of Calypso. With which his relation concludes.

THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from th' waves th' Ægean hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus rising in th' ætherial way,
Through heavens bright portals pours the beamy
day:

At once we fix our halbers on the sand,
At once descend and press the desert land;
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.

Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.
Around we stand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.

Mean time the † Goddesses our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divinè
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the † Power of Magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands:

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the
dead!

This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid
way;

Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddesses spoke: in seals we waste the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state:
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous visions, and the laws of hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
Theseills are past: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! some favouring Power be kind,
And print th' important story on thy mind!

Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the
seas;

Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stray
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!

† Circe.

Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders
move,

Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies:
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke ex-
pires,

And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glow with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with
twenty hands;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.

Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous peit! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiends dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of
teeth;

Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.

When flung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain

Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men de-
vours.

Close, by a rock of less enormous height 125
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous
freight :

Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main; 130
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunder she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main 135
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly.
'Tis better fix to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare, 140
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind, 145
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold! 150
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd a-
way, 155

From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way, 160

Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of Day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay, 165
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lamperie fair, and Phaethusa young.
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung.
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers 170
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die! 175
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain, 180
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with freshening gales,
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.

When, rising sad and slow, with penive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes, 190
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all: on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay; 195
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged galley flies, 200
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds: the air above,
And waves below, at once forget to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smother'd the
deep,

Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; [sleep. 205
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day, 210
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrensy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold. 215
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren choir descries:
Celestial music warbles from their tongue, 220
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:

Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear. 225
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whatever the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ilium in the field of fame;
Whatever beneath the sun's bright journey lies, 230
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the
main;

My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea: 235
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold; 240
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave; 245
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to man
With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay, 250
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:

Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 255
If from yon jutting rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey! [waves 260
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer'd by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke; and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Mean time forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand, 270
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand.
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest! my labouring eyes I roll'd; 275
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,

We bend our course, and stem the desperate way;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms, 280
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze; 285
Eternal mists obscure th' aerial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main!
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the reflux tides:
The rock rebellow with a thundering sound; 290
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd

The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood:
When, lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise:
I turn and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms im-
plore:

In vain they call; those arms are stretch'd no more.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood, 300
The silent fisher calls th' insidious food,
With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky; 305
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd;
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow; 310
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view. 315

There sacred to the radiant God of day,
Grazed the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the wholly train, [vey'd 320
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound con-
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun:

O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye
hear! 325

To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless Heaven forbodes:
Fly the dire regions, and reverse the Gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran 330
Through every breast, and spread from man to
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began: [man, }

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?
And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main. 340

Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies:
Oh! should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,
Though Gods descend from Heaven's aerial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber: be the night obey'd?
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way. 350
A sudden joy in every bosom rose:

So will'd some demon, minister of woes;
To whom with grief—Oh! swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun,
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear; 355
Attest the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content an innocent repast display,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies; 360
Then, where a fountain gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger
fed)

Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares 265
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain,
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise.
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies; 370
The moon, the stars, the bright æthereal host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land 375
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess

Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.
There while the wild winds whistled o'er the
Thus careful I address the listening train: [main, 380

O friends, be wise, nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures : if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God !
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeasur'd
height. 386

And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the bees, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain :
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming hunt the watery way.
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre, want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd, 395
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones ad-
dore,

To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again. 400
Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said;

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay 405
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove !
Why seize ye not yon bees, and fleecy prey ?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay ! 410
And, if the Gods ordain a safe return.
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the Powers that o'er mankind pre-
side

Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below, 415
Than linger life away, and nourish woe !

Thus he : the bees around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine. 420
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supply'd.

With prayer they now address th' ætherial train,
Slay the selected bees, and slay the slain :
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art, 425
Strew'd o'er with mortals cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress'd,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast. 430

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When, lo ! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales :
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood, 435
And thus obtesting Heaven I mourn'd aloud :

O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove !
Oh, all ye blissful Powers that reign above !
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose ?
O fatal slumber paid with lasting woes : 440
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms !

Mean time Lampetie mounts th' aerial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day;

Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou
whose hand 445

Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen band !
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the
day. }

Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods ! or I the skies forego, 450
And bear the lamp of Heaven to shades below.

To whom the Thundering Power : O Source of
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way, [Day !
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright por-
tals rise,

The joy of earth, and glory of the skies ; 455
Lo ! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Mean time from man to man my tongue ex-
claims, 460

My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain ! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Bees, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now Heaven gave signs of wrath ; along the
ground }

Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Rear'd the dead limbs ; the burning entrails
groan'd. }

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing
floods : 470

With speed the bark we climb ; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around !
When, lo ! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with
forms.

Night dwells o'er all the deep : and now outflies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.

The mountain-billows roar ! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast :
The mast gives way and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck ; then all at once descends ;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.

Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll, 485
And forked lightnings flash from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell ; now high now low :
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow ; 490
At once into the main the crew it shook :

Sulphureous odours rose, and smouldering smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they
rise, [cries ; }

Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful
And strive to gain the bark ; but Jove denies. }

Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in
Again impetuous drove the furious blast, [twain ;

Snap the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, 500 }

And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind. }

Now sunk the West, and now a Southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day,
Fast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides,
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly,
What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war;

Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her reflux waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropt amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
Heav'd o'er the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There, in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguill'd the hours.

My following fates to thee, O King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice told tale?

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arcte, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

HE ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king resumes:
Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer new from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom their walls enclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each peer a vase bestow,
A general tribute, which the state shall owe.
This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps address
To separate mansions, and retir'd to rest.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along th' skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The king himself the vases rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.

A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with
showers)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He fate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.
As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's labour done):
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.
Then instant to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus address:
O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace. 55
On you be every bliss; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourself, your wives, your long-descending
race;

May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand, 60
And public evil never touch the land!

His words, well-weigh'd, the general voice approv'd

Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine: 65
Great Jove the Father first (he cry'd) implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught;
Each from his seat to each immortal pours, 70
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! he still possess
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest! 75
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence;
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)

Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore 80
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful
mates

Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern! then gently prest 90
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and lessening shores. 95
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery couriers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain; 100
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies; 105
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise. 115

Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main.
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide, 120
And ships secure without their halbers ride;
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas, 125
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the clustering bees attend 130
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end. 135
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to
land;

(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid 140
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polyphemus. 145
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And fought the secret counsels of the God:

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a Power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore:
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee? 155

Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and resplendent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native isle 160
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
showers:

Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main! 165
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise. 170

He said: the Shaker of the earth replies:
This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the fable deep:
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main. 175
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise.

If such thy will—We will it, Jove replies:
Even when, with transport blackening all the
strand,

The swarming people hail their ship to land,

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Fix her for ever, a memorial stone : 180
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone ;
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head !
With that the God, whose earthquakes rock
the ground,

Fierce to Phœacia cross'd the vast profound. 185
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnacle shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock.

Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise ; 190
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain !
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main !
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine :
Till great Alcinous rising own'd the sign. 195

Behold the long predestin'd day ! (he cries)
Oh ! certain faith of ancient prophecies !
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes ;
How mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay,
Stern Neptune rag'd ; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
(A monument of wrath) ; and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the
ground. 205

The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the fear.
Be humbled, nations ! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every stranger pass from shore to shore ;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call : 210
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

The monarch spok : they trembled and obey'd : 215
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led :
The gather'd tribes before the altar stand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore ;
The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay, 220
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey }
The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast ;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care, 225
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air :
For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen ;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord. 230

Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown
Pensive and slow with sudden grief oppress'd [woods.
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And sought around, his native realm in vain :
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And, as he spok, the tears began to flow : 240

Ye Gods ! he cry'd, upon what barren coast,
In what new region, is Ulysses tost ?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms ?
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms ?

Where shall this treasure now in safety lie ! 245
And whither, whither, its sad owner fly ?
Ah ! why did I Alcinous' grace implore ?
Ah ! why forsake Phœacia's happy shore ?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land. 250

Is this the promis'd long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phœacia's rulers boast ?
O righteous Gods ! of all the great how few
Are just to Heaven, and to their promise true !
But he, the Power to whose all-seeing eyes 255
The deeds of men appear without disguise.
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear :
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine : the rest belongs to Jove. 260

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er :
All these he found, but still in error lost
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again 265
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-responding main.
When, lo ! the guardian Goddess of the wife,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes ;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line, 270

A graceful robe her slender body drest,
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the king : Whoe'er of human race 275
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place !
With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
Oh ! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey ? 280
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms sur-
round ! [same,

From what fair clime (said she) remote from
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name ?
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown 285

Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
Behold him sinking in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots, or the rapid race ; 290

Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain :
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clustering grapes afford a generous juice :
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove :
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins flow the ground. 300

At this the chief with transport was possess'd,
His panting heart exulting in his breast :
Yet, well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold, 305
His ready tale th' inventive hero told :

Oft have I heard in Crete this island's name ;
For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind. 310

From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
 Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I flew,
 (With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
 Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
 Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night, 315
 In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
 For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
 And raging billows drove us on your coast.
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land. 320
 But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore, 325
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
 With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
 Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely
 bright,

Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

Oh, still the same Ulysses! she rejoind,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd!

Artful in speech, in action, and in mind! 335
 Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?

But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
 To me, whose wit exceeds the power divine, 340
 No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
 Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my
 care, [years war:

Through ten years wandering, and through ten
 Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,

To raise his wonder, and engage his aid: 345
 And now appear thy treasures to protect,
 Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,

And tell what more thou must from Fate expect. }

Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!

The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn. 350

But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;

Yield to the force of unresisted fate,

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base man-

kind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddeſs of Wiſdom! Ithacus replies, 355

He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,

So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe! }

When the bold Argives led their warring powers,

Againſt proud Ilion's well-defended towers;

Ulyſſes was thy care, celeftial Maid! 360

Grac'd with thy light, and favour'd with thy aid.

But when the Trojan piles in aſhes lay,

And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery

way;

Our fleet diſpers'd and driven from coaſt to coaſt,

Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt: 365

Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,

And heard thy counſels on Phœacia's ſhore.

But, by th' almighty author of thy race,

Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?

For much I fear, long traſts of land and ſea 370

Divide this coaſt from diſtant Ithaca;

The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,

To ſooth the my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus re-
 plies:

How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wiſe!
 Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering ſhow,
 And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods beſtow.

The more ſhall Pallas aid thy juſt deſires,
 And guard the wiſdom which herſelf inſpires.

Others, long abſent from their native place, 380
 Straight ſeek their home, and fly with eager
 pace [brace.]

To their wives' arms, and children's dear em-

brace. Not thus Ulyſſes: he decrees to prove

His ſubjects' faith, and queen's ſuſpected love:

Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,

And waſte the days in grief, the nights in tears.

But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy loſt)

Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coaſt:

Yet how could I with adverſe Fate engage,

And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage? 390

Now liſt thy longing eyes, while I reſtore

The pleaſing proſpect of thy native ſhore:

Behold the port of Phœcy's! ſenc'd around

With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.

Behold the gloomy grot! whoſe cool receſs 395

Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas!

Whoſe now neglected altars in thy reign

Bluſh'd with the blood of ſheep and oxen ſlain,

Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,

And ſhakes the waving foreſts on his ſides. 400

So ſpake the Goddeſs; and the proſpect clear'd,

The miſts diſpers'd, and all the coaſt appear'd.

The king with joy confeſs'd his place of birth,

And on his knees ſalutes his mother earth:

Then, with his ſuppliant hands upheld in air, 405

Thus to the ſea-green Siſters ſends his prayer:

All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!

Ye ſtreams, beyond my hopes beheld again!

To you once more your own Ulyſſes bows;

Attend his tranſports, and receive his vows! 410

If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown

The growing virtues of my youthful ſon,

To you ſhall rites divine be ever paid,

And grateful offerings on your altars laid.

Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breſt

Diſmiſs thoſe cares, and leave to Heaven the reſt.

Our taſk be now thy treaſur'd ſtores to ſave,

Deep in the cloſe receſſes of the cave:

Then future means conſult—ſhe ſpoke, and trod

The ſhady grot that brighten'd with the God. 420

The cloſeſt caverns of the grot ſhe ſought;

The gold, the braſs, the robes, Ulyſſes brought;

Theſe in the ſecret gloom the chief diſpoſ'd,

The entrance with a rock the Goddeſs clos'd.

Now, ſeated in the olive's ſacred ſhade, 425

Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.

The Goddeſs of the azure eyes began:

Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!

The ſuitor-train thy earlieſt care demand,

Of that luxurious race to rid the land: 430

Three years thy houſe their lawleſs rule has ſeen,

And proud addreſſes to the matchleſs queen.

But ſhe thy abſence mourns from day to day,

And inly bleeds, and ſilent waſtes away:

Eluſive of the bridal hour, ſhe gives 435

Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

To this Ulyſſes: O, celeftial maid!

Praiſ'd be thy counſel, and thy timely aid:

Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain. 440
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls in
fire.

Though leagu'd against me hundred heroes stand,
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aids my hand.

She answer'd: in the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the
ground? 450

What human victims stain the feastful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither every grace, 455
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire; 460
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Estrange thee from thy own; thy son, thy wife:
From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of thy herds to find, 465
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs: and to the royal heir
And chaste Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's fable water glides;
The fable water and the copious mast 470
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell;

Me into other realms my cares convey, 475
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care,
Must he too suffer? he, O Goddess! bear 480
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, O all enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind? 485

To whom Minerva: Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is best.
To fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:

Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd! 490
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er; [grac'd.
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:

In vain! for sooner all the murderous brood
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood. 495
She spake, then touch'd him with her powerful
wand:

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd 500
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.

His robe, which spots indelible befear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains; 505
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,

Wide patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the chief, so mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air, 510
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire Book.

BUT he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the craggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests over-hung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied, as he sat
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone.
In absence of his Lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile).

The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries
borne,
Encircled with a fence of naked thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke 15
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space we rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd:
The males without (a smaller race) remain; 20
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wantful feast,
A flock by daily luxury decreas'd!

Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor train;
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sate the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scattering dogs around at distance bay.

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began with accent gracious and humane,)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a shameful face!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord!
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
'Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?

He said, and, seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The swain reply'd: It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that feeds the stranger and the poor.

Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
But Fate condemns him to a foreign shore;
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
Ah, perish Helen! perish all her kind!
For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
On two, his curias bunch'd the spouting blood;
There quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,

All hasty on the hissing coals he threw:
And smoking back the tasteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new
And inscious as the bees nectareous dew:
Then sate companion of the friendly feast,
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest:
Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as fall to simple servants share;
The best our Lords consume; those thoughtless peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Even these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast:
Some voice of God close whispering from within,
"Wretch! this is vilany, and this is sin."

But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tell, the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide extended continents obey:

First, on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tusked herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green:
To native pastors is their charge assign'd;
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest breeds of either herd,
All to the suitors wasteful board prefer'd.

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the savoury feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he eyed,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
And thus the kind inviting host address'd:

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord:
Late with such affluence and possessions blest,
And now in honour's glory's bed at rest?
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.

Small is the faith, the prince and queen ascribe.
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy strangers still to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.

Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you
Moulders in earth, or walters on the wave, [grave
Or food for fish or dogs his relics lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.
So perish'd he : and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find ;
Let's dear the parents whom I left behind,
Let's lost my mother, let's my father kind.
Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore ;
As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace,
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his absence I pronounce with fear :
In my respect, he bears a prince's part ;
But lives a very brother in my heart.

Thus spake the faithful swain ; and thus re-
join'd

The master of his grief, the man of patient mind :
Ulysses, friend ! shall view his old abodes
(Distrustful as thou art) ; nor doubt the Gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith avow'd,
And what I speak, attesting Heaven has heard.
If so, a cloak and vesture be my need :
Till his return, no title shall I plead,
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itself can force intruders to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove !
And every God inspiring social love ;
And witness every household power that waits
Guards of these fires, and angel of these gates !
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that need be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore
(Replied Eumæus) : to the present hour
Now turn thy thoughts, and joys within our
From sad reflection let my soul repose : [power.
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, Gods ! and to these arms restore !
Not his true comfort can desire him more ;
Not old Laertes, broken with despair ;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.

Alas, Telemachus ! my sorrows flow
Afrail for thee, my second cause of woe !
Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land ;
In all the youth the father's image shin'd,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.

What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence ?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate and find his own !
For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcadian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above ;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.

And now, my venerable guest ! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight ?

Thus he : and thus (with prompt invention
The cautious chief his ready story told :

On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and eates the table grace ;
But most, the kind inviter's cheerful face ?
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round :
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was Heaven's high will ! Know then, I
came

From sacred Crete, and from a fire of fame :
Caster Hylacides (that name he bore)
Below'd and honour'd in his native race :
Blest in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace.

I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race :
But when that fate, which all must undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the shades below ;

The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas ! was left my wretched share,

Except a house, a covert from the air :

But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.

My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lag'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind).

Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground ;

Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.

Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform :

Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.

Let ghastly death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.

Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel ;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.

But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.

To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string.

Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind :
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd,

The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,

Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,

Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :
Thence charg'd with riches as increas'd in fame,

To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,

Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Out states myself and Idomen employ

To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd ; the tenth saw Ilion fall ;

Homeward we sail'd, but Heaven dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;

So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd, equip'd with ready stores,

Intent to voyage to th' Egyptian shores ;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train

Six days consum'd ; the seventh we plough'd the
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye ;

Before the Boreal blasts the vessels fly ;

Safe through the level seas we sweep our way ;
 The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
 The fifth fair morn we stem th' Egyptian tide :
 And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride :
 To anchor there my fellows I command, 290
 And spies commission to explore the land.
 But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
 The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
 The spreading clamour to their city flies,
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise. 295
 The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
 Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
 Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
 We turn'd to flight ; the gathering vengeance }
 spread } [dead.
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie 300
 I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove ;
 (And sure the thought was dictated by Jove,
 Oh ! had he left me to that happier doom,
 And sav'd a life of miseries to come !)
 The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd, 305
 And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
 I met the monarch with a suppliant's face,
 Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
 He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side ;
 My state he pity'd, and my tears he dried, 310
 Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
 And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
 Pious ! to guard the hospitable rite,
 — And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
 In Egypt thus with peace and plenty blest, 315
 I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
 On seven bright years successive blessings wait ;
 The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
 A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
 Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to human kind, 320
 With semblance fair invites me to his home ;
 I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
 Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
 Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
 To Libya then he meditates the way ; 325
 With guileful art a stranger to betray,
 And sell to bondage in a foreign land :
 Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
 Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
 Aloof of Crete, from the northern gales : 330
 But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
 And far from ken of any other coast,
 When all was wild expanse of sea and air ;
 Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to pre-
 pare.
 He hung a night of horrors o'er their head 335
 (The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread) ;
 He launch'd the fiery bolt ; from pole to pole
 Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll ;
 In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
 And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost. 340
 As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
 The sable crows with intercepted flight [hue :
 Drop headlong : scarr'd and black with sulph'rous
 So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
 Such end the wicked found ! but Jove's intent 345
 Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent
 Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
 With winds and waves I held unequal strife ;
 For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
 The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore. 350

The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
 The fire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
 And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
 While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame 355
 How late Ulysses to the country came,
 How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
 And here his whole collected treasure lay'd ;
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
 Of steel elaborate, and resplendent ore, 360
 And brags high heap'd amidst the regal dome ;
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come !
 Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
 What means might best his safe return avail, 365
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail !
 Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
 Attesting solemn all the Powers divine,
 That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd, 370
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
 For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores ;
 To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd :
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind :
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train, 375
 And misery demands me once again.
 Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave ;
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me
 round,
 (Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound. 380
 At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
 The ship arriv'd : forth issuing on the sand
 They sought repast ; while to th' unhappy kind,
 The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
 Best I descended, to the sea applied 385
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
 Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
 Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd ;
 But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship re-
 turn'd. 390
 Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
 They led me to a good man and a wife,
 To live beneath thy hospitable care,
 And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.
 Unhappy guest ! whose sorrows touch my mind !
 (Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoind)
 For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
 Check not with fallacies the springing tear ;
 Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
 For him, whom Heaven has destin'd to destroy. 400
 Oh ! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
 Or in his friend's embraces died away !
 That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
 raise
 Historic marbles, to record his praise :
 His praise, eternal on the faithful stone, 405
 Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost !
 While pensive in this solitary den,
 Far from gay cities and the ways of men, 410
 I linger life ; nor to the court repair,
 But when the constant queen commands my care ;
 Or when to taste her hospitable board,
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord ;

And these indulge their want, and those their
woe,

And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam;
For murder banish'd from his native home. 420
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand, 425
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity. 430

And why, O swain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness every Power that rules the sky! 435
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy desiring eye, 440
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtless, O guest! great land and praise
were mine
(Reply'd the swain far spotless faith divine)
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd, 445
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood,
How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of silent night
First claim refection, then to rest invite; 450
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while, to their lowly
dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the several sties, 455
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves.—Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear: 460
While those who from our labours heap their
board,

Blasphe'me their feeder, and forget their lord.
Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
A weighty axe, and clef't the solid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a hear full fed, 465
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every Power 470
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on every side:
Then the sing'd members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they
threw:

Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose, 480
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart,
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May: 485
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who fate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove, 490
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain re-
ply'd)

Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those: 495
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl, 500
He sat, and sweet reflection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Me'aulius gave,
(Eumæus proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord) 505
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away:
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise; 515
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful pretence to his host he spoke:

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet
grace;

'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile, 520
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repent'd word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the fullen yoke of sense. [days!
Once I was strong (would Heaven restore those
And with my betters claim'd my share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own com-
mand);

A deathful ambush for the foe to lay, 530
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering but of steel, 535
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the
fields [shields.
Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Fool that I was! I left behind my own; 540
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
 When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light;
 Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid 545
 Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:

Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
 And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind)
 The only fool who left his cloak behind. 550

He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
 (That wit, which, or in council or in fight,
 Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right.)
 Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whispering in my ear)
 Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—

And then (supporting on his arm his head)
 Hear me, companions? (thus aloud he said)
 Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:

Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye, 560
 And sure the warning vision was from high:
 Let from among us some swift courier rise,
 Haste to the general, and demand supplies,

Upstart'd Thoas straight, Andraemon's son,
 Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down; 565
 Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
 That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
 And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
 The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.

Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age!
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's
 rage.

Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
 The honours and the offices of men:
 Some master, or some servant, would allow
 A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now! 575
 Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive
 swain)

Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,
 Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
 But in the morning take thy clothes again, 580
 For here one vest suffices every swain;
 No change of garments to our binds is known:
 But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
 With better hand shall grace with fit attires
 His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires. 585

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
 And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
 The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
 He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
 With store to heap above him, and below, 590
 And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
 There lay the king and all the rest supine;
 All, but the careful master of the swine:
 Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
 Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air; 595
 His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder tied:
 His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
 With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
 He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
 There to the tusked herd he bends his way. 600
 Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd
 they lay.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pijisratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
 Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaus reigns;
 Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
 His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
 Beneath the royal portico display'd, 5
 With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd;
 In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
 Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
 Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
 And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast. 10
 When, O Telemachus! (the Goddess said)
 Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
 Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
 The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
 On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam, 15
 Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.

Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
 To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
 Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
 Her kindred's wishes, and her fire's commands; 20
 Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
 And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
 Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
 Thou know'st the practice of the female train:
 Lost in the children of the present spouse 25
 They slight the pledges of their former vows;
 Their love is always with the lover past;
 Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
 Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
 Till Heaven decrees to bliss thee in a bride. 30
 But now thy more attentive ears incline,
 Observe the warnings of a Power divine:

For thee their snares the sailor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca :
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band, 35
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No—sooner far their riot and their lust
All-covering earth shall bury deep in dust !
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career ; 40
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales,
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails :
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends ;
But seek thou first the master of thy swine 45
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline) :
There pass the night : while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land. 50

Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight,
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Mean while Pisistratus he gently shakes, [wakes :
And with these words the slumbering youth a-
Rise, son of Nestor ! for the road prepare, 55
And join the harness'd couriers to the car.

What cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night ?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way. 60
Nor think of flight, before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring ;
Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record. [cast,

Thus he. But when the dawn break'd the
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke : —70

Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove !
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.

If with desire so strong thy bosom glows, 75
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose ;
For e'er in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love ;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn. 80

Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend ;
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take 85
The noblest presents that our love can make :
Mean time commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domestic viands to prepare ;
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way. 90

Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece.
Atrides in his chariot shall attend ;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.

No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove 95
Without some pledge, some monument of love ;
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.

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To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied :
O monarch, care of Heaven ! thy people's pride !
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes :
My stores expos'd, and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand ; 105
Left, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.

His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home, 110
Was Boethædes Eteonus come ;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Mean time the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl ; the prince a silver beaker chose.

The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her fairest textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest : with no vulgar art 120
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part :
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd : 125

Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve !
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Emchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine ;
To me this present of Vulcanian frame, 130
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came ;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.

Then gave the cup ; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought. 135
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said :

Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove :
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay, 140
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.

She said, and gave the veil ; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took. 145
And now, when through the royal dome they
pass'd,

High on a throne, the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs :
With copious streams the shining vase supplies 150
A silver laver of capacious size.

They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread ;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and favour ; rich repast ! 155

Whilst Eteonus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each seated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend, 160

The horses join'd, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes ; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine) 165

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His right-hand held : before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands :

Farewell, and prosper, youths ! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow.
For all the proofs of his paternal care, 170
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah ! doubt not our report (the prince rejoind)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh ! return'd might we Ulysses meet !
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat : 175
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise !
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise !

Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove : auspicious sight !
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore, 180
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car : the prosperous fight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight. 185

But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke.
Say, if to us the Gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend ?

Whilft yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppress'd, 190

The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breast.
Hear me, she cried, to whom the Gods have given

To read this sign, and mystic sense of Heaven.
As thus the plummy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care, 195
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey ;
So shall thy godlike father toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come) 200
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.

Oh ! if this promis'd bliss by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above ;
To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze. 205

He said ; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong ;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pheræ, they repair, 210
Whose boasted fire was sacred Alpheus' heir ;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.
But soon as morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red, 215
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung ;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came ; when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son :
Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest, 220
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request ;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive : but lash them to the shore. 225
Too long thy father would his friends detain ;
I dread his presser'd kindness urg'd in vain.

The hero paus'd and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.

At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand, 230
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord ;
With speed begone (said he) ; call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate : 235

'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulse, nor could thou soon depart ;
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In word alone, the Pylian monarch kind :
But when, arriv'd, he thy return shall know, 240
How will his breast with honest fury glow !
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his fire.

Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare. 245
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea :

Mean time the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores ;
When lo ! a wretch ran breathless to the shore, 250
New from his crime, and recking yet with gore.
A fear he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Fill'd urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes. 255

Neleus his treasures one long year detains ;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains :
Mean time, what anguish, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind !

Yet 'scap'd he death ; and vengeful of his wrong 260
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along :
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air ;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire ; there his palace rose. 265

From him Antiphates and Mantius came :
The first begot Oiclus great in fame,
And he Amphiarus, immortal name !
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies, 270
Yet short his date of life by female pride he dies.

From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd from his beauty to the thrones above :
And Polyphides on whom Phæbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiarus now gone ; 275
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,

And taught mankind the counsels of the God.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus : whom, as to Heaven he prest'd 280
His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd :

O thou ! that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations and with solemn prayer ;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are
paid :

By all the lives of these ; thy own dear head, 285
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came, 290

And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name !)
Was once my fire : though now for ever lost
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost !
Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove ;
The last, the wretched, proof of filial love. 295

The stranger then : Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I flew -
Whose powerful friends the luckless deep pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home 300
The blood stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!

Stranger (replied the prince) securely rest
Assur'd in our faith; henceforth our guest. 305
Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band 310
With due observance wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea. 315
Crurus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
When thickening darkness clos'd the doubtful day;
The silver Phæa's glittering rills they lost,
And skim'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

Mean time the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feast:
The banquet past, and satiate every man,
To try his host, Ulysses thus began: 325
Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your
guest;

The last I purpose in your walls to rest
To-morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led, 330
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate:
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not undeserving some support obtain. 335
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame; 340
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.

Alas! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoind)
How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind!
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!
Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast; 350
A blooming train in rich embroidery dress'd,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And smiling round celestial youth attende.
Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here:
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear; 355
Well-pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.
To him the man of woes: O gracious Jove! 360
Reward this stranger's hospitable love!

Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ill unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe: 365
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage, 370
And fire forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?
To whom the swain: Attend what you inquire;
Laertes lives, the miserable sire 375
Lives, but implores of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away 380
Old age, untimely passing ere his day,
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!) 385
While yet she was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief;
With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly-stealing pace of time 390
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love. 395
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercastr'd,
Yet Providence deserts me not at last;
My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear 400
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Black and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command:
No profit springs beneath usurping powers:
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours, 405
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.

The suffering chief at this began to melt;
And, O Eumæus! thou (he cries) hast felt
The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand 410
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parent's arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!
Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare.
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war, 415
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the
main?

Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events attend:
Another's sorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd internals employ. 425
Long nights the now declining year bestows;
A part we consecrate to soft repose,
K k 2

A part in pleasing talk we entertain ;
 For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
 Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey, 430
 Their cares resuming with the dawning day :
 Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
 Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind ;
 Review the series of our lives, and taste
 The melancholy joy of evils past : 435
 For he who much has suffer'd, much will know ;
 And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
 Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
 Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
 (There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
 The sun's diurnal, and his annual race) ;
 Not large, but fruitful ; stor'd with grafs, to keep
 The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep ;
 Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
 And her rich valleys wave with golden corn. 445
 No want, no famine, the glad natives know.
 Nor sink by sickness to the shades below ;
 But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
 Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
 They bend the silver bow with tender skill, 450
 And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
 Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
 Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
 But both in constant peace one prince obey,
 And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway. 455
 Freight'd, it seems, with toys of every sort
 A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port ;
 What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
 Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land :
 This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
 To wash her robes descending to the main,
 A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind
 (For loves deceives the best of woman-kind).
 A sudden trust from sudden liking grew ;
 She told her name, her race, and all she knew. 465
 I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came,
 My father Arybas, of wealthy fame ;
 But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
 The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.
 Haste then (the false designing youth reply'd)
 Haste to thy country ; love shall be thy guide ;
 Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
 For still he lives, and lives with riches blest,
 " Swear first (she cry'd) ye sailors ! to restore
 " A wretch in safety to her native shore." 475
 Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.
 She then proceeds : Now let our compact made
 Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
 Nor near me any of your crew descried
 By road frequented, nor by fountain side. 480
 Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
 (For watchful age is ready to surmise)
 Are still at hand ; and this, reveal'd, must be
 Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
 Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,
 Dispatch a wary messenger with haste : 485
 Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
 And more, the infant offspring of the king.
 Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
 (A noble prize !) and to your ship convey. 490
 Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the
 A year they traffic, and their vessel load,
 Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
 A spy was sent their summons to convey :

An artist to my father's palace came,
 With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame :
 Each female eye the glittering links employ,
 They turn, review, and cheapen every toy,
 He took th' occasion as they stood intent,
 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went. 500
 She straight pursued, and seiz'd my willing arm ;
 I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
 Three golden goblets in the porch she found
 (The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd ;
 Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore : 505
 Now set the sun, and darkened all the shore,
 Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
 Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides ;
 Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and
 sweep
 With level oar along the glassy deep. 510
 Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,
 And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
 The seventh, the fraudulent wretch, (no cause de-
 cried
 Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
 Down dropp'd the caittiff-corse, a worthless load
 Down to the deep ; there roll'd, the future food }
 Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
 An helpless infant, I remain'd behind ;
 Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind ;
 Sold to Laertes by divine command, 520
 And now adopted to a foreign land.
 To him the king : Reciting thus thy cares,
 My sacred soul in all thy sorrows shares :
 But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
 Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill : 525
 Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
 The Gods, have in a master, given a friend.
 Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
 (For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
 While I, so many wanderings past and woes, 530
 Live but on what thy poverty bestows.
 So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
 The night ; then down to short repose they lay ; }
 Till radiant rose the messenger of day,
 While in the port of Ithaca, the band 535
 Of young Telemachus approach'd the land ;
 Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast
 aside,
 And cast their anchors, and the cables tied :
 Then on the breezy shore descending join
 In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine. 540
 When thus the prince : Now each his course pur-
 I to the fields, and to the city you. [sue ;
 Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
 My swains to visit, and the works survey.
 Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies 545
 Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.
 Then Theoclymenus : But who shall lend,
 Mean time, protection to thy stranger-friend ?
 Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
 Or, yet more distant, to some lord apply ? 550
 The prince return'd ; Renown'd in days of yore
 Has stood our father's hospitable door ;
 No other roof a stranger should receive,
 No other hands than ours the welcome give.
 But in my absence riot fills the place, 555
 Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face ;
 From noiseful revel far remote she flies,
 But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.

No—let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best ; 560
He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame :
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus speaking, on the right up-fear'd in air 565
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger ;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove ;
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine shower.

Th' observing augur took the prince aside,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried :
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aerial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a God :
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey. 575
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the sway.
Succeed the omen, Gods ! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,

And soon each envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend. 580
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful servant, by thy prince belov'd !
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus : Joyful I obey, 585
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay,
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea. 590
All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
And, plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes ;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin shakes.
They part ; while lessening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew :
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

SOON as the morning blush'd along the plains
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The princes near approach the dogs descry,
And fawning round his feet confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said :
Some well known friend, Eumæus, bends this
His steps I hear ; the dogs familiar play. 10 [way ;

While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung ;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eyes 15
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond sire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy :
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.

And is it thou ! my ever-dear delight !
Oh, art thou come to bless my longing sight !
Never, I never hop'd to view this day, 25
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desperate
way.

Enter, my child ! beyond my hopes restor'd,
Oh give these eyes to feast upon their lord !
Enter, oh seldom seen ! for lawless powers
Too much detain thee from thy sylvan bowers. 30

The prince replied : Eumæus, I obey ;
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way,
But say, if in the court the queen reside,
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride ?
Thus he, and thus the monarch of the swains :
Severely chaste Penelope remains ;
But, lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended ; and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass) 40
They reach'd the dome ; the dome with marble
His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd. [shin'd.
Not so—(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place :
T' usurp the honours due to silver hairs 45
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears,
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziars rise.
There sate the prince : the feast Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread. 50
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimiciv twines.
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled, 55
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said :

Whence, father, from what shore this stran-
ger, say,
What vessel bore him o'er the watery way ?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise.

The swain returns: A tale of sorrows hear:
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew 65
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.

Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend. 70
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride?
Ev'n I unsafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name. 75
However, stranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give:
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love. 80
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For shouldst thou suffer, powerless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.

The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain. 90
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and repent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to see a soul so brave 95
Live to base insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled oracles advise? 100
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were
strung;

Or, Heavens! might he return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust: a hero scorns despair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last: but should I lose my life
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife, 110
I choose the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death;
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste, 115
The drunkard revel, and the gluttons feast.

Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise; 120
Nor are my brothers who should aid my power
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring,
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcefus' heir, 125
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air.

And I alone the bed connubial grac'd;
An unblest offspring of a fire unblest!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe: 130
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacynth crown'd with shady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by power, 135
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Mean time their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air: } [are
But Heaven will sure revenge, and Gods there }

But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart 140
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose.
To whom the swain: I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away, 145
And deems thee lost: shall I my speed employ
To bless his age: a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray;
Yet, busied with his slaves to ease his woe, 150
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden
blows; 155

Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince re-
turns)

Yet cease to go—what man so blest but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies, 160
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court. 165

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away:
Then from the Heavens the Martial Goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the
In form a virgin in soft beauty's bloom, [skies; 170
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move): 175
The dogs intelligent confess the tread
Of power divine; and howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless
hands;

Dauntless the king before the Goddess stands.
Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies! 180
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes; be valiant, and destroy!
Lo! I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian Power. 185
She said, and o'er him waves her wand of
gold;

Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:

Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his
brows 190

A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the Warrior Maid.

The hero re-ascends: the prince o'er-aw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God. 195

Then with surprise (surprise chafin'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care 200
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:

Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: Oh save us, Power Divine!

Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky. 205

I am thy father. Oh my son! my son!
That father for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe: to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy 210
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.

Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground be-
dew:

He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)

Thou art no, thou can'st not be my sire 215

Heaven such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy to aggravate my woes.

Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?

Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you
trod; 220

Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a God!

Forbear, he cry'd; for Heaven reserve that name,
Give to thy father, but a father's claim:

Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,
I am Ulysses, I (my son) am he. 225

Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
'Tis given at length to view my native coast,

Pallas, unconquer'd Maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds:

She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed; 230
Now, strong as youth, magnificent I tread.

The Gods with ease frail man depress or raise,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.

He spoke, and fate. The prince with transport
flew, [dew: 235

Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek be-
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood!

They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,

Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young;
They cry, they scream, their unsledg'd brood a

prey 240

To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away;
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,

Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow, 245

The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.
What ship transported thee, O father, say,

And what bliss'd hands have o'er'd thee on the way?
All, all (Ulysses instant made reply)

I tell thee all, my child, my only joy! 250

Phaeacians bore me to the port assign'd,
A nation ever to the stranger kind;

Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:

Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid 255
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.

Hither, intent the rival rout to fly,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way;

So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train; 260

'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistent force, or singly to destroy.

O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,

Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost; 265
Can we engage, nor decades, but an host?

Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?

Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
I twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name, 270

Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boat
Of Samos: twenty from Zacynthus' coast:

And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.

Two sewers from day to day the revels wait, 275
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.

With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.

Then what assistent powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate. 280

Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?

If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.

Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoind) 285
Against the banded powers of all mankind:

They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.

Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight. 290

But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:

Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.

There, if base scorn insult my reverend age; 295
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.

If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repeat;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.

Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain: 300

For wicked ears are deaf to Wisdom's call,
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd

to fall. [spires

Once more attend: When * the whose power in-
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;

I give the sign: that instant, from beneath, 305
Aloft convey the instruments of death,

Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil they truth in plausible disguise:

"These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to
"Troy,

"Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy: 310
"Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they shone:

"Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
"I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)

"From the pollution of the fuming fires;
"Left, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood

"Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;

† Minerva.

" Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
 " The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."

Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive :
 For Jove infatuates all, and all believe. 320
 Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
 A pointed javelin, and a fenceless shield.
 But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
 By that regard, a son his father owes ;
 The secret, that thy father lives, retain 325
 Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train ;
 Hide it from all ; even from Eumæus hide,
 From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
 One care remains, to note the loyal few
 Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew ; 330
 And, nothing, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
 Who loves his prince : for sure you merit love.

To whom the youth : To emulate I aim
 The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
 But re-consider, since the wisest err, 335
 Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
 What length of time must we consume in vain,
 Too curious to explore the menial train ?
 While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
 Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy. 340
 Suffice it in this exigence alone
 To mark the damsels that attend the throne :
 Dispers'd the youth resides ; their faith to prove
 Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from
 Jove.

While in debate they waste the hours away, 345
 Th' associates of the prince repass'd the bay ;
 With speed they guide the vessel to the shores ;
 With speed debarking land the naval stores ;
 Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
 And trust the presents to his friendly care. 350
 Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
 Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart ;
 Lest, a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
 Pale grief destroy what time a while forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns, 355
 And cries aloud : Thy son, O Queen, returns :
 Eumæus sage approach'd th' imperial throne,
 And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
 Then measur'd back the way—The suitor band,
 Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded, stand ; 360
 And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
 With clouded looks, a pale assembly fate.

At length Eurymachus : Our hopes are vain ;
 Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
 Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display ;
 Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey.

Scarce had he spoke, when, turning to the
 strand,
 Amphinomus survey'd th' associate band ;
 Full to the bay within the winding shores
 With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars. 370
 O friends ! he cry'd, elate with rising joy,
 See to the port secure the vessel fly !
 Some God has told them, or themselves survey
 The bark escap'd ; and measure back their way.

Swift at the word descending to the shores, 375
 They moor the vessel and unlade the stores :
 Then moving from the strand, apart they fate,
 And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.

Lives then the boy ? he lives (Antinous cries)
 The care of Gods and favourite of the skies. 380

All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
 Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills,
 And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
 Took in the ocean with a broad survey :
 Yet safe he sails ! the Powers celestial give 385
 To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
 But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed.
 Be now the scene of instant death decreed :
 Hope ye success ? undaunted crush the foe.

Is he not wise ? know this, and strike the blow. 390
 Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
 The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause ?
 Strike ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray
 Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
 Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly 395
 Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky ?

The brave prevent misfortune ; then be brave,
 And bury future danger in his grave.
 Returns he ? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
 Or where he hides in solitude and shade : 400
 And give the palace to the queen a dower,
 Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.

But if submissive you resign the sway ;
 Slaves to a boy ; go, flatter and obey.
 Retire we instant to our native reign, 405
 Nor be the wealth of Kings consum'd in vain ;
 Then wed whom choice approves : the queen be
 given [ven.

To some blest prince, the prince decreed by Hea-
 Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends ;
 Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends, 410
 Who o'er Dulicium stretch'd his spacious reign,
 A land of plenty, blest with every grain :
 Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd,
 And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.
 Soft were his words : his actions wisdom sway'd ;
 Graceful a while he paus'd, then mildly said :

O friends, forbear ! and be the thought with-
 stood :
 'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood !
 Consult we first th' all-seeing powers above,
 And the sure oracles of righteous Jove. 420
 If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies ;
 If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

He said : The rival train his voice approv'd,
 And rising instant to the palace mov'd.
 Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they fate, 425
 Recumbent on the shining throne of state.

Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
 The murderous council to the queen relates.
 Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends :
 Her hasty steps a damsel-train attends. 430
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
 Sudden before the rival powers she stands :
 And, veiling decent with a modest shade
 Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said :

O void of faith ! of all bad men the worst ! 435
 Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accus'd !
 Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind !
 Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
 Wretch ! to destroy a prince that friendship gives,
 While in his guest his murderer he receives : 440
 Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
 The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
 Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
 Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part ?

Lawless he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphyan pirates on Thesprotia's shores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
Ulysses sav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
His bed dishonour, and his house betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir?—but cease, 'tis I command.
Far hence those fears. (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent prince! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero say, 455
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous Powers of Heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed: 460
My generous soul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die. [Ipir'd:
Thus smooth he ended, yet his death con-
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd,
With streaming eyes all comfortless deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord:
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye. 470
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his sylvan bower.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part.

445 Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The Martial Goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads; 480
Left to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy. [claim
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Pro-
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of
Fame?
Say, if the suitors measure back the main, 485
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay. 490
But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each press'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:
And, if aright these searching eyes survey, 495
Th' eluded suitors stem the watery way. [wiles,
The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their
Steals on his fire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled, 500
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returning to the city relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn;
In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine:
My friend, adieu; let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs.
But thou, attentive, what we order heed;
This hapless stranger to the city lead;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bles the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may cover, but my power denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguis'd declare;
For what so easy as to be sincere?
To this Ulysses: What the prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.
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To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field,
Nor sits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands. 25
Adieu! but, since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With ripen beams when Phœbus warms the day. }
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors sudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall; 35
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds;
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclæa spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds. 40
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
A. I.

All crowded round the family appears
 With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
 Swift from above descends the royal fair 45
 (Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air);
 Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
 Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes;
 Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
 And scarce those few, for tears, could force their
 way.

Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd for joy!
 Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
 So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou
 known

Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own. 55

O dearest, most rever'd of woman kind!
 Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind
 (Replied the prince): nor be our fates deplor'd,
 From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
 Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, ascend the towers:
 With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
 To every God vow hecatombs to bleed,
 And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
 While to th' assembled council I repair;
 A stranger sent by Heaven attends me there; 65
 My new accepted guest I haste to find,
 Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.

The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
 She bath'd; and, rob'd in white, with all her
 train,

To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed, 70
 And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
 Arm'd with his lance, the prince then pass'd the
 gate;

Two cogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
 Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
 The gazing crowd admires him as he moves: 75
 Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
 With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
 Their false addresses generous he denied,
 Pass'd on, and fate by faithful Mentor's side;
 With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage 80
 (His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).
 Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
 Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.
 The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
 Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd, 85
 He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
 The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
 Thus thoughtful answer'd: These we shall not
 move,

Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove;
 We know not yet the full event of all: 90
 Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
 Us, and our house, if treason must o'erthrow,
 Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
 If death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,
 Riches are welcome then, not else, to me. 95
 Till then retain the gifts.—The hero said,
 And in his hand the willing stranger led.
 Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought.
 (With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble
 wrought;

Obedient handmaids with assiduous toil 100
 supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
 Then o'er their limbs resplendent robes they throw,
 And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew,

The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
 Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs; 105
 With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
 A silver laver of capacious size:

They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
 Is fill'd with viands and the strength of bread.
 Full opposite, before the folding gate, 110
 The pensive mother sits in humble state:
 Lowly she fate, and with dejected view
 The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.

The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
 Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd. 115

When thus the queen. My son! my only friend!
 Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
 (The couch deserted now a length of years:
 The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)

Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew 120
 Return, and riot shakes our walls anew)

Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
 The least glad tidings of my absent lord?

To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,
 Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns. 125
 All arts of tenderness to him are known,
 Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;

No father with a fonder grasp of joy
 Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
 But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe, 130

Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
 For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
 My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
 Their Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
 (So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms. 135
 My cause of coming told, he thus rejoind;
 And still his words live perfect in my mind.

Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
 An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!

So with her young, amid the woodland shades, 140
 A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
 Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
 And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
 Mean time returning, with remorseless sway
 The monarch savage rends the panting prey: 145
 With equal fury, and with equal fame,
 Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.

O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
 And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!

With power congenial join'd, propitious aid 150
 The chief adopted by the Martial-Maid!

Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
 As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
 His prowess Philomelides confess'd,

And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor blest'd: 155
 Then seen th' invaders of his bed and throne

Their love presumptuous shall by death atone;
 Now what you question of my ancient friend,
 With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.

I learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate, 160
 Whose eyes can pierce the dark recess of fate.

Señ in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
 The sad survivor of his numerous train,

Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms. 165
 And press'd unwilling in Ceryx's arms.

No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
 Nor ease to cut th' immeasurable way—

This told Atides and he told no more,
 Thence safe I voyag'd to my native shore.

* Proetus.

He ceas'd ; nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began :
O suffering comfort of the suffering man !
What human knowledge could, those kings might
But I the secrets of high Heaven reveal. 175 [tell ;
Before the first of Gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whose blessing we have shar'd :
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall !
E'en now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd 180
At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view,
Secret revolves ; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this fare auguries the Gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road. 185

Succeed those omens, Heaven ! (the queen re-join'd)

So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind ;
And every envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.

Thus commun'd they : while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort ;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art,
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

Nor did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive ;
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play. }
Swift to the hall they haste ; aside they lay
Their garments, and, succinct, the victims slay.
Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers bleed,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.

While thus the copious banquet they provide ;
Along the road conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain : 205
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane :

To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed : my friend, no more my guest !
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here prefer'd,
Guard of the flock or keeper of the herd. 210
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear ;
The wrath of princes ever is severe.

Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,
Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly shade. }

Just thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on : but help me to some staff, to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way.

Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung, 220
Wide patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong :

A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare : behind, the keepers stay ;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence, and attend the herd. 225

And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas ! how chang'd ! a man of miseries ;
Propp'd on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest fluttering with the air !
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down ;
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils
A limpid fount ; that, spreads in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings :
An awful work adorn'd by ancient kings. 235

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove ;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd, 240
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green ;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade, 245

Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came :
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke :

The good old proverb how this pair fulfil ! 250
One rogue is usher to another still.

Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude. [guest ?

Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feast ? 255

Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with scorn ;
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.

To beg, than work, he better understands ; 260

Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands,
For any office could the slave be good,

To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food ;
If any labour those big joints could learn,
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.

To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.

Yet hear me ! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare :

Dearly, full dearly, shalt thou buy thy bread 270
With many a footstool thundering at thy head.

He thus : nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown ;

Spurn'd, but not mov'd : he like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road :

Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.

Short was that doubt ; to quell his rage injur'd,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.

But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd 280
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd :

Daughters of Jove ! who from th' æth'ral bowers
Descend to swell the fountains, and feed the flowers !

Nymphs of this fountain : to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames ! 285

To whom Ulysses' piety prefer'd
The yearly fribbling of his flock and herd ;

Succeed my wish : your votary restore !
Oh, be some God his convey to our shore !

Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence, 290
And humble all his airs of insolence.

Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences coustier, and neglects his charge.

What matters he ? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs ! 295

The day shall come ; nay, 'tis already near,
When, slave ! to sell thee at a price too dear,

Must be my care ; and hence transport thee o'er,
(A load and scandal to this happy shore).

Oh ! that as surely great Apollo's dart, 300
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the

heart

Of the proud son ; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's power !

So spoke the wretch, but, shunning farther
fray,

Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd ;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board,

Mean time they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain) :
Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain :

Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame ! 315
Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands :
High walls and battlements the courts enclose,
And the strong guests defy an host of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ : 320
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy :
I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre.

Then thus Eumæus : Judge we which were best ;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest 325
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay ?
Or I first entering introduce the way ?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long ;
This is the house of violence and wrong :
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear ; 330
For like their lawless lords the servants are.

Just is, O friend, thy caution, and address'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheeded breast ;
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind. 335
The bravely patient to no fortune yields :
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate ;
And now in humbler scene submit to Fate.
What cannot Want ? The bluest she will expose, 340
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes ;
She fills with ravies, hoists, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with
arms !

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ; 345
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head ;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah ! not fated long to please his lord !
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain ;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;
With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn. 355
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way ;
And where in heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his solid bed.

He knew his lord ; he knew, and strove to
meet ; 360

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet ;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Song touch'd the mighty master's soul ;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole, 365

Stole unperceiv'd ; he turn'd his head, and
dry'd

The drop humane : then thus impassion'd cry'd :

What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate ?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise ; 370
If as he seems he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves : or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty : therefore now despis'd ?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the Great.

Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoind)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more !
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore !
Oh ! had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong ;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood ;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true, 385
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast ;
Nor years unnerve him, and his lord is lost !
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care :
The master gone, the servants what restrains ? 390
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns ?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before ;
The musing monarch pauses at the door : 395
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies :
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes !
And now Telemachus, the first of all, 400
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall ;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome ;
Then, gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come :
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast. 405
(Who now was busied carving round the board) :
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.

Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door, 410
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went,
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight 415
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain) ;
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain :

These viands, and this bread, Eumæus ! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty share :
Then let him circle round the suitor's board, 420
And try the bounty of each gracious lord :
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me ;
How ill, alas ! do want and share agree !

His lord's command the faithful servant bears ;
The seeming beggar answers with his prayers. 425
Blest be Telemachus ! in every deed
Inspire him, Jove ! in every wish succeed !
This said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving on his strip he lay'd.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire, 430
He fed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.

Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a mighty art,
And learn the generous from th' ignoble heart 435
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train);
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow, 440
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze and question with their eyes
The bold Menelaus to their thought replies: 445
My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus utter'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.

And is this prod'g, swineherd! of thy hand? 450
Bring't thou these vagrants to infest the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Obj'st uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face. 455
Such guests humerus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.

To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own, 460
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal; 465
But chief to poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs;
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.

It is not so with want! how few that feed 470
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son. 475

To him Telemachus: No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke:
Thanks to thy care, wh' d absolute command 480
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.

This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board. 485
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?

Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?
(Antinous cries with intolent disdain)

Portions like mine if every suitor gave, 490
Our walls this twelve month should not see the slave.

He spoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his cup, and to the threshold sped; 495
But first before Antinous stopp'd and said:

Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the first;
Then, as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee through the boundless
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state [earth! 500
What'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hospitality was then my praise:

In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight, 505
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.

But Jove, all governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)

With raving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main; 510
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor;

Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.

The spreading clamour to their city flies. 515
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:

The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head

We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.

Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!

Unhappy me a Cyprian took a board,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord: 525

Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?

Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind 530
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind;

Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give so much as thou can crave.

Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown; 535
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own.

The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.

Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board, 540
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps;

Yet starving Want, amidst the riot, weeps.
The haughty suitor with resentment burns,
And, sourly smiling, this reply returns:

Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue!

He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock;

He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more com-

Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd, [plain'd, 550
And only form'd revenge: then back withdrew;

Before his feet the well fill'd cup he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew:

May what I speak your princely minds approve, 555
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!

Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,

Or if, defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear;

The generous motive dignifies the scar.

But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the poor, 565
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.

Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without of-
fence,
(The suitor cry'd) or force shall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the public street, and cast thee there,
A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear.

His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worst, condemn: and some reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound. 575
Unblest thy hand; if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these, to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind, 580
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Telemachus, absorpt, in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke: 585
"On him and his may the bright God of day
"That base, inhospitable blow repay."
The nurse replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
"Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."

All, all are foes, and mischief is their end; 590
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend;
(Replies the queen) the stranger begg'd their grace.
And melting pity soften'd every face;
From every other hand rediefs he found,
But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound. 595
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or listening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord? 600
Thus she, and good Eumæus took the word.

A private audience if thy grace impart,
The stranger's words may ease thy royal heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills. 605
Three days have spent their beams, three nights
have run

Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
Unfin'd yet! and yet I thirst to hear,
As when some Heaven-taught poet-charms the ear.
(Suspending sorrow with a celestial strain, 610
Breath'd from the gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.

Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd. 615
He now but waits the wind, to wait him o'er,
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore.

To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While you luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat, 620
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulysses! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?

She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd, his nostrils echo'd through the crowd.

The smiling queen the happy omen blest'd:
"So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the stranger, fly!
And if my question meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire, 630
A gift in season which his wants require.

Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:
The Queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast, 635
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye, 640
Thy other wants her subject shall supply.

Fair truth alone (the patient man repli'd)
My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide,
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven. 445
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I stand: the hand of violence is here:
Her boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive queen attend, 650
Nor claim my story till the sun descend;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace. 655

Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:
And say, (she cries,) does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoind:
He only asks a more propitious hour, 660
And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in
power:

At evening mild (meet season to confer)
By turns to question, and by turns to hear,
Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)
His every step and every thought is wise: 665
For men like these on earth he shall not find
In all the miscreant race of human kind.

Thus she: Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the suitor powers descends;
There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart 670
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart:

The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy servant's sake! 675

Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go seek the rural bower:
But first refresh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.

Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we trust, 680
Safe in their care, for heaven protects the just.

Observant of his voice, Eumæus fate
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
Twas riot all amid the suitor throng, 685
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful
song.

Till now, declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

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BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Fight of Ulysses and Irus.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Aræus on his natal day:
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common messenger to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.

From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.

Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I restrain!
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.

To whom, with stern regard: Oh insolence, 20
Indecently to rail without offence;
What bounty gives, without a rival share;
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy when the great relieve? 25
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches
flow,

And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn, 30
How wouldst thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?

Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue so suppliant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some wild bear's, that, greedy of his prey, 35
Uproots the bearded corn? Rife! try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;

Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!
Thus in a wordy war their tongues d fly 40
More fierce intents, prelude to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,

Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:
This happy day in mirth, my friends employ,
And lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy. 45
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand:

Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they
spring
Swift from their seats, and thickening form a ring.

To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood, 50
A kid's well-fatt'ed entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrival'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day. 55

The Iriads applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age 60
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!

Yet, fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight. 65

The peers assent: when straight his sacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said:
Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent; confide, be strong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow, 70
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends † shall guard the sacred ties
Of hospitality, for they are wise.

Then, girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares; 75
Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:
Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong.

(Attendant on her chief): the suitor-crowd 80
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:
Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more?

Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength pre-
claim, 85

Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his
frame?
Then, pale with fears, and sickening at the sight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.

Oh, that such baseness should disgrace the light! 90
O hide it, Death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meantly decline to combat age and woe?

But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-controlled day. 95
Instant thou fall'st, to Eekus's retreating;
A tyrant, fierce of the tyrant kind,

† Antinous and Eurymachus

Who casts thy mangled cars and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke, 100
In every joint the trembling Irus shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To sell the giant at one vengeful blow, 105
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for Mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends:
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose 110
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground; 115
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.

The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave: 125

There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder slung 130
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring 135
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:

Stranger, may Jove and all th' aerial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe: 140
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echerus, the monster of a king.

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well fatt'd entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold 145
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care. 150

To whom with thought mature the king replies;

The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the fire art thou, the son, declin'd; 155
Then hear my words, and, grave them in thy mind!

Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth:
To day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes: 160

Anon from Heaven a sad reverse he feels:
Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliss of woe;
Too high when prosperous, when distress'd to low.
There was a day, when with the scornful great 165
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd: 170
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
Oh may't thou, favour'd by some guardian Power,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death.

Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores. 180
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foretells;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns 185
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.

Mean while Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from Heaven inspires:
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day: 190
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise;
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries;
Eurynome! to go where riot reigns 195
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd
there. 200

Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress; 205
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such as, in fondness, parents ask of Heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care; 310
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoe descend, 215
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.

Then, while Eurynome the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she dress'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and deathlike rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms.

In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims th' harmonious round
When with the Graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.

Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damsel-train descends;
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes uncloze; 235
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes:

Howe'er 'tis well: that sleep awhile can free,
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it given to yield this transient breath,
Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death: 240
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.

Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends, 245
On either hand a damsel-train attends:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil, translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade: 250
Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus th' imperial matron broke:

Oh why! my son, why now no more appears 255
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung; 260
But the just Gods in vain those gifts bestow,
Oh wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand?
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline, 265
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous soul with just resentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
For others' good, and melt at others' woe: 270
But, impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread,
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
O would to Jove! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled: 280
Whose loose head tottering, as with wine oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies: 285
Oh justly lov'd, and not more fair than wife:
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy
sway;

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In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes: 290
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!

The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep 295
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.

Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah! long must last! 300
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:

He grasp'd my hand, and, O my spouse! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried,) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.

My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I must bleed! 310
My father, mother, all I trust to thee;
To them, to them transfer thy love of me:

But, when my son grows man, the royal sway
Religa, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares 315
To light his torch and give me up to cares;

Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo! 320

The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive 325
The suitor train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude the bridal day.

While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise: 330
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;

Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.

The peers dispatch their heralds, to convey 335
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise

Rich from the artist's hand! Twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening loins the vest infold; 340
Down from the swelling waist the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.

A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright, 345
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.

Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And flow behind her daisied train attends. 350

Then to the dance they form the vocal train.
Till Hesperus leads forth the merry train;
And now he raises, as the day light fades,
His golden circle in the deepening shades:

Three vases heap'd with copious fires display 355
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away! 360
Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care, 365
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.

Scornful they heard: Melanthio, fair and young,
(Melanthio from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred) 370
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain 375
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl? 380
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind.
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!

To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue:
Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.

With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look. 390

Then to the servile task the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: mean while, in museful mood
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.
And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs 395
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,
Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man:
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some God, no doubt, this stranger kindly
sends: 400

The shining baldness of his beard survey,
It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray —
Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade, 405
To dress the walk, and form th' embowering shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive. }

To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince! en-
gage 410
In rival talks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;

Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds,
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds:
Beneath my labour how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and shield,
And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st
thou,—say,— 420

Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain. 425
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:

I have, I with justice might deserve the wrong! 430
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverend to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe: 435

He said, and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round, 440
Full on his shoulders it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mount the sky,
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry: 445
Oh! had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond! for him the great destroy, 450
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.

To whom the stern Telemachus arose:
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl? 455
Or Heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:
True are his words, and he whom truth offends,
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the Powers divine: 465
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands,
This justice, thus the social rite demands.

The peers assent: the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and core in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours 470
To the blest Gods who fill th' aerial bowers;
Then, swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey
And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phœacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd :
Revenge mature for aet inflam'd his breast ;
And thus the son the fervent fire address'd :
Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with sacred care :
The cause demanded by the suitor train,
To soothe their fears, a specious reason feign :
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn :
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of foul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus : The female band
In their apartments keep ; secure the doors :
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid ; my thoughtless youth they
blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering flame.
In happy hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise !
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir,
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide ?
Without infringing hospitable rite,
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light :
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast ;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste.
He said ; from female ken she straight secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors :
Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The plumed-crested helms, and pointed spears.
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends ;
Not such the sickly beams, which, unrefere,
Gild the cross vapour of this nether sphere !
A present deity the prince confess'd,
And wrapt with ecstacy the fire address'd :
What miracle thus dazzles with surprise !
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise :

The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn !
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.
Be calm, replies the fire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart :
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose ; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train :
The pensive queen, perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends :
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Fill on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of deaths, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the Martial Maid ;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state,
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd :
With ivory silver'd-thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd ;
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd :
The golden goblet borne, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board :
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melanthe with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen :
Avant, she cry'd, offensive to my sight !
Doom not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman state acquaint to pry ;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy !
Vagrant, he gone ! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wail'd it hissing in her hand.
Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why so turbulent of soul ? he cries ;
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rage, enkindle rage ?
In crowds we bear the badge of hungry Fate ;
And beg, degraded from superior state !

Constrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live ;
 Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give :
 A palace, wealth, and slaves, I late possess'd,
 And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd
 My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
 Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
 Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid !
 'Tis Jove's high will, and he his will obey'd !
 Nor think thyself exempt : that rosy prime 100
 Must share the general doom of withering time :
 To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
 Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide ;
 And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride. }
 Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware : 105
 Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care ;
 Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys,
 Potent to punish what he cannot praise.

Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's
 Loquacious insolent ! she cries, forbear : 110 [ear ;
 To thee the purpose of my soul I told :
 Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold :
 The storied labours of my wandering lord,
 To soothe my grief he haply may record :
 Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung :
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue !
 But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
 Eurynome, regard the stranger-friend :

A feat, soft-spread with furry spoils, prepare ;
 Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear. 120

The menial fair obeys with cautious haste :
 A feat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd :
 Due-distant for discourse the hero fate ;
 When thus the sovereign from her chair of state :
 Reveal, obsequious to my first demand, 125
 Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.

He thus : O queen ! whose far-resounding fame
 Is bounded only by the starry frame ;
 Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
 Whose pious rule a warlike race obey : 130
 In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd ;
 Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd ;
 With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd ;
 And fish of every fin thy seas afford ;
 Their affluent joys, thy grateful realms confess,
 And bless the Power that still delights to bless.
 Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame !
 Forbear to know my lineage, or my name :

Urge not this breath to heave, these eyes to weep ;
 In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep ! 140
 My woes awak'd will violate your ear ;
 And to this gay censorious train appear
 A winy vapour melting in a tear. }

Their gifts the Gods resum'd [the queen re-
 join'd)

Exterior grace, and energy of mind : 145
 When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
 Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
 My lord's protecting hand alone would raise
 My drooping verdure, and extend my praise !
 Peers from the distant Samian shores resort ; 150
 Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court :
 Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
 And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves :
 Ottered on my choice a second lord,
 They press the Hymenean rite abhor'd. 155
 My rule thus mingling with domestic cares,
 I live regardless of my state affairs :

Receive no stranger guest, no poor relieve ;
 But ever for my lord in secret grieve ?—

This art, instinct by some celestial Power, 160
 I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour :

" Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart,
 " Where dread Ulysses claims no future part,
 " Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
 " Till this funereal web my labours end : 165
 " Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
 " A pall of state, the ornament of death.

" For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
 " With just reproach were licens'd to defame ;
 " Should he, long honour'd in supreme command
 " Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
 The fiction pleas'd ! their loves I long elude ;
 The night still ravel'd what the day renew'd,
 Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
 My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd : 175

Befriended by my own domestic spies,
 The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
 From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
 And fear forbids to falsify the breed.

My anxious parents urge a speedy choice, 180
 And to their suffrage gain the filial voice,
 For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—
 But, stranger ! as thy days seem full of fate,
 Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate : 185
 Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race :
 No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.

Princess ! he cries, renew'd by your command,
 The dear remembrance of my native land
 Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source ; 190
 And tears repeat their long forgotten course !
 So pays the wretch whom Fate constrains to
 roam !

The dues of nature to his natal home'—
 But inward on my soul let sorrow prey,
 Your sovereign will my duty bids obey. 195

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil !
 And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle .
 Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
 In various tongues avow their various claims :
 Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew, 200
 And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due :

The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
 Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share ;
 Cnossus, her capital of high command,
 Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand 205
 Divided right ; each ninth revolving year
 By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.

His son Deucalion bore successive sway ;
 His son, who gave me first to view the day !
 The royal bed an elder issue blest, 210

Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
 Of matchless deeds : untrain'd to martial toil
 I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
 Studious of peace ; and Æthon is my name.
 'Twas then to Crete that great Ulysses came ; 215
 For elemental war, and wintry Jove,

From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
 To bright Lucina's fane ; the shelly coast
 Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port !) 220

The hero speeded to the Cnossian court :
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
 In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd,

Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,

Since my brave brother with his Cretan band 225
Had fail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
Bees for his train the Cnossian peers assign
A public trait, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial space, 230
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And, when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles 235
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales, 240
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare;
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear, 250
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts the softening tear.

A speechless interval of grief ensues
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:
Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof;
Delineate to my view my warlike lord, 255
His form, his habit, and his train record.

'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight;
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd: 260
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast
The double clasp'd gold the king confest.
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn, 265
Bore on full-stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn;
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone

A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun: 270
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest, 275
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn, sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erflec'd his bending head, 280
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread;
Eurybates' in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own.

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,
In all he told she recogniz'd her lord, 285
But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers;
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers:
Oh! thou, she cry'd, whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end: 290
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!

The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd: 295
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame, }
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim. 300
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend; 305
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.

The royal object of your dearest care
Breaths in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd: 310
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree, 315
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.

To better Fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast. 320

That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul 325
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway

Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey: 330
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To wait the hero to his natal land.

I for Dulichium urge the watery way, 335
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!

The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodone in Jove; 340
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shroud

In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd? [345
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam
Soon will he grace his dear paternal dome.

By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run; 350
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen,
are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true: 355

My lord's return should fate no more retard,
 Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward:
 But my prophetic fears, alas! presage.
 The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage.
 I long must weep, nor will Ulysses come, 360
 With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!—
 Your other task, ye menial train, forbear:
 Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare:
 With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
 Up-rising early with the purple morn, 365
 His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
 In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
 Then with Telemachus the social feast
 Partaking free, my sole-invited guest;
 Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due, 370
 The breach of hospitable right may rue.
 The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
 In real fame, when most humane my deed:
 And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,
 If, stranger! I permit that mean attire, 375
 Beneath the feastful bower. A narrow space
 Confines the circle of our destin'd race;
 'Tis ours with good the scanty round to grace.
 Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
 Dreaded in life the mutter'd curse pursues: 380
 By death disrob'd of all their savage powers,
 Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
 But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;
 The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame, 385
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.
 Princess, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
 On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe.
 When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew; 390
 The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
 I chose the livery of a woeful mind!
 Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
 With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
 Low couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I
 scorn, 395
 And catch the glances of the waking morn.
 The delicacy of your courtly train
 To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;
 But if, in track of long experience try'd,
 And sad similitude of woes ally'd, 400
 Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
 To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.
 Pleas'd with his wife reply, the queen rejoin'd:
 Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
 In all who grac'd this hospitable bower 405
 I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.
 Such servant as your humble choice requires,
 To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,
 New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
 His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd 410
 Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;
 Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd
 Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—
 Rise, Euryclea! with officious care
 For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare: 415
 'This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
 Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
 Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
 For age untimely marks the careful brow!
 Instant, obsequious to the mild command, 420
 Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand

She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
 And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
 Son of my love, and monarch of my cares:
 What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears! 425
 Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid
 With pious deed and pure devotion paid!
 He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane,
 Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:
 There oft implor'd his tutelary power, 430
 Long to pretract the sad sepulchral hour;
 That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
 His realm might recognise an equal heir.
 Oh destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
 His God forgets him on a foreign coast!— 435
 Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
 The rich insult him, and the young deride!
 Conscious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
 The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
 My will concurring with my queen's command, 440
 Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
 A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
 In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
 Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
 None imagin'd e'er like thee my master lost. 445
 Thus half discovered through the dark disguise,
 With cold composure feign'd, the chief replies:
 You join your suffrage to the public vote;
 The same you think, have all beholders thought.
 He said. Replenish'd from the purest springs, 450
 The laver straight with busy care she brings:
 In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
 The boiling fluid tempers the cold.
 Mean time revolving in his thoughtful mind
 The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd; 455
 His face averting from the crackling blaze,
 His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
 Thus cautious in the obscure he hop'd to fly
 The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
 Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find 460
 The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
 This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
 With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
 Attended by his brave maternal race,
 His grandfire sent him to the sylvan chase, 465
 Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
 For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame;
 Hermes, his Patron-God, those Gifts bestow'd,
 Whose shrine with weaning lambs he went to lead.)
 His course to Ithaca this hero sped, 470
 When the first product of Laertes' bed
 Was new disclos'd to birth: the banquet ends,
 When Euryclea from the queen descends,
 And to his fond embrace the babe commends. }
 "Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son; 475
 "And name the blessings that your prayers have
 won."
 Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
 "Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
 "A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
 "The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name! 480
 "And when with filial love the youth shall come
 "To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
 "With gifts of price shall send him joyous
 "home."
 Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful
 prime
 Ended in man, his mother's natal clime. 485

Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient * lord an equal joy possess;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled; 490
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed.
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul,) }
This Phœbus wheeling to the western goal 495 }
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole. }
Their drooping eyes the slumberous shade oppress'd,
Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night; 500
Ulysses and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyce, assay the chase.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop in-
vades:

What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wiles the wood-men fierce assail:
And, foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war, 510
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bower,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store; 515
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine. 520
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;
The savage renders vain the wound decreed:
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!
His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore; 525
Aslope they glanc'd, the finewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulysses undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;
To the right shoulder-joint the spear apply'd:
His further flank the streaming purple dy'd: 530
On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vast surprise, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then, chanting mystic lays, the closing wound 535
Of sacred melody confes'd the force;
The tides of life regain their azure course.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaims;
Autolyceus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome 540
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chase, and early praise achiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee, inearn'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war 540
When Euryalea found, re'ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her black hand re-
leas'd;

* Autolyceus.

The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife ex-
press'd 550

Of grief and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My son! my king!—she cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast, 555
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:

But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fixed her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Euryalea's mouth applied, 560
Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd? }
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes, 565
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies.

At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
Th' Heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve the treasure of thy inmost mind: 570
Else, if the Gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the tutor-train:
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear: 575
What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe!
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;
With ribs of steel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd; 580
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.

Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness judge precludes a long appeal: 585
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.

He said: obsequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:
The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil. 590
Adjutting to his limbs the tatter'd vest;
His former seat receiv'd the stranger guest,
Whom thus with pensive air the queen address'd: }

Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize:
A while, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restless hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domestic cares employ:

And unattended by sincere repose, 600
The night afflicts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,
My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.
As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery shades unseen, 605
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance mislaid the mother to destroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beau-
teous boy. 610 }

So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!

My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
 Devious from care to care incessant strays.
 Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair; 615
 Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
 And, joining to my son's my menial train,
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign!
 Or, since, mature in manhood, he deploras
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores; 620
 Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
 And from the peers select the noblest lord?
 So by my choice-avow'd, at length decide
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
 A visionary thought I'll now relate; 625

Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate:
 A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
 Amuse my penfive hours. The bird of Jove
 Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:
 Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,
 And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
 My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,
 To view their death thus imag'd in a dream;
 With tender sympathy to soothe my soul, 635
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
 Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man.) 640
 O Queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
 View in this plummy form thy victor lord;
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword. 645
 This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.
 When, from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.

The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies) 650
 Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
 Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
 And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.

Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoins'd,
 Impending destinies in dreams to find: 655
 Immur'd within the silent bower of sleep,
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
 Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
 Of winged lies a light fantastic train:

The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn, 660
 And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn:
 Where images of truth for passage wait,
 With visions manifest of future fate.
 Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
 Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd: 665
 Delusive semblance!—but my remnant life
 Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
 With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
 For me the rival archers shall contend.
 As on the list'd field he us'd to place 670
 Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal space:
 Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
 Sure through fix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
 So, when the sun restores the purple day,
 Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay: 675
 To him the spousal honour is decreed,
 Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
 Torn from these walls (where long and kinder
 Powers [hours!]
 With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful
 On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam; 680
 The pleasure vast supplies a copious theme
 For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful
 dream!

Propose the sportive lot (the chief replies)
 Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
 Ulysses will surprise th' unfinish'd game 685
 Avow'd, and falsify the suitor's claim.

To whom, with grace serene, the queen rejoins'd:
 In all thy speech, what pleasing force I find!
 O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,
 I part reluctant from the pleasing tale. 690
 But Heaven, that knows what all terrestrial need,
 Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:
 Grateful vicissitude! yet me withdrawn,
 Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
 Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy 695
 Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses fail'd to Troy!
 Mean time instructed is the menial tribe
 Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.

Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends;
 The sovereign-step a beauteous train attends; 700
 There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;
 Down her pale cheek new streaming sorrow flows:
 Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
 And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his waking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaste, 5
With dutious care, a downy carpet cast:
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavillion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lew'd loves his wakeful eyes survey; 10
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung!
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame 15
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace;
Round his swollen heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, 20
And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compress'd,
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
Poor suffering heart! he cried, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain,
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil, 25
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed,
By patient prudence from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on Reason's peaceful coast
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer toss'd: 30
Restless his body roll'd, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-eye'd famine pin'd,
The savory eates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient of repast:
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd, 35
In self debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven descends the Jove-born Martial
Maid:

And hovering o'er his head in view confess'd, 40
The Goddess thus her favourite care address'd:

O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow,
Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoind);
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hostile crew 50
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliary aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; Oh! say, celestial Maid:
Where shall Ulysses die, or how sustain, 55
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?

Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies.
Doubt you the Gods! Lo! Pallas! self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends, 60
In me affianc'd fortify thy breast,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest:
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field,
Now pay the debt to craving nature due, 65
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew.

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She ceas'd. Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:

The Goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies. }

Not to the queen: the downy bands of sleep;
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair:
Then thus her fate invoc'd, with fervent prayer:

Diana! speed thy deathful eben dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart. 75
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toss'd through the void illimitable space:
Or, if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud,
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-ir, 80
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyself untimely, and thy comfort dy'd,
But four celestials both your cares supply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears

With honey, mil, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd 86
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With stately growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst, to learn their lots in nuptial love, 90
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove
(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of Fate expanded lie);
Wing'd harpies snatch'd the unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey. 95

Be such my lot! Or thou, Diana, speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead;
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane. 100
When woes the waking sense alone assail
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable every dream. 105
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise, 110
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breaths her moan;
The sounds assault Ulysses wakeful ear:
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear 115
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air);
And thus the Gods invoc'd with ardent prayer:

Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend,
If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose
Let one a blissful omen here disclose; 125
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above!

Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

N n

Soon, with consummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind; 135
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of
man),

Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd, 140
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious
mind;

And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:
Father of Gods and men; whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent) 145
In this blest moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'er toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast, 150
And be this festival decreed their last!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant fabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd; 160
And Euryclia thus he there address'd:

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repose
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd? 165
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest err).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus: Oh! cease that ever honour'd name
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd:
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unblest'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate! 175
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port, 180
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince re-
pair'd:

Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day; 185
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' absterfve sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold; 191
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:

Dispatch! for soon the suitors will essay 195
The lunar feast-rites to the God of day,

She said: with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toil the raft adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come. 200
Some wield the founding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn:
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd, 205
He brought; the choicest of the tusk-kind:
In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly speech renew'd:
Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind hu-
mane? 211

Some pitying God (Ulysses sad reply'd)
With volied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right, restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tolt, 216
All cheaply satiated at another's cost!

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd 220
Spontaneous to the suitor's feast prefer'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound;
And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man: 225

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
These arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast 230
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephalonia cross the furgy main
Philæus late arriv'd, a faithful swain. 235
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their
race:

Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the brittly kind 240
He thus began, benevolent of mind;
What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipse of Fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine. 245
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
Stranger! may Fate a milder aspect show, 250
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!

The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man, 255
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:

O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
 Fresh flow my tears, and fl all for ever flow! 260
 Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home!
 Like thee, in rags obscene, decreed to roam!
 Or, haply perish'd on some distant coast,
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
 Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave, 265
 I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!
 His kind protecting hand my youth prefer'd,
 The regent of his Cephalelian herd:
 With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads. 270
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import
 To cram these cormorants that crowd his court;
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
 Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside, 275
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
 Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
 And with the royal herd protection buy:
 Then happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:
 In opening prospects of ideal joy,
 My king returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
 Attend a deed already ripe in Fate; 285
 Attest, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
 This sacred truth attest each genial Power,
 Who blest the board, and guard this friendly bower
 Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
 Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful
 reign

By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
 And to the shades devote the suitor-train.

O Jove supreme! the raptur'd swain replies,
 With deed consummate soon the promis'd joys!
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung
 In that blest cause should emulate the young—
 Assents Eumæus to the prayer address'd:
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.

Mean time the suitors urge the prince's fate,
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate: 300
 When, in his airy tour the bird of Jove
 Truist'd with his snowy pounce a trembling dove:
 Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd: 305

The Gods from force and fraud the prince de-
 O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend: [fend;
 Your future thought let fable Fate employ;
 And give the present hour to genial j'y. [ceas'd,

From council straight th' assenting peerage
 And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast. 310
 Disrob'd their vetts apart in order lay,
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
 With fire prepar'd, they deal the morsels round,
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
 By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
 Melanthius from an ample jar suppli'd:
 High canisters of bread Philætius plac'd; 320
 And eager all devour the rich repast.
 Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,

The prince appoints; but to his fire assigns
 The tasteful inwards, and rectareous wines. 325
 Partake, my guest, he cry'd, without control
 The social feast, and drain the chapering bowl:
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be, 330
 From my great fire too soon devolv'd to me!
 Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
 Left arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave and young,
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the
 tongue. 335

Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
 Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
 That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd Antinous ceas'd:
 Mean while the pomp of festival increas'd 340
 By herald's rank'd, in marshal'd order move
 The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid; 345
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.

But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
 (And humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
 Observant of the prince's high behest,
 His menial train attend the stranger-guest: 350
 Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
 A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
 Of vice, who seem'd with many a dead-born jest;
 And urg'd, for title to a consort queen. 355

Uncumber'd acres arable and green
 (Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
 And thus burst out th' impostumate with pride:

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
 Let each a token of esteem bestow; 361
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
 With which he nobly may discharge his feat,
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said: and of the steer before him plac'd,
 That snowy fragment at Ulysses cast,
 Where to the pattern-bone by nerves combin'd,
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
 Which whizzing high the wall unseemly sign'd. }
 The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile; 370
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
 When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
 Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
 Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear: 375
 Nor could thy fire, a queen his daughter boast;
 The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
 No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless power
 Invade my dome; my herds and flocks devour:
 For genuine worth of age mature to know 380
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
 Or, if each other's wrongs ye still support,
 With rapes and riot to profane my court;
 What single arm with numbers can contend?
 On me let all your lifted swords descend, 385
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensued,
 By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A just reproof, ye peers! your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and mortal train : 390
And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent yourself, and gain the royal will,
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your fire restor'd,
O! 'g it the queen refus'd a second lord.
But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate, 395
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire :
The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contested prize : 400
Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome possess'd.

Sage and serene Telemachus replies ;
By him at whose behest the thunder lies,
And by the name on earth I most revere, 405
By great Ulysses and his woes, I swear,
(Who never must review his dear domain ;
Inroll'd, perhaps in Pluto's dreary train !)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse : 410
But from this dome my parent queen to chase!
From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace.

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom !
A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd ; 415
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud :
Floating in gore, portentous to survey !
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay ;
Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe. 420
In vision rant; the * Hyperæan seer
Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near :

Oh race to death devote! with Stygian shade
Each destin'd peer impending Fates invade :
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd ;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round :
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling
To people Cæus and the burning coals! [ghosts

* *Theo. Lycæus.*

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll.

But universal night usurps the pole ! 430

Yet warm'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the fure divine of Fate ;
And thus Euryfachus : The dotard's mind
To every sense is lost, to reason blind :
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away ; 435
Let him in open air behold the day.

Tax not (the Heaven-illumin'd seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind!
No cloud of error dim th' æthereal rays,
Hier equal power each faithful sense obeys. 440
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths descend ;
Lest, the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer, 445
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit :
Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice ; 450
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, timorous, toil-detesting drone ?
That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at least, believe a friend,
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send, 455
Where, if they yield their freight across the main
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they: but nought the prince re-
Full on his fire he roll'd his ardent eyes ; [plies ;
Impatient straight to best his virgin-sword,
From the wife chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen
To see the circlet fate, of all unseen.
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare 460
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care :
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed ;
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed !

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulysses's Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlet. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philæus apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, deposes, leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires :
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame ; 5
But discord and black death await the game !

The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends ;
A brazen key she held, th' handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd eleyha : adorn'd : 10
Swift to the innermost room she bent her way,
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay ;

There stood one high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd: [trod,
Beneath Orsiloehus's roof they met;

One loss was private, one a public debt; 20
Ithaca's state from Ithaca detains

Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-swains;
And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.

But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares, 25
Search'd the wide country for his wandering
mares,

And mules, the strongest of the labouring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!

For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgress'd;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:

He gave the bow! and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:

Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore 35
Their first, last pledges; for they met no more!

The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land;

Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend. 40

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;

Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)

The folding gates a dazzling light display'd, 45
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.

The belt, obedient to the silken string,
Forbids the staple as she pulls the ring;

The wards respondent to the key turn round:
The bars fall back; the flying valves resound; 50

Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.

She moves majestic through the wealthy room,
Where treasure'd garments cast a rich perfume;

There from the column where aloft it hung, 55
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung;

Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive fate, and tears began to flow.

To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent to the joyous hall returns, 60

To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings,

Full in the portal the chaste queen appears, 65
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:

On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:

Say you, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;

If these neglected, faded charms can move? 71
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?

If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife:

Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend, 75
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,

Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,

Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night? 80

Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.

From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.

Philætiæ too relents, but secret shed 85
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:

Hence to your fields, you rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;

Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man. 90

Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the seat with due respect, or go

To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow: }
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew

That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew. 95
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er

While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain

The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise, 100

And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,

Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king }
Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing!

Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;

When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?

Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian state supplies, 110

Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose:

A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.

No more excuses then, no more delay, 115
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.

I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring.

Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost; 120

But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.

He spoke: then, rising, his broad sword un-
bound,

And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd 125

The level axes, and the points made fast
(His perfect skill the wondering gazer's ey'd,

The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;

And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand:
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;

Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:

And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great fire with joy

Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy. 135
His ardour straight th' obedient prince suppress'd,

And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!

(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure!)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow, 141

Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has

Accept the trial, and the prize contest. [blest

He cast the bow before him, and apart 145
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son,
The bold Antinous to the rest begun :
" From where the goblet first begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow, 150
" And prove your several strength.—The princes
heard,

And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd :
The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place :
He, only he, of all the suitor throng, 155
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains !
Already in despair he gives it o'er :
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more. 160
What numerous deaths attend his fatal bow !
What souls and spirits shall it send below !
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow saller than to-day. 166
How long in vain Penelope we fought ;
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live, 170
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.

Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose. 175

To him Antinous thus with rury said :
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled !
Thy coward-function ever is in fear ;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave ? 180
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare ;
He gives it instant flame : then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide. 184
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain ;
The bow inflexible resists their pain
The force of great Eurymachus alone 190
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown ;
Those only now remain'd ; but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew. 195
The king observes them : he the hall forsakes
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke :
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock !
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal, 200
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell ?
Say, should some favouring God restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign ? [ford,
How beat your hearts ? what aid would you as-
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord ? 205

Philetius thus : Oh were thy word not vain !
Would mighty Jove restore that man again !
These aged sinews with new vigour strung
In his blest cause should emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd 210
Each Power above, with wishes for his lord.

He saw their secret souls, and thus began :
Those vows the Gods accord : behold the man !
Your own Ulysses ! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapless land :
At length he comes ; but comes despis'd, un-
known,

And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their prayers forgot !
Hear then, my friends : If Jove this arm suc-
ceed, 121

And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives ;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend, 125
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye ;
Lo ! the broad scar indented on my thigh,

When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusked boar. 130
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd ;
Eager they view'd ; with joy they stood amaz'd ;
With tearful eyes o'er all their matter gaz'd :
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd :
Tears follow'd tears ; no word was in their pow-
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower. [er :
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their
hands,

And moveless as a marble fountain stands. 140
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun.
But first the wife man ceas'd, and thus begun :
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy. 145

Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near :
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know

The haughty suitors will deny the bow : 150
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate :
Close let them keep, whatever invades their ear ;
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans, they
hear.

To thy strict charge, Philetius, we consign
The court's main gate : to guard that pass be
thine.

This said, he first return'd : the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains. 160
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands :
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began :

I mourn the common cause : for, oh, my
friends ! 165

On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends !
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore)
But baffled thus : confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow !
How shall all ages our attempt deride !
Our weakness scorn ! Antinous thus reply'd :

Not so, Eurymachus; that no man draws
That wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day, 175
Which thoughtless we in games would waste
away:

Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the fewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine, 180
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow 185
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds
bring

The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around. 190
That rite complete, uprose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began:

If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief if it hurt not great Antinous ear, 195
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion please,
Give Heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies. 200
But, since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain; 205
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?

Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.
Antinous then: Oh, miserable guest! 210
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer? 215

To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithous' roots with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; till one and all 220
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they storten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first. 225

Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings, 230
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

To this the queen her just dislike express'd:
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the stranger guest.
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.

What, if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd, 240
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord;
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.

Oh fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoind)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave, 250
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whose bow they could not
"bend!

"In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
"And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen: If fame engage your
views,

Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise: 260
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day, 265
Hence to reward his merit he shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name! 270
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain; 275
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry, 280
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as she sat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her
heart. 285

On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Fallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, intestine, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men, 290
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, false slave, and fight their empty words:
What! hopes the fool to please so many heads?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the
land.

Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go 405
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!

The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day,
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strike-full bow, and gives it to the king. 410
Old Euryclea calling them aside,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd);
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear, 415
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates. 420
In the same moment forth Philottus flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board 425
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Left time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long. 430
While some deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy: or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals—
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find. }
He drest, he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye. 440
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,

To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute resists with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's
cry. 450

A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face,
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding sky
In lightning burst: Jove thunder'd from on
high.

Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord, 455
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Fast by the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death),

Now sitting as he was the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view; 460
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it
wing:

The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring. }
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through the solid gate re-
ounds. 465

Then to the Prince: Nor have I wrought thee
shame;

Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard, nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers' disdain; 470
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight. 475

He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrow: the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philottus. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phomius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their majesty with all demonstrations of joy.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God;
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store:
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw, 5
And thus, terrific, to the suitor crew:

One venturous game this hand has won to-day
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain,
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain. 10
Swift as the word the parting arrow fings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:

Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath:
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death
For Fate who fear'd amidst a fearful band? 16
And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows, 20
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd the loaded table falls, 24
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, contounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the doine they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Ain't thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said) 31
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlook'd guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee—thus incens'd they spoke,
While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous stroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke: 40

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd, 45
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws, or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days: 50
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom,
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd: 56

If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulysses live, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs; and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land; 60
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims; but juster Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh spare 66
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:
The waste of years refunded in a day. 70

Till then thy wrath is just—Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call; 75
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all:

Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die; 80
And die I trust ye shall—He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped, 85
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive; 90
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste.
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd, 95
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd confusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl. 100
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground.
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness divid'd and hell.
Next bold Amphinomos his arm extends 105
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor, 110
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with
gore 111

He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the mighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford, 114
To run between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his foe he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries);
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fate by our side let either faithful swain 120
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an ho,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.

With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies 125
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight resplendent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his fire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone, 130
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent, 136
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass : 145
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there :
When Agelaüs thus : Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town shall force the door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.
Melanthius then : That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myself with arms can furnish all the train ; 155
Stores from the royal magazine I bring.
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king.

He said ; and, mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets
bears :

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears 160
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On every side he sees the labour grow :
Oh curst event ! and, oh ! unlook'd for aid !
Melanthius, or the woman have betray'd— 165
Oh, my dear son !—the father with a sigh !
Then ceas'd ; the filial virtue made reply :

Faithhood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed ; this was mine alone ;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar, 170
And hence the villain has supply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door :
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Delius' son. 175

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again,
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd, Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side :

The miscreant we suspected takes that way ;
Hem, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay ? 181
Or drive him hither to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed ?

Not so (reply'd Ulysses) leave him there,
For us sufficient is another care : 185
Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon, backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind ;
On this his body by strong cords extend 190
And on a column near the roof suspend !
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes 195
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes) :
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The brass corroded and the leather torn : 200
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd the zealous swains fulfil 205
At every point their master's rigid will :

First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then frighten'd cords involv'd his body round :
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,

The howling felon swang from side to side. 210
Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain :

There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain !
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height,
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light ;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive the victims to the suitor's feast. 216

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away :
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses ; four against an host. 220

When, lo ! descending to our hero's aid
Love's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side ;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd :

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend :
Oh, every sacred name in one ! my friend ! 226
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown :
Whatever through life's whole series I have done,
Of good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all. 230

Thus he ; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.

The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,
And first, loud threat'ning, Agelaüs cry'd :

Mentor, beware ! nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid ; 236
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the fire's and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here ? Thee first the sword shall
slay,

Then lop thy whole posterity away ; 240
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send ;
With his thy forfeit lands and treasures blend ;
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.

His barbarous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires : 245

Art thou Ulysses ? Where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind ?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead ?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust ?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done ?
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son ?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend ;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend, 255
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend !

She spoke ; but, willing longer to survey
The fire and son's great acts, withheld the day ;
By further toils decreed the brave to try,
And level poi'd the wings of victory : 260
Then in a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight.

Damasto's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war ; Eurynomus succeeds ; 265
With these, Pisander, great Polydor's son.
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus, these six survive ;
The best of all, the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand, 270
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the logging band.

The hour is come, when you fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boat;
The four remain, but four against an host. 275
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain;
Thus shall one stroke he glory lost regain.
Then all at once their mingled lances threw, 280
And thirty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the wall;
The storm pass'd innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their pass'd misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, fall;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls. 296
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the Virgin-power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall; 301
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless on the pavement sounding dead.

The bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd: 306
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each fung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd the next, Eurydamus, to bear 311
The death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled
And thus Philætiæ gloried o'er the dead. 316

There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain;
Oh! sharp in scandal, voluble, and vain! [dain;
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of a lions and our fates are known;
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear: 321
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damasfordes that instant fell;
Fast-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way 326
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

Now Pallas shines confest! aloft she spreads:
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blaze in their eye; 341
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they
fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle
spring.

Not half so keen fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended snares beset, 348
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan, 354
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Leiodes first before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed, 359
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsel'd well.
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly tell.
Oh! spare an augur's consecrated head, 364
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead!

Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily orisons were paid: 369
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he
took

Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the Heaven-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly 380
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid. 383

His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuade, thus with accent soft began;

O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd, 388
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poetry are sown; 395
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.

That here I sung, was force, and not desire; 399
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends. 403
Oh! mix not, Father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give 409
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth unhappy Medon lay,

Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide:
 Swift at the word he cast his screen aside, 414
 Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
 And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
 O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon stands;
 Ah! stop the hero's unreluctant hands,
 Incens'd too justly by that impious brood. 419
 Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.
 To whom Ulysses with a pleading eye:
 Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
 Live an example for the world to read,
 How much more safe the good than evil deed:
 Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace
 resort
 From blood and carnage to yon open court:
 Me other work requires—With timorous awe
 From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
 Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
 To the bright altars of Protector Jove. 430
 Mean while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
 If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
 Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
 All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
 So when, by hollow floors, the fisher train 435
 Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
 And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught
 contain,
 All naked of their element, and bare,
 The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air;
 Wide o'er the sands are spread the suff'ring prey,
 Till the warm sun exhales their soul away. 330
 And now the king commands his son to call
 Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
 The son, obedient not a moment stays:
 The aged governess with speed obeys: 445
 The sounding portals instant they display;
 The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
 On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
 All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
 So the grim lion from the slaughter comes, 450
 Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
 His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
 His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
 Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
 The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete;
 A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
 The hero chuck'd her, and compositely said—
 Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
 Indecency, and seal thy secret soul.
 T' insult the dead, is cruel and unjust; 460
 Fate and their crime have sent them to the dust.
 Nor heedest thou the censure of mankind.
 The good and bad were equal in their mind.
 Justly the price of worthless lives they paid,
 And each now waits an unlamented shade. 465
 But thou, niece, O Euryclea! say
 What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
 The queen: In these thy kingly walls remain
 (My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
 Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
 And servitude with pleasing task deceive; 470
 Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
 Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
 Nor fits it that Telemachus command
 (Young as he is) his mother's female band. 475

Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
 Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
 There wake her with the news—the matron
 cry'd.
 Not so, (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
 Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty
 deeds: 480
 In haste the matron parts; the king proceeds:
 Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
 To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
 Th' offending females to that task we doom,
 To wash, to scent, and purify the room. 486
 These (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
 And all the melancholy labour done)
 Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
 There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
 So with the suitors let them mix in dust, 490
 Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.
 He said: the lamentable train appear,
 Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
 Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
 The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
 The chief severe, compelling each to move,
 Urg'd the dice talk imperious from above.
 With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
 (The swains unite their toil) the walls, the
 floor, [gore.]
 Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of
 Once more the palace set in fair array,
 To the base court the females take their way;
 There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
 (Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their
 fall. 505
 Then thus the prince: To these shall we afford
 A fate so pure as by the martial sword!
 To these, the nightly prostitutes, to flame,
 And base revilers of our house and name?
 Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
 A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
 Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
 Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
 Their heads above connected in a row,
 They beat the air with quivering feet below: 515
 Thus, on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
 The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
 Soon fell the foul impure, and left behind
 The empty corse to waver with the wind.
 Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
 Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
 Morfel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
 The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
 His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
 He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—
 They wash, and to Ulysses take their way; 226
 So ends the bloody business of the day.
 To Euryclea then address'd the king:
 Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
 To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
 And let her with her matron-train descend;
 The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
 Assemble here to learn their lord's command.
 Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
 But cast those mean dishonest rags away: 535
 Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
 Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

"Bring sulphur firaits, and fire," (the monarch cries)

She hears and at the word obedient flies,
With lire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.

They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand

A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her; but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has passed during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THEN to the queen as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;

The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise my child, arise!

At length appears the long-expected hour!

Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!

No more they view the golden light of day!

Arise, and blest thee with the glad survey!

Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen re-join'd

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

The righteous Powers, who tread the starry skies,

The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,

And human thought with unresisted sway,

Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:

Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,

And tolly, with the tongue of Wisdom, speaks:

Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!

Was it to flatter or deride my woes?

Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,

Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,

Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy store,

O Troy!—may never tongue pronounce thee more!

Be gone: another might have felt our rage,

But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.

To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;

Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:

That stranger, patient o' the suitors' wrongs,

And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,

He, he is thine. Thy son his latent guest

Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;

With well-concreted art to end his woes,

And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung

Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;

Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,

Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?

How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?

I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,

When death was busy, a loud dying groan;

The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound,

Immur'd we fate, and catch'd each passing sound;

When death had seiz'd her prey thy son attends,

And at his nod the damsel-train descends;

There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,

And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;

Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to survey,

Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,

Glorious in gore now with sulphureous fires

The dome he purges, now the flame aspires:

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls—

Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!

Thy every wish the bounteous Gods bestow,

Enjoy the present good, and former woe;

Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;

He lives to thy Telamachus and thee!

Ah! no; with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,

Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind;

How blest'd this happy hour, should he appear,

Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!

Ah! no; some God the suitors' deaths decreed,

Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;

Blind! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,

And violate all hospitable laws!

The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;

But Heaven is just, and by a God they dy'd,

For never must Ulysses view this shore

Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more:

What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?

Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?

Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day

That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watery way,

A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war

Plough'd half this thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,

And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;

But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.

Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
Wife is thy soul, but errors seize the wife;
The works of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who knows their motives? Who shall trace their
way?

But learn we instant how the suitors trod 85
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove!
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love! 90
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state,
Oppos'd before the shining fire grate.

The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground; 95
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she sate, and impotent to speak;
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts
again.

At length Telemachus—Ch! who can find 100
A woman like Penelope unkind?

Why thus in silence! why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are pass'd of mighty woes;
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

O my Telemachus! the queen rejoins'd,
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes, 110
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts arise.

Oh! deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife; 115
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king:

No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.

If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands; 121

By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage fall;
Th' Important deed our whole attention calls.

Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise; 125
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And darest follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise, 131
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the swift lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings. 135
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspired by Jove.

Thus spoke the king: th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array: 141
The lyrist strikes the string: gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.

The voice attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds; 145
Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.

Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.

Mean while the weary'd king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Eurynome attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:
Then, dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine. 155

Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.

As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold: 161
So Pallas his heroic form improves

With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort sate. 165

And, O my queen he cries, what power above
Has steel'd that heart averse to spousal love!

Canst thou, Penelope, when heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,

Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey 170
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?

Haste, Euriclea, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast,

Ah! no; she cries, a tender heart I bear, 176
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;

And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses, my belov'd in thee!

Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy, 180
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!

Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state!

Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with dis-
guise;

Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas, for this! what mortal strength can move 185

The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;

But the whole earth must move, if Heaven com-
mands.

Then hear sure evidence, while we display 190
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:

This hand the wonder-fram'd; an olive spread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.

Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky; 195

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower;

The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines,

I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain 200
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;

Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular, from space to space:

Athwart the frame, at equal distance, lie 204
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;

Then, polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold,

But if o'erturn'd by rude ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to say : and now impart, 210
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart ?

While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She laments, trembles, falls, and faints away :
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew :
The tears pour'd down again : and, Oh ! she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise !
Oh ! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart !
The righteous Powers, that mortal lots dispose, 220
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh ! let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to speak my love, 225
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms !
I dreaded fraud ! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey :
Against the fondness of my heart I strove, 230
'Twas caution, O my lord ! not want of love :
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms ;
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day ;
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray. 235
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed :

Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives ?
I yield ! I yield ! my own Ulysses lives ! 241
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bower). 245
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture
hears. [tears.

Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores 250
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars ;
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky ;
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die ;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves, 255
All pale, with ooze deform'd he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land :
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows,
Nor had they ended till the morning ray : 260
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gray Aurora in the wavy main !
Whose flaming steeds emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies :
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repose denies ;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind ;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd :
For, to Tirebas through th' eternal gates 270
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.

But end we here—the night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch ! and peace awhile, my woes !

To whom the queen : Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch ; far hence he woes away ;
Since the just Gods, who tread the starry plains,
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns,
But what those perils Heaven decrees, impart :
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart,
To this the king : Ah ! why must I disclose 280
A dreadful story of approaching woes ?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with
tears ?

Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas ;
From realm to realm a nation to explore 286
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main ;
An oar my hand must bear ; a shepherd eyes 290
The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
And call a corn-van : this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main ;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar : 300
Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all the ethereal Powers.

Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days.
And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
Unknown to pain, in age resign my breath, 305
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death ;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest ;
My people blessing, by my people blest'd. [play
Such future scenes th' all righteous Powers dis-
By their dread * fear, and such my future day.

To whom thus firm of soul : If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath :
While Heaven a kind release from ills foreshows ;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes !

But Euryclea with dispatchful care, 315
And sage Eurynome, the couch prepare :
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day ;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynome descends ; 320
A torch she bears, to light with guiding fires
The roval pair : she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair ; 325
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away :
Intent he hears Penelope disclose 330
A mournful story of domestic woes,
His servants insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
His generous wines dissonant shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor train. 335

The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates ;
All he unfolds ; his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale !
Sleepless devours each word ; and hears how slain
Ciccons on Ciccons swell th' ensanguin'd plain :

* *Trojan.*

How to the land of Lote unblest'd he fails :
 And images the rills, and flowery vales !
 How, dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
 (Not unreveng'd) and quass'd the spouting gore ;
 How, the loud storms in prison bound, he fails
 From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales ;
 Yet Fate withstands ! a sudden tempest roars,
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores :
 How, on the barbarous Læstrigonian coast, 350
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost ;
 How scarce himself surviv'd : he paints the bower,
 The spells of Circe, and her magic power,
 His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
 To seek Tiresias in the vales of death ; 355
 How, in the doleful mansions he survey'd
 His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade ;
 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts !
 Then how, unarm'd he past the Syren-coasts,
 The jutting rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
 And howling Scylla whirl her thunderous waves,
 The cave of death ! How his companions stay
 The oxen sacred to the God of Day,
 Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
 And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides,
 How, struggling through the surge, he reach'd
 the shores 366
 Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bowers ;
 Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his
 stay,
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay ;
 And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow. 370
 Immortal life, exempt from age and woe :
 How sav'd from storms, Phæacia's coasts he trod,
 By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,

Who gave him last his country to behold,
 With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.
 He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares 376
 A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
 Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
 Minerva rushes through the ærial way,
 And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels, 380
 Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills :
 Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
 And thus with thought mature the monarch said :
 My Queen ! my Consort ! through a length of
 years,
 We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears, 385
 Thou, for thy lord : while me th' immortal Powers
 Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
 Now, blest again by Heaven, the queen display,
 And rule our palace with an equal sway :
 Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils, 390
 To throng my empty folds with gifts or spoils.
 But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes
 With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies ;
 The good old man, to waiting woes a prey,
 Weeps a sad life in solitude away. [fold
 But hear, though wise ! This morning shall un-
 The deathful scene ; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
 Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
 From all the scene of tumult far away !
 He spoke, and sheath'd in arms incessant flies.
 To wake his son, and bid his friends arise. 401
 To arms ! aloud he cries ; his friends obey,
 With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
 And pass the city gate : Ulysses leads the way.
 Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds 405
 The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

B O O K XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The suits of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laerte ; he finds him busied in his garden all alone : the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Delius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes : and the Goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

CYRILENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
 Conveys the dead, a lamentable train !
 The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
 That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day ; 5
 Points out the long uncomfortable way.
 The nbling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
 Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
 As in the cavern of some rifted den,
 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene ; 10
 Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
 They move, and murmurs run through all the rock ;
 So cowering fled the fable heaps of ghosts,
 And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
 And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends,
 And now the gates where evening Sol descends,

And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
 And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,
 And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell 20
 In ever-flowering meads of asphodel.
 The empty forms of men inhabit there,
 Impassive semblance, images of air !
 Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before ;
 Ajax and great Achilles are no more !
 Yet, still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd, 25
 The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod ;
 Still at his side in Nestor's son survey'd,
 And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
 New as they were to that infernal shore,
 The suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er, 30
 When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
 Of great Atreides ; him in pomp pursued

And solemn sadness through the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Ægyptus fell.

O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began) 35
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom reign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'it thou the first to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of Fate? 40
Condemn'd to pay the great arrears so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun;
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
raise.

Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end? 50
O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoind)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke, rais'd by thy noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay, 56
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every
way.

Nor ceas'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore the honour'd load, 60
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we
shed;

Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clapt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news thy azure Mother came: 65
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd. 70
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)

"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
"To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train."
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep, 75
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears 80
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and fable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires. 85
And, like a God, adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courier's o'er the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies. 90
Soon as absorb'd in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase

(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old, 95
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd Antilochus' remains. 100
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellepont surveys:
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast, 105
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty
ghost.

Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games 111
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given, 115
And such thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades,
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won, 120
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægyptus and a faithless wife!

Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain,
On each majestic form they cast a view, 125
And timorous pass'd and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade.
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh say!
What cause compell'd so many and so gay, 130
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and overwhelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands, 136
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's
sands?

Or well-defending some beleagu'rd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore 140
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.

O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate. 145
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind. 151
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (she cry'd) who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part, 155
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funeral web my labours end:

Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death :
Left, when the Fates his royal ashes claim, 160
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame ;
Should, he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.

The fiction pleas'd : our generous train complies,

Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise. 165
The worst she ply'd : but, studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail :
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand. 171
Forc'd she completes it ; and before us lay
The mingled web, whole gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

Just as the finish'd her illustrious toil, 175
Ill-fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay :
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers. 180
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son ; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads ;
Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air. 186
Who could Ulysses in that form behold ?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all ! to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind. 190

But when, arising in his wrath to obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way :
'The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room :
Then to her suitors bade the queen propose 195
The archer's strife : the source of future woes,
An omen of our death ! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands ;
In vain we threat ; Telemachus commands : 200
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent ;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood :
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood, }
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God ! 205 }
First bleeds Antinous ; thick the shafts rebound ;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the
ground ;

This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall :
Some God assisted, and unman'd us all :
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans ; 210
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.

Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou see'st, from yon fair realms above,
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor, 215
No friend to bathe our wounds ! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse ! the honours of the dead.

Oh blest Ulysses (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture) in thy comfort blest !
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shinn'd ;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.

Icarus' daughter, glory of the past, 222
And model to the future age shall last :
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise. 225
Not such, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed :
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled :
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic song !
The general sex shall suffer in her shame, 230
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Confer'd the mournful phantoms of the dead ;
While, from the town, Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land. 235
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court ;
Where the few servants that divide his care, 240
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare ;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command : 245
Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory :
If these dim eyes can yet Ulysses know 250
(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now chang'd with time with absence, and
with woe ?

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield ;
The house they enter, and he seeks the field,
Through rows of shade, with various fruitage
crown'd, 255
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care ;
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found ; 261
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around ;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatish hair :
His buckles old, in former service torn, 265
But well repair'd ; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood.
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing every line, 270
The ruins of himself ! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay !
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store ;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace 275
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole.
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
Not so : his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay : 280
More gentle methods on weak age employs ;
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves ;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves :

Who digging round the plant still hangs his
head 285
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
Great is thy skill, O father, great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare, }
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear; 290
And not one empty spot escapes thy care,
On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim. 295
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind:
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine, 300
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skillful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast? 305
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander, of manners rude)
Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way,
But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand: [310
A friend I seek, a wife one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest; 315
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd:
To him seven talents of pure ore I told, 320
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff
with gold;
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames,
At this the father, with a father's tears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,) 325
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty else had borne; 330
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sines,
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd
What years have circled since thou saw'st that
guest? 335
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign, 340
He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead: 345

Nor his sad comfort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain, 350
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?
Then thus the son: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphida, the king 355
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea. 360
Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies. 364
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart these accents
ran:
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing
spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head. 370
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the
sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face:
I, I am he; O father rise, behold 375
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, O my sire, restrain! 379
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.
Amaz'd, Laertes, "Give some certain sign,
" (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar, 385
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent
To old Autolychus's realm: I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace; 391
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whatever my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent
load, 395
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice. 400
Smit with the signs, which all his doubts ex-
plain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;

He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast. 406

Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what shall guard us, if the town invade? 412
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?

To this Ulysses: As the Gods shall please 415
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends. 420
Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at a lowly door.

The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Scicilian maid 425
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face, 430
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!

Oh! would to all the deathless Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praise) 435
My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.

Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed, 440
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter
on;

Nor had the fire been separate from the son.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent
their way

The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day; 445
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
For due repose to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame, 449
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladiome board; the roofs re-
sound.

While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
“Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend; 455
“The rites have waited long.” The chief com-
mands

Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face; 459
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!

Who knows thy blest'd, thy wish'd return! Oh,
say 465 [vey?]

To the chaste Queen, shall we the news con-
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride,
Already is it known (the king reply'd, 469
And straight resum'd his seat) while round him
bows

Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent
vows:

Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying fame the swift report had spread
Through all the city, of the suitors dead. 475
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangl'd heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wait'd o'er the main. 480

Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.

Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride, 485
The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.

Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began:

Great deeds, O friends! this wonderful man
has wrought,

And mighty blessings to his country brought. 490
With ships he parted and a numerous train,
Those, and their ships, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.

Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he
flies, 495

Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies;
Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!

Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head, 500
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.

Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd
them all.

When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along 505
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke);
And Medon first th' assembled chiefs bespoke:

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode, 510
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with
blood:

In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that struck, and Heaven was on his
side. 515

A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew)
Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed 520
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed;

Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain).
An absent hero's bed they fought to soil,
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil: 525
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin—Justice will prevail.

His moderate words some better minds per-
suade: 530
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty phrenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
They cast their limbs in bras; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun. 535
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him
there.

This pass'd on earth, while in the realms
above 540

Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O Power supreme! O Ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate? 545
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate.

Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty
bleed? 550

'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue: since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son: 555
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
Let all be peace—He said, and gave the nod 560
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd: 565
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower, 570
And tells the news. They arm with all their
power.

Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race;
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone. 575
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And, brazen Panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid, 580
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended Maid:

The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was
spread;

Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast, 590
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.

So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy; [cries,
And, Bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day! he
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes, 595
A son and grandson of th' Arcesid name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air,
She said, infusing courage with the word: 602
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear;
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conquering son 608
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall [run.
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-eyed virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide. 613
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual laughter: Peace descends to
"spare."

Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confusedly fly. 620
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.

But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames:
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd: 625
Then stopp'd the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.

Descended from the Gods! Ulysses, cease;
Offend not Jove: obey and give the peace.
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-seed of Jove, 630
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flattery know,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.

Young, yet judicious: in your verse are found, 5
Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by
Sound.

Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,

And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:

So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.

As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound, 15
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.

But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:

Your strains are regularly bold, and please 20
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images;

Such as by Nature to the Ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:

For great men's fashions to be follow'd are, 25
Although disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.

Some, in a polish'd style write Pastoral;

Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.

Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
Should wear those flowers her native fields pro-
duce;

And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:

Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought;

So, with becoming art, the Players dress
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35

Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.

Your rural Muse appears to justify

The long-lost graces of simplicity:

So rural beauties captivate our sense 40

With virgin charms, and native excellence:

Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,

Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;

For Wits industrious to their trouble seem, 45
And needs will envy what they must esteem.

Live, and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that
fate,

Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;

Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains de-
light;

Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight:

So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50

Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:

A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's Earth was cast on common sand: }
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the
painted bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were:

Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains;
The juster lays the lucid wave surpasse,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forest chear,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening
glades,

And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you 30
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;

A new creation starts in every line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35
And give at once the day, at once the night!

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom; 40
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields
inspire!

Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }

O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these Atlantic
shores,

And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the grove's eternal green,
Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat;
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
And made that Music which was noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise;
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:

They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding
train,

I rise and wander through the field or plain ;
Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thundering
gun. 75

Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheasant lie !
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the generous courser by ; 80
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone ! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales ; and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85
He'd view a courser that might match his own !
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chase,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale ?
The soft complaint shall over Time prevail ; 90
The Tale be told when shades forsake her shore,
The Nymph be sung when she can flow no more.

Nor shall the song, old Thames ! forbear to
shine,

At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons
more 95

Than all their shouts for victory before.
Oh ! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name ;
From various springs divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide, 100
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the isle ;
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

TO MR. POPE,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

THE Muse, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not
proud.

Widely extensive is the Poet's aim,
And in each verse he draws a bill on Fame.
For none have wit (whatever they pretend) 5
Singly to raise a Patron or a Friend ;
But whatsoever the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themselves foresee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating Poems of the age ; 10
Nor by injurious scruples think it fit,
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit :

But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who strive for you, as Greece for Homer strove ;
Whilst he who best your Poetry asserts, 15
Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.

Me Panegyric verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire,
Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear : 20
Go on, to gain applauses by desert ;

Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart :
Inflame the soldier with harmonious rage,
Flate the young, and gravely warm the sage :
Allure, with tender verse, the Female race ; 25
And give their darling passion, courtly grace :
Describe the Forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets fresh-breathing from the
plains :

Your Tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part display ; 30
Nor let the Critic there his skill untold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told :
Sooth, as you only can, each different taste,
And for the future charm us in the past.
Then, should the verse of every artful hand 35
Before your numbers eminently stand ;

In you no vanity could thence be shown,
Unless, since 'tort in beauty of your own,
Some envious scribbler might in spite declare,
That for comparison you plac'd them there. 40

But Envy could not against you succeed :
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that
read ;
Censure or Praise must from ourselves proceed. }

TO MR. POPE.

BY MISS JUD. COWPER, AFTERWARDS

MRS. MADAN.

O POPE ! by what commanding wondrous art
Dost thou each passion to each breast im-
part ?

Our beating Hearts with sprightly measures
move,

Or melt us with a tale of hapless Love !
Th' elated mind's impetuous starts control,
Or gently sooth to peace the troubled soul !
Graces till now that singly met our view,
And singly charm'd, unite at once in you :

A style polite, from affectation free, 10
Virgil's correctness, Homer's majesty !
Soft Waller's ease, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spenser's bold luxuriance of thought.
In each bright page, Strength, Beauty, Genius
shine,

While nervous Judgment guides each flowing
line. 15

No borrow'd Tinsel glitters o'er these Lays,
And to the Mind a false Delight conveys :
Throughout the whole with blended power is
found,

The Weight of Sense, and Elegance of Sound :
A lavish Fancy, Wit, and Force, and Fire, 20
Graces each motion of th' immortal Lyre.

The matchless strains our ravish'd senses charm :
 How great the thought ! the images how warm !
 How beautifully just the turns appear !
 The language how majestically clear ! 25
 With energy divine each period swells,
 And all the Bard th' inspir'd God reveals.
 Lost in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
 Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn ;
 Where his rich waves fair Windsor's towers
 surround, 30
 And bounteous rush amid poetic ground.
 O Windsor ! sacred to thy blissful seats,
 Thy sylvan shades, the Muses' lov'd retreats ;
 Thy rising hills, low vales, and waving woods,
 Thy sunny glades, and celebrated floods ! 35
 But chief Lodona's silver tides, that flow
 Cold and unfullied as the mountain snow ;
 Whose virgin name no time nor change can hide,
 Though ev'n her spotless waves should cease to
 glide :
 In mighty Pope's immortalizing strains, 40
 Still shall she grace and range the verdant plains ;
 By him selected for the Muses' theme,
 Still shine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid
 stream.

Go on, and, with thy rare resistless art
 Rule each emotion of the various heart ; 45
 The spring and test of verse unrival'd reign,
 And the full honours of thy youth maintain ;
 Sooth, with thy wonted ease and power divine,
 Our souls, and our degenerate tastes refine ;
 In judgment o'er our favourite follies sit, 50
 And soften Wisdom's harsh reproofs to Wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
 And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand ;
 His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
 In thee rise worthy of their sacred source ; 55
 His spirit heighten'd, yet his sense intire,
 As Gold runs purer from the trying fire.
 O, for a Muse like thine, while I rehearse
 Th' immortal beauties of thy various verse !
 Now light as air th' enlivening numbers move, 60
 Soft as the downy plumes of fabled Love,
 Gay as the streaks that stain the gaudy bow,
 Smooth as Meander's crystal mirrors flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
 Joins the fleet couriers to the whirling car ; 65
 When the warm hero, with celestial might,
 Augments the terror of the raging fight,
 From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings stream
 (As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam) ;
 In rough hoarse verse we see th' embattled foes ; 70
 In each loud strain the fiery onset glows ;
 With strength redoubled here Achilles shines,
 And all the battle thunders in thy lines.

So the bright Magic of the Painter's hand
 Can cities, streams, tall towers, and far-stretch'd
 plains, command ; 75
 Here spreading woods embrown the beautiful
 scene,
 There the wide landscape smiles with livelier
 green ;
 The floating glass reflects the distant sky,
 And o'er the whole the glancing sun-beams fly ;

Buds open, and disclose the inmost shade ; 80
 The ripen'd harvest crowns the level glade.
 But when the artist does a work design,
 Where bolder rage informs each breathing line ;
 When the stretch'd cloth a rougher stroke re-
 ceives,
 And Cæsar awful in the canvas lives ; 85
 When Art like lavish Nature's self supplies,
 Grace to the limbs, and spirit to the Eyes ;
 When ev'n the passions of the mind are seen,
 And the Soul speaks in the exalted Mien ;
 When all is just, and regular, and great, 90
 We own the mighty Master's skill, as boundless
 as complete.

LORD MIDDLESEX

TO

MR. POPE,

On Reading Mr. ADDISON'S Account of the
 English Poets.

IF all who e'er invoc'd the tuneful Nine,
 In Addison's majestic numbers shine,
 Why then should Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell,
 Remain unsung, who sings himself so well ?
 Hear then, great bard, who can alike inspire 5
 With Waller's softness, or with Milton's fire ;
 Whilst I, the meanest of the Muses' throng,
 To thy just praises tune th' adventurous song.
 How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
 When gods and mortals, mix'd, sustain the fight ! 10
 Like Milton then, though in more polish'd strains,
 Thy chariots rattle o'er the smould'ring plains.
 What though archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
 And highest Heaven resounds with dire alarms !
 Doth not the reader with like dread survey 15
 The wounded gods repuls'd with soul dismay ?
 But when some fair-one guides your softer
 verse,
 Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearse ;
 See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
 And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers
 charm ! 20
 When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy
 rage,
 Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
 Give o'er, great bard, your fruitless toil give o'er,
 For still king Theobald scribbles as before ;
 Poor Shakespeare suffers by his pen each day, 25
 While Grub-street alleys own his law ul sway.
 Now turn, my Muse, thy quick, poetic eyes,
 And view gay scenes and opening prospects rise.
 Hark ! how his rustic numbers charm around,
 While groves to groves, and hills to hills resound !
 The listening beasts stand fearless as he sings, 31
 And birds attentive close their useless wings.
 The swains and satyrs trip it o'er the plain,
 And think old Spenser is reviv'd again.
 But when once more the godlike man begun 35
 In words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
 Ravish'd they gaze, and struck with wonder say,
 Sure Spenser's self ne'er sung so sweet a lay :

Sure once again Eliza glads the isle,
That the kind Muses thus propitious smile—
Why gaze you thus? Why all this wonder,
Swains?—

'Tis Pope that sings, and Carolina reigns.

But hold, my Muse! whose awkward verse
betrays

Thy want of skill, nor shows the Poet's praise;
Cease then, and leave some sifter bard to tell 45
How Pope in every strain can write, in every
strain excel.

TO

Mr. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid every Bard pre-
pare

The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to
reign.

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark! what shouts, what gathering crowds
rejoice!

Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Prostitutes, or needy Flatterers sue.
And see the Chief! before him laurels borne; 15
Trophies from undeserving temples torn:
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recom-
mend. 26

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands: 30
Say, wondrous youth, what Column wilt thou
chuse,

What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great Ancient court thee to his
shrine,

Though every Laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid) 56
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:

VOL. VI.

While through the earth thy dear remembrance
flies,

"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MR. HARTE.

TO move the springs of nature as we please;
To think with spirit, but to write with ease;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art:
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to
trace

The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides;
Some fairer image of perfection giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust;
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays:
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness
join;

Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakness, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!

How blest the man that from the world re-
moves,

To joys that Mordaunt*, or his Pope, approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!

* Earl of Peterborough, conqueror of Valencia. D

Q q

Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace :

All are not born the glory of their race :
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd ;
Unbias'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend :
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE

TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS.

BY MRS. TOLLET*.

BRTAIN with Greece and Rome contended
long
For lofty genius and poetic song,
Till this Augustan age with Three was blest,
To fix the prize and finish the contest.
In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns ;
So pure his numbers, so refin'd his strains :
Of nature full with more impetuous heat
In Prior Horace shines sublimely great,
Thy country, Homer ! we dispute no more !
For Pope has fix'd it to his native shore.

SPRING.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful
plains :

Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs rebound the rural lay.

You that, too wise for pride, too good for
power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost ! 10

* Of whom see in Congreve's Poems, vol. v.

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the
Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day !
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow ;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year ?
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing ;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the dafes spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the
ground ;
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving
lays !

A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love ! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes ; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen :
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes ! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep Amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties
yield.
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping
flowers;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May 81
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here;
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the
year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign; 91
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace ex-
cel; 95
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing
so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets
around. 100
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend.
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

SUMMER.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant Alders form'd a quivering shade,
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred His glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces steer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same 41
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!

Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again,
 For you the swains the fairest flowers design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
 See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly
 bowers;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres
 yield,
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall
 rise, 75
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the powers above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wondering forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
 And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To cool the ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN,

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech dis-
 plays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
 And Delia's name and Eoris' fill'd the grove.

Ye Mantuan nymphs your sacred succour bring;
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit in-
 spire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour
 charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit
 warms! 10

Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple
 light;

When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
 groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding
 shores; 20

Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn.
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her the lillies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
 Die every flower, and perish all but she.

What have I said? Where'er my Delia lies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to
 move, 41

And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, or sun-shine to the bees,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me. 46

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why dost thou delay?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock resounds. 50

Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy smooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves
 admir'd; 55

Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
 Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain;
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
 Here, where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60
 While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat;

While curling fmoaks from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day: 66
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the boughs are worn away?
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd sheep? 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love? 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
For sake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains;
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade. 100

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL;

OR DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
The moon, serene in glory mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?

Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone: 26

"Let nature change, let heaven and earth de-
plore,

"Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day! 30
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?

Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 41
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,

Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the
shore,

Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise; 46
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50

Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;

Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne
sings,

Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;

No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55

Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:

No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;

But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,

Fair Daphne's dead, and Music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,

And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;

The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,

Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65

Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with

tears;

The winds, and trees, and floods, her death de-
plore,

Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on

high

Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews; 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye silvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert hears;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears! 30
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo' earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, rise;
With heads inclin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear. 45
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them and by night protects.
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear. 70
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed, 75
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes! 86
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate
kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn; 100
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas fl all waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
reigns!

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green re-
treats,

At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing? 6

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again:
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruise'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dies, 25
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing
corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler fight,
Though Gods assembled grace his towering
height,

Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). 50
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And even the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in
vain;

The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields. 56
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their
fanes: 66

The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries, 85
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the unconscious
swain. 90

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your
blood,

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, or
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.

When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty
blest,

Near and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
springs,

And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dies, 115
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
To plains with well-breath'd hedges we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo):
With slaughtering guns th' unwear'd fowler
roves, 125

When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
Oft' as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car.
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein, 151
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys
sweep, 156

Hang o'er their courser's heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd 165
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be
known, 175

But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling
doves;

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase. 190
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd nor pray'd in
vain;

" Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy
train, 200

" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
" My native shades! there weep, and murmur
" there!"

She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
And floating forests paint the waves with green;

Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering
streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods: 230
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court ap-
proves,

His Sovereign favours, and his Country loves:
Happy next him, who on these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse in-
spires,

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise and ease. 240

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chymic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travel with his eye; 246

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wife and good, 250
To observe a mean, to be himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes;
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 256
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill;
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
flow):

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made: 270
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
tongue.

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!

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His drooping swans on every note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly
voice,

No more the forests ring, or grove rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung? 280
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings!

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;

To paint anew the flowery silvan scenes, 285
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,

And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,

And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:

In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:

Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor
bore,

What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains

In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,

Stretch his long triumphs down through every
age;

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious
field, 305

The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,

And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,

And bleed for ever under Britain's spear, 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.

Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast behind him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:

Whom not th'extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,

The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie th'oppressor and th'oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone);

Oh fast accur'd! what tears has Albion shed! 321
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,

A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At length great Anna said,—"Let Discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.

His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

R r

Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the moon, that
guides

His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold:
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame: 340
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Colt, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And Chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears;
And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forgot to
rear,

— And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expect'd days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise! 355
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of
gold,

From heaven itself the seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms below: 360
These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
Lost to my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons strow,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train: 365
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Isler's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The steady empire shall retain no trace 371
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are
blown,

And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas on my side, 375
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be
seen

Once more to bend before a British Queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods:
Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Terror lay fast, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;

Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 391
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the baln of all bleed, and amber flow,
The coral reddens, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold, 395
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide; 400
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy tide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh, stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to
shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves;
Peru once more a race of Kings behold, 411
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exp'd by thee from earth to deeper hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell:
Gigantic pride, pale Terror, gloomy care, 415
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires.
There hateful Envy her own flames shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse re-
cite, 425
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light:
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing:
Even I more sweetly pass my careless days, 431
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains:

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend, and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain 5
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;

While, in more lengthen'd notes and flow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And all with spreading sounds the skies; 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away, 20
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head, 30
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liftening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage. 35

I I.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd, 45
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and flies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Difinal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire. 5
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75
Or Amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove, 80
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented, 85
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her 90
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? 95
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders 100
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan:
And call her ghost,
Forever, ever, ever lost! 105
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glow,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' 110
cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods, 115
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains
ring.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease, 120
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise continu'd the sound. 125

R r 2

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 The immortal powers incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heaven.

130

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
 Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

5

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heaven-born sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral truth and mystic Song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

15

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore;
 See Arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

20

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball!
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant what'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once, ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state!
 Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

25

30

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast!
 Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress'd?
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and generous breast?

5

10

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to Love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient guest,
 Spent in sudden storm of lust;
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

15

20

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of every social tie,
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
 Or meets his spouse's fond eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move!
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With reverence, hope, and love.

25

30

35

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes;
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

40

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.
 Whose herbs with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

6

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,
 Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.
 Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

O D E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper: Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?

AN

E S S A Y

ON

C R I T I C I S M.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well:
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
 The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
 right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but
 fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's sight,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past;
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittlings, numerous in our
 isle,

As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet.
 And mark that point where sense and dullness
 meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away,
 One science only will one genius fit;

So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before.
 By vain ambition still to make them more:
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature; and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without point.

In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains. 79
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's speed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed: 85
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd:
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod: 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great example given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.

The generous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd, 106
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the Leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course
would steer,

Know well each Ancient's proper character:
His Fable, Subject, scope in every page; 120
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring;
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse:
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work to outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain seem'd to draw:

But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirate o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature, is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach, 145
And which a matter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky License answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
Which, without passing through the judgment,

gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend. 160
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made);

Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end:
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts 169

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display 175
His powers in equal ranks, in fair array.
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense
bring! 185

Hear, in all tongues consenting Praise ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd.
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190

Whose honours with increase of ages grow
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your
heights :

Clows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wit a science little known, 199
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own :

Or all the causes which conspire to blind
Men's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
wind:

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself: but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing! 215

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fix'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts;
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try, 225
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way: 230
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each Work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to
find 235

Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240

That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep,
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
But the joint force and full result of all.

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd
dome,

(The world's just wonder, and ev'n time, O
Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
pear;

The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end, 255

Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit: 260

Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.

Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:

They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encountering on the way,

Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270

Concluding all were desperate fops and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's ad-
vice:

Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the
Knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

"Not so by heaven (he answers in a rage!

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on
the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice, 286

Form short ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,

And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace

The naked nature, and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover every part, 295

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
press'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we
find,

That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;

For works may have more wit than does them
good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for Language all their care express, 305

And value books, as women men, for dress:

Their praise is still—the style is excellent:

The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay: 314
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd, 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to Fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, more moderns in their sense;
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, 326
 Amaz'd th' unlearn'd, and make the learned
 smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfathers in their doublets dress'd.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
 wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
 spire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church re-
 pair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These, equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western
 breeze," 350
 In the next line it "whispers through the
 trees."
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs
 creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with
 "sleep."
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
 know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
 join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 365

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
 flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
 roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
 throw, 370
 The line too labours, and the words move slow.
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along
 the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
 The power of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
 Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385
 At every trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
 As things seem large which we through mists de-
 scry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
 Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize: 395
 Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, 400
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
 Though each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.
 *Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and
 then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality; 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me!
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular; 425
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are hut damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right. 431
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their
 side. 435
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous stile o'erspread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read; 441
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their hindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their
 turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaux;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay, should great Homer list his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will merit, as it shade, pursue;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
 Be thou the first, true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost, who flays till all commend. 475
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers' sailing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485

Vol. VI.

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live; 491
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!
 Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings; 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
 Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; 501
 The most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
 ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
 If Wit so much from ignorance undergo,
 Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards, who could excell, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
 Though triumphs were to generals only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the world with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
 Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err, is human; to forgive, divine. 525
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these sagacious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
 crease:
 When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts ruled the state; and statemen forces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's ply, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgin smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 545
 Then unbelieving Priest reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;

S

Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute :
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
And Vice admir'd to find a flatterer there !
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the prefs groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These Monsters, Critics ! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show ;

For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, joint ;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine ;
That not alone what to your sense is due

All may allow, but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last. 571

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischievous than nice falsehoods do ;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd ; 576
That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take :

But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, unceasur'd, to be dull !
Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees. 591
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to refrain, 596
And charitably let the dull be vain :

Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And laud so long, like tops, are last'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 60
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,

Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless Bards we have : and yet 'tis true, 610

There are as mad, abandon'd Criticks too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears
And always listening to himself appears. 615
All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales :
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy ;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend ?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard :

Nay, fly to Altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes :
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, restless, with a thundering tide. 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;
Though learn'd, well-bred ; and though well-bred, sincere ; 635

Modestly bold, and humanly severe :
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
A knowledge both of books and human kind ; 640
Generous converse, a soul exempt from pride ;
And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were Critics ; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew :
The mighty Stagyrice first left the shore, 645
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Maonian Star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire ;

His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintillian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd: 670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire. 676
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good: 690
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age, 695
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But feel each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
bays;

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow 705
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon, by impious arms from Latium
chac'd,

Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd; 716
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were among the founder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than
good,

With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.

Such late was Waller—the Muse's judge and
friend,

Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender
wing,

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
view,

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend,

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could
compel

A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In task so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And open'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing flake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake: 16
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled g.ay en,
Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
flowers;

Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the
 cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air,
 Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting Maids, 71
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring
 spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Though Honour is the word with Men below.
 Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
 face,
 For life destin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping
 train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90
 Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
 knots strive, 101
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals Levity may call;
 Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
 Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Lave, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend; 110
 But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!
 He said; when Shock, who thought she slept
 too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner
 read, 120
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.
 And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, robb'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers.
 A heavenly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
 white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises to her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care; 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
 Fair Nymphs and well-dress'd Youths around her
 shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore,
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung be-
hind 20

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray ; 25
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous Baron the bright locks ad-
mir'd ;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious heaven, and every power ador'd ;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The powers gave ear, and granted half his
prayer ; 45

The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Pelinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air ; 55
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the daisy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies, 65
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whenever they wave their
wings.

Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ; 70
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear ;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
Some guide the course of wondering orbs on
high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless sky ; 80
Some, kiss'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Not let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ; 95
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threaten the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in
night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
fall.

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispilla, tend her favorite Lock ; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though Ruff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
whale.

Form a strong line about the flwer bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;

Or Alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flowers.

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow-
ers,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
peace,

And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come,
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a
flower,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer power; 40
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield, 54
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage, 60
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'er-
threw,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war: now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mein, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head, 71
His giant limbs in state unweildy spread?
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace:
The' embroider'd King who shows but half his
face,

And his refulgent Queen, with powers com-
bin'd,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find,
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green:
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs, 81
Of Asa's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille,
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state),
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen 95
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
crown'd, 105
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:

On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste, 111
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. 116
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to sit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill! 126
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
As on the nosegay in her breast inclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Relign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd. 146

The Peer now spreads the glittering foriex
wide,
'T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
last!

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The Victor cry'd), the glorious Prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its
date, 171

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground. 176
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should
feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV,

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph
oppress'd,

And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs
withdrew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever fully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alive in
place, 25

But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise: 40
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.

Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks; 51
Here lugs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the Power—Hail, wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysterick, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A Nymph there is, that all thy power dislains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to coftive lap-dog gave disease, 75
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 80
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and
cry'd, 95
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! re-
ply'd)

Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110

How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze! 116

Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park (Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case, 126
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
devil?

"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must
be civil!

"Plague on't! tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his
box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear.
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-laughing half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hunger drooping head, 145
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd: and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid 151
By love of courts to numerous ill's betray'd.

Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to
roam?

Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs left in fight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's
care.

In vain Thalestris with reproach affails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd
most,

The wife man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford, 11
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Beaux?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
Unless good-sense preserve what beauty gains!
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!

Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chae'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce, 21

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a Saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay; 25
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, Dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scold-
ing fail,

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude. 36
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
crack; 40

Heroes and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re-
found: 50

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground
gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

VOL. VI.

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and fate to view the
fight:

Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the Sprites sur-
vey 55

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down.
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weights the men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.

But this bold Lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued; 80
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Sauff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose. 86

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs; 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die, dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock, she cries; and all around,
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is fought, but fought in vain: 110
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:

T t

There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—the saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
drew, 125

To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with disveild light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall
survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135

And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra-
vish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moon-
light shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reverberon in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15

And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow, 25

And separate from their kindred dregs below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world be-
fore,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,

Thus shall your wives, and thus your children
fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,

And frequent heres shall besage your gates;

There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,

(While the long funerals blacken all the way) 40

Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies
steep'd,

And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,

The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)

Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful
bier: 50

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,

And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances, and the public show?

What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65

There the first roses of the year shall blow;

While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade

The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,

What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,

Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,

And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,

The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF
C A T O.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys, 20
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bottom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed? 25
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first sam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-
dued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly war'n'd with your own native rage: 45
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play:
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,

The Play may pass—but that strange creature,
Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore!—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sifter sinner you shall hear,
“How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!”
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of their soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
sinners.

Well, if our Author in the wife offends, 25
He has a Husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his
life?

Tell us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
But, pray which of you all would take her back?
Though with the Stoic Chief our Stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith let the modest Matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet
down. 50

S A P P H O

TO

P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart com-
mand,

Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love!

T 2

- Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
 The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds. 15
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms sur-
 prise,
 Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare: 25
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warn'd, and one the Cretan dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with
 thee. 30
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's
 praise:
 Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inspire;
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Though short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends, 40
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
 Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd:
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
 My Music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song. 56
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion
 fix'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods! a Lesbian dame?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast 65
 That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
- Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame: 76
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love: 90
 So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have
 won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep: 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
 (At least to feign was never hard to you!)
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 120
 Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing
 blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130

I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away, 146
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
 Then fiercer joys; I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove;
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains.
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'er-
 grown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All but the mournful Philomel and I:
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.
 A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
 A flowery Lotus spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
 Before my sight a watery Virgin stood:
 She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending
 steep
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep; 190
 " There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:

" But when from hence he plung'd into the
 " main,
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps
 " below!"

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to
 prove;

How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.

Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and wait me o'er the
 main,

Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood pro-
 phane!

On Phoebus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

" Sappho to Phoebus consecrates her Lyre; 215

" What suits with Sappho; Phoebus, suits with
 thee;

" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why

To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?

Thy charms than those may far more powerful
 be, 220

And Phoebus' self is less a God to me.

Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

O far more faithless, and more hard than they?

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd;

This breast, which once, in vain! you lik'd so
 well; 226

Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses
 dwell?

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,

Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;

My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230

And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,

Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,

No more your groves with my glad songs shall
 ring,

No more these hands shall touch the trembling
 string:

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)

Return, fair youth, and bring along

Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:

Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240

But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?

Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers,
 move

One savage heart, or teach it how to love?

The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers
 bear,

The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245

Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales

To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?

If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays,
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease, 256
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas un pity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!

ELOISA
 TO
 ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pearl contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat? 6
 Yet, yet I love! from Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
 Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd; 10
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
 O write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, 15
 Her heart still dictates and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round con-
 tains
 Repentant sighs and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns stagg'd with horrid thorn!
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins
 keep;
 And pitying fountains, whose statues learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part, 15
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love
 inspires,

Warm to the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And wait a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame.
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's
 name;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listen'd while you sung;
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
 Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
 Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove;
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
 The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them
 all:

Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee; 90

Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast:
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it
 part,

And each warm wish springs mutual from the
 heart.

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors
 rise!

A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100

Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay: that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame by rage suppress'd, 105
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my
woe;

These still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets
crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!) 150
But why should I on others prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the
hills,

The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusty caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?

Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget! 200
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come, oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep; 210
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep?"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that wait to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serene beams, 215
And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins Hymenæus sing; 220
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking Demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.

I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's
woe,

Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy
creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the
deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose; 251
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.

Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven; 255
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. 260

Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light th' dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265

Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear. 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul: 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
tears;

Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 296

O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality! 300

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to
say)

"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
"Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and
pray'd,

"Love's victim then, though now a faint
maid:

"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
"Ev'n superstition loses every fear; 315

"For God, not man, absolves our frailties
"here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay, 321
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!

Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand, 226
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!

Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more,
O Death all eloquent! you only prove 335

What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame de-
stroy,

(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee
round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other's floods; 350

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 "O may we never love as these have lov'd!"
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice;
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

THE
 TEMPLE
 OF
 FAME.

IN that soft season, when descending showers
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising
 flowers;

When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray:
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
 And love itself was balm'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes:
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and caving oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
 There towery cities, and the forests green;
 Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
 There trees and intermingled temples rise:
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd,
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble one,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, a solid stone, 30
 Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdued;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found. 36
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind, 40

Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last:
 These ever new, nor subject to decays, 51
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, untelt, at distance roll away, 55
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
 As Atlas fix'd each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and every face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace!
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legions seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd 76
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes expire!

Cytheron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
 There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend, 90
 The growing towers like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming and Barbaric gold,
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame;
 And the great founder of the Persian name. 96
 There in long robes the roval Magi stand,
 Great Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
 The sage Chaldeans robb'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachman's, deep in desert woods rever'd.
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' embody'd
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;

Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power, 105
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ; 115
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood. 126
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps un-

strung)
And youths that died to be by Poets sung,
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates un-
fold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold :
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls, 141
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was
found.

His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bend.
Within stood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms. 150
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdued ;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,

And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God, 154
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his Country's fate.

But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought :
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood, 161

Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Far virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell :
Here his abode the martyr'd Procion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names : 175
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
Hold the chief honours, and the sane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ; 185
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art :
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat, 200
Compos'd his posturc, and his look sedate ;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre, 206
Æneas bending with his aged fire :
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers slope.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
flight :

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
Pleas'd with Alceus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here,
The Doves that round the infant Poet spread 230
Myrles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sure fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrice ;

His sacred head a radiant Socratic crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deced'd the Consul's throne.
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise, 244
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd magnificently great;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires firean,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple every moment grew,
And ampler Vistas open'd to my view:

Upwards the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend. 265
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet unfold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening
ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look, 276
The trumpet, sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard:
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285

Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.

Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
crown'd;

Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds disperse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud; 310
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd behold another croud
Prefer'd the same request and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder
bounds;

Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies, 335
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain, was their dress and modest was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men 360
Would die unheav'd of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense still adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling muse floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening Angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies, 376
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery
dress'd:

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our night, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair: 385
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
prest

Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What you (she cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunt reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics; 411
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power un-
known

Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from
the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;

Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here. 435
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and
life,

Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great, 455
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Conus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day;
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place, 466
And wild impatience star'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarcely any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new, 470
And all who heard it made enlargement too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
Newstravell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
With gathering force the quickening flames ad-
vance;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they
flow,
And rush in millions on the world below,
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course.
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:

Some to remain and some to perish soon ; 435
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro'
the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way ; 490
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath, 505
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price 515
As soothing Folly, or exalting vice :
Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ; 520
Then, teach me, heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

JANUARY

AND

MAY :

OR

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
In days of old, a wife and worthy Knight ;
Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace ;
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
He scarce could rule some idle appetites :
For long ago, let Priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more : 10
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly-dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
Once e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful lie
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he tortur'd with reason still,
(For none want reason to confirm their will). 20
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel and more : 30
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join :
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future or esteem the past :
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heaven to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40
Though fortune change, his constant spouse re-
mains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure which envious tongues will
spare ?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wife these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard. 50
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
Abundantly supplies us all our life :
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of eve possess'd,
Alone, an ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
A wife ! ah, gentle deities, can he 65
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow
wife.

'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son : 70

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show.
Preserv'd the Jews and slew the Assyrian foe :
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;
But us'd before, and well resolv'd was he ;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke) :
Beneath the weight of three core years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hastening to my end ;
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ;
But gracious heaven has op'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past ;
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one ;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old :
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face :
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best
No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;
These are too wise for bachelors to wed ;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade :
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss :
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
Then I should live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die ?
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed ;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I doat ; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :
Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heaven's consent and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my heavy head ;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as
snow,

The vital sap then rising from below :

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind :
He said ; the rest in different parts divide ;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side :
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason
blam'd ;

Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wife,
There fell between his brothers a debate ;
Placebo this was call'd and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus began
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone) :
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves ; experience dwells with years !
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice :

But with the Wife Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best.

† Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistak'n patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.

This, Sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord :
Your will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man !

At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who pass all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness, and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
(Who, though not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust

To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away :
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least :

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind ;
But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend :
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bonnage, cost, and care.

Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear!
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife; 201
Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by the immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; nor wisdom is in age:
But at these years, to venture on the fair;
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
Would busy the most vigorous of us all
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools, and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old laws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way —
What does my friend, my dear Placchò, say?

I say, quoth he, by heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way; 225
With full consent, that, all disputes appear'd,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ;
Each nymph-by turns his wavering mind possess,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public Fordin fix'd on high,
A Mirror shows the figures moving by; 235
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had asper'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest, 241
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolv'd within his mind: 245
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heaven, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed: 255
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beautiful, artless, innocent, and wife;

Chaste, though not rich; and, though not noble
born, 260

Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines aver'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.
Now should thy nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whenever you
wed;

And to my fervent prayers so far consent, 280
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state ap-
proves,

Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, }
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
Provided still, you moderate your joy.
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires alate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment more acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
The parents, you may think, would soon com-
ply;

The Old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
With a fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went
At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
Forth came the Priest, and bade the obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, }
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And lead in state the bridegroom and the bride. }
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;

The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trem-
bling string.

Not thus Amph on tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place :
And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open fight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on every Knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song ; 336
Think not your so test number can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day ;
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her Lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King ;
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day, 345
And fresh and blooming as the month of May !
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sat, invoking every power 351
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went
round.

With odorous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart and fed a secret fire. 360
His lovely Mistress all his soul possess'd ;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame 365
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
Then rose the guests ; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd to
undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess :
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give ;
Saturn near, with hot Eryngos stood,
Cantharides, to fire his lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times,

By this the sheets were spread, the bride un-
dress'd,

The room was sprinkled, and the bed was
blest'd.

What next ensued befalls me not to say ;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so
light, 385

As all were nothing he had done by night ;
And pp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ; 390
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast :
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell ; 395
Yet hoping time the occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May ;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous
bride ;

The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side,
High mass was sung : they feasted in the hall :
The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy
Lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her
train,

To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent :
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May :
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view ! 415
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studious now but discontented May ?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay :
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell :
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power pro-
ceed ;

Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selected influence from above ;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
Felt the first motions of an infant flame ;
Receiv'd the impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example
move

Your gentle minds to pity those who love ! 435
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :

But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd 440
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human-kind:
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence: 445
His house was stately, his retinue gay;
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
(Though God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to flame the gentlest Bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around.
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd;
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen, 460
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair, 465
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and business to retreat; 470
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
"Solus cum sola," with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure! 476
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480
This rich, this amorous venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full o't in tears did hapless May complain, 490
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight, what could thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?

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'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes: 505
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend Knight was urg'd to amorous 515
play;

He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise! 520
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmur tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.

Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd: 530
Secret, and undetery'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what trust was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own, 550
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight,
Each other lo's with patience I can bear, 555
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undisturb'd maintain; 560
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,

My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.

X x

I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord un-
kind;

'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And joined to them my own unequal age, 570
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly
charms,

Could live one moment absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd and May with modest grace reply'd
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she
cry'd): 576

Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend; 586
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race: 590
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me? 595
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

'Tis while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she pass'd.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye, 601
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough;
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the globe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden
streams,

And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his bride. }
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword
bound,

That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd
the ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain;

While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
Th' s, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind, 635
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King, who knew your wicked-
ness:

The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all.
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act restore his sight;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed? }
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed, }
She shall not want an answer at her need. }
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age! 660
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wife husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare, 671
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown, }
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone }
Who only is, and is but only One. 681
But grant the worst; shall women then be
weigh'd

By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts; 685
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more

Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.

Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:

I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 700
That this much-injur'd knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a King, said he,
And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake; 706
And thus an end of all dispute I make.

Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710
And to the Knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
"Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew 716
By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods! she cry'd,

What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!

O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of Heaven's immortal Queen!
Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?

And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall;
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.

What feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you; 745
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight

Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky: 755
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies!—what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;

I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?

Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!
If this be struggling, by this holy light, 766
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight):

So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell 770

As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,

Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it seem'd too plain—
By all those powers, some frenzy seiz'd your mind

(Reply'd the dame): are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye 785
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:

Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw.

Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)

On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,

The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.

So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden
light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim be-
fore your sight :
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they
seem! 800
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.
With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :
Both, pleas'd and blest'd, renew'd their mutual
vows, 815
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wife-husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives. 820

THE
WIFE OF BATH
HER PROLOGUE,

FROM
CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd
wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part, 5
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan :
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd; 15
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Euer ase and multiply," was Heaven's com-
mand,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their fires and mothers
leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse unkind, 25
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow; 30
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found :
'Tis but a counsel—and we women fill
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will. 35
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those: 41
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I. 45
Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's-name) with fine wheat be
fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post ass guid by heaven, 50
And use the copious talent it has given.
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine?
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine. 55
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond bedde,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was
mine, 60
The rest, without much loss, I could resign,
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with flowers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65
If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man, 70
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his
eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul, (twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil. 85
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic; 90
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try, 100
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant natteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite 110
maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, and locks, and spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tale they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married line;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you 125
care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight.
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay. 141
The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun; 145
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told them, thus you say, and thus you do, 150
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whenever the guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of 155
doors;

And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.

Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace, 160
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.

By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165

If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:

Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.

With empty hands no taffels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for 175
gold.

Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.

To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.

But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
"Billy, my dear, how creepingly you look!

"Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy
"cheek;

"Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and
"meek! 185

"Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
"Well should you practise, who so well can
"teach.

"'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,

"But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.

"Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190

"Who puts a period to domestic strife.

"One of us two must rule, and one obey;

"And since in man right reason bears the sway,

"Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her } 195

"way.

"The wives of all my family have rul'd 195

"Their tender husbands, and their passions

"cool'd.

"Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;

"What! would you have me to yourself alone?

"Why take me, Love! take all and every part!

"Here's your revenge! you love it at your 200

"heart.

"Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,

"You little think what custom I could have.

"But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for

"shame;

"What means my dear—indeed—you are to

"blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life ;
 A very woman, and a very wife. 206
 What fums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
 To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to seats of love :
 For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
 A liquerish mouth must have a lecherous tail :
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220
 But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight ; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night !
 The flour consum'd the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two ;
 But all the score I paid—as how ? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way :
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and
 din'd ;

And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
 As sung his heart, and made his marrow fry
 With burning rage, and frantic jealousy. 236
 His soul I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sate and sung. 240
 How sore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem ;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood, 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood :
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inscrib'd the great Darius lay ;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;
 So blest the good man's soul ! I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best ;
 (Kind heaven afford him everlasting rest !)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue ;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns !
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ; 261
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.

To her I told whatever could befall :
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blusht from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That oft a day I to this gossip went
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town) ;
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to every Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in every holy Masquerade,
 The Stations duly and the Vigils kept ; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;
 The wasting moths ne'er spoil'd my best array ; }
 The cause was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields, 291
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
 I still have shifts against a time of need :
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew
 him ; 300
 And durst he sworn he had bewitch'd me to
 him ;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown. }
 All this I said ; but dreams, Mrs, I had none : }
 I follow'd but my crazy Crony's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past ;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread, 311
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was borne ;
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too
 mourn.

But as he march'd, good Gods ! he show'd a
 pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair !
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be ;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;
 But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame ;
 And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been :
 Alas, alas, that ever love was in ;
 Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this powerful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land ;
But oft repented, and repent it still ;
He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will :
Nay once, by heaven, he struck me on the face ;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lions was I ;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;
And close the sermon, as becom'd his wit ; 345
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, Who builds his house on
sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands ;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap, and long ears at home. 350
All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning
bred)

A certain Treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers Authors (whom the devil con-
found

For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole ; and of St. Jerome, part ;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves ;
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and Saints lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wicked-
ness,

Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning
lies,

And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 370
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen ;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now).

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell ; and he whom Dejanire 381
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How cur'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,
And Husband-bull — oh monstrous ! he for
shame ! 386

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergoc ;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the Sage she threw ; 390
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head ;
" Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh
where ?

For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lords' destruction
prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much
love ;

That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought :
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords
have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly
potion ;

All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd
and frown'd : 411

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read
again,

And half the night was thus consum'd in vain ;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I
tore, 415

And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;
Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee — take my last embrace —
He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said. My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life ;
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command, 431
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to
flames. 435

Now heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the
grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year M.DCC.LIII.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and to wake him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a Bear and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of these beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phæbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorusus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this Piece, which was made almost in his Childhood, but, finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,

Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?

Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or still I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15
E'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20
At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole:
Or long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms to assert the cause of Jove. 30
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heavenly
space, 35

And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phæbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
And people heaven with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings, 51
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts; 56
When Dirce's fountain blust'd with Grecian blood,

And Thetis' near Ismeno's swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughtered sons into the deep. 60

What Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd, 65
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night; 70
But, while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,

The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul;
The wretch then lifted to th' un pitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he
strook,

While from his breast these dreadful accents
broke: 80

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind,
behold:

Tisiphone, that oft has heard my prayer, 85
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischief's yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90

When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphinx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:

If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's
bed,

For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;

Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight:

O hear, and aid the vengeance I require, 101
If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire!

My sons their old unhappy fire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;

Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;

These sons, ye Gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.

Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove?
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110

Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:

Place on their heads that crown distain'd with
gore,

Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115

Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.

Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!

Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:

Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief
frame,

They'd prove the father from whose loins they
came.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes unt'y'd sulphureous waters drink; 125

But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the
ground

Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.

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Through crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;

Swift as she pass'd, the sitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:

To th' iron gates of Tanarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135

The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.

Astrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembl'd, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.

Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;

With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.

A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145

In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,

When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots
from high

A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth

there came 150
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.

From every blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and
death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155

She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:

A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,

And through th' Achaïan cities send the sound. }
Cete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165

Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,

And press'd Palamon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,

And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds

Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd, }

Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest, }
And all their Furies wake within their breast.

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears, 176
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;

And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;

And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
That seizes the dull reversion of a throne;

Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided power.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185

Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,

But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay;

Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd ;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate ; 205
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage ?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day ; 215
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown :
What joys, oh Tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly all a fear'd and envy'd throne !

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent ; 225
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of
state,

And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate ;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, the ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd O Thebes ! for thee what fates remain !
What woes attend this inauspicious reign ! 235
Must we, alas ! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must
fear ?

These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state : 240
Ev'n Fortune rules no more : O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !
Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove !
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above ?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
From the first birth of our unhappy state ;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Boeotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears !
How all the tyrant in his face appears !

What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow ? 255
Gods ! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow !
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant croud ? 260
Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?
What wonder then ? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame scolds, and slaves in every reign !

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw,
Thus, on each side, alas ! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate ; 270
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this com-
mands.

And now th' Almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes :
Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below the Gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air,
and sea.

Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
The Majesty of heaven superior shone ;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers ;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;
And those that give the wandering winds to blow :
Here all their rage, and even their murmurs
cease, 290

And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic Gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;
Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke ;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight.
And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heaven
defy, 300
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove !
This weary arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain : 305
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires ;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad Ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main.
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.

Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend: 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe? 320
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
 Ere I recount the sins of these prophane,
 The sun would sink into the western main
 And rising gild the radiant east again. }
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
 Through violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view.
 Insult his wounds and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heaven alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line:
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed: 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
 He said; and thus the Queen of heaven re-
 turn'd
 (With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd):
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tower defend,
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend? 351
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355
 Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of
 old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscure rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms, 361
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may
 prove—
 Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365
 Yet, since thou wilt thy sister Queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
 No more let mortals' Juno's power invoke, 370
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your Iliis all my rights transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound. 376

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wandering stream, and through the briny
 tides
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou
 love
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share ?
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barbarous Kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as
 those.
 Thus, in reproach and prayer, the Queen ex-
 press'd 400
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply: }
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would }
 bear
 The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care: 406
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend:
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and reverence our superior will. 410
 For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms o' day,
 Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand: 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign;
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.
 The god obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread, 432
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
 Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.

Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of
May

Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' etherial height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian
groves,

While future realms his wandering thoughts de-
light,

His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.

450

Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.

With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast,)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground,
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.

Next to the bounds of Nifus' realm repaits,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:

The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:

Passes the straight that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to
night,

And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475

Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;

All birds and beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,

And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care. 481

Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,

Promise the skies the bright return of day;

No faint reflections of the distant light

Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of
night;

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,

Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.

At once the rushing winds with roaring sound

Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,

With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490

And win by turns the Kingdom of the sky;

But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds

The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling
clouds,

From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings dash from every cloud.
Now smoke with flowers the misty mountain
ground,

And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.

Th' Æolian streams with headlong fury run,

And Eritæus rolls a deluge on:

The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,

And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:

Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,

Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams
away:

Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,

Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:

The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,

And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.

T' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510

Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,

And views astonish'd from the hills afar,

The floods descending, and the watery war,

That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the
plain:

514

Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.

Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,

Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;

His brother's image to his mind appears,

Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet
with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520

When clouds conceal Boëtes' golden wain,

When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,

Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;

He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and
skies,

While thunder roars, and lightning round him
flies.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,

Thus still his courage with his toils encreas'd;

With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way

Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of
prey.

Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530

The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:

Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies;

On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,

On that Prolymna's grove and temple rise:

He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,

And to the regal palace bent his way; 536

On the cold marble, spent with toil he lies,

And wait till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,

Eleft with calm peace in his declining days. 540

By both his parents of descent divine,

Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:

Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,

But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.

To him Apollo (wondrous to relate! 545

But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)

Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,

"A yellow lion, and a bristly bear."

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,

Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest: 550

This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,

Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain.

For thus did the predicting God ordain.

To hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick darkness headlong urg'd his
flight:

Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heaven, 560
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
To Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprize.

A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such one employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.

A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed, 571
Cenides' manly shoulders overspread:
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood;
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys, 576
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guided Godhead; and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein. 580
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night:

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy
reign

You'ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train;
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray, 596
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day;

O thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid; 590
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;

The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke. 595

Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch
pray'd;

Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd:
Where yet thin ſmokes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies, 601
The relics of a former ſacrifice.

The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around 605
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;

A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;

Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high, 611
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.

Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;

A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt; 615
Around at awful diſtance wait the reſt.

And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace.
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modèſt grace maintain'd; 620

Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face; 625

Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.

As on the heroes ſit they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's reverend features reſt.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old, 635
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.

Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move with languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.

There from the chace Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in the ethereal height,

His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,

Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze; 645
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſtade, and bark againſt the ſkies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was
crown'd,

The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celeftial power they call; 650

With Phœbus name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,

Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands
drefs'd,

While with rich gums the ſmoking altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praife. 655

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts

To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Great was the cauſe: our old ſolemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;

But, ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thouſand arts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain, 665

(Transfix'd as o'er Caſſalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)

To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.

This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſ-
ſeſs'd; 671

Fair was her face and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.

Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd! 675

But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream the yielding fair enjoy'd:

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born;
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine! 685
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumber on his infant eyes 690
Yet even in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies, 701
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When Night with sable wings o'erspreads the
ground, 711

Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But generous rage the bold Chæreus warms,
Chæreus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side, 720
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embues her cruel claws.

The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chæreus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embur'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood. 730

The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.

But, fir'd with rage, from Cleft Parnassus'
brow

Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:

A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led. 746

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes; and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone, 761
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sunken rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air! 766

But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in Heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy fight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light, 775
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,

And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives; 787
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with
rage,

With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering God th' unwilling youth
retir'd. 785

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
I hope solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath
appease.

But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you
spring? 791

The noble Tydeus stands confess'd and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes;
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name.
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold! 801

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;

Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son; and Thebes my native place. 805
 To whom the King (who felt his generous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way. 811
 Ev'n those who dwell where funs at distance
 roll,

In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents' crimes descend, 820
 What Prince from those his lineage can defend?
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine 't efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }
 But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
 And shine more faintly at approaching day.
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
 And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair, 831
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
 Or, pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the steady shore;
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
 The shining structures rais'd by labouring Gods;
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of sceptres, and impending woe;
 When direful meteors spread through glowing
 air

Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
 To excel the muse of thy heavenly lyre;
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
 Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast. 850
 In Phlegya's doom thy just revenge appears,
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
 The mouldering rock that trembles from on
 high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O Power divine!
 And on thy hospitable Argos sit, 856
 Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
 Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain; 860
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE
 F A B L E
 OF
 D R Y O P E.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, Book IX.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies:
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride). 10
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the
 day,

Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
 Andraemon lov'd; and blest'd in all those charms
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
 And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought.
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20
 Not distant far, a watery Lotos grows;
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
 Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son; 25
 And I myself the same rash act had done,
 But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
 The violated blossoms drop with blood.
 Upon the tree I cast a frightful look:

The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form; and fixing here became
 A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground: 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And, as she struggled, only moves above;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below:
 Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw unhappy! what I now relate,
 And, stood the helpless witness of thy fate.

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andromon and th' unhappy fire
Appear and for their Dryope enquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind; 60
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
From every leaf distill a trickling tear,
And faint a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:

If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpyth'g powers of Heaven, 70
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear, 76
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and list his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree; 100
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA.

From CVID'S METAMORPHOSES, Book IV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field, 5
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;

'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring.
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleist rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care, 25
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair!
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to least his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The God in this decrepit form array'd, 50
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you!" (he thus address'd the
maid)

"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; his kisses warmer grow 55
Than such as women on their sex bestow;
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread; 60
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you?

Not the whole beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
 Ulysses' Queen; nor Helen's fatal charms.
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
 A thousand Sylvans, demigods; and gods,
 That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age and long experience render wise,
 And one whole tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love,
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives, and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care.
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Ad', that he varies every shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
 To him your orchard's early fruit are due;
 (A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)
 He values these; but yet (alas!) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with m'ny sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:
 Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire;
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
 Shake the light blossoms from their blighted boughs!
 This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He straight assum'd his native form again;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Disperses the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Frenz'd he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design:
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
 Of charming features, and a youthful face;
 In her soft breast contenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

CHAUCER.

I

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
 Yet swinken nat fans sectesie.
 Thilke moral shall ye understond,
 From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland:
 Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
 Right then, there passen by the way
 His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
 Ducke in his Trowes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
 "But hol our Nephew, (crieth one)
 "Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
 This silly Clerk full low doth lout:
 They asken that, and talken this,
 "Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs."
 But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote:
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breist,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
 Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought spake:
 Mifs star'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.
 "O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
 "Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter?
 "Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
 "Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke."

II.

SPENCER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN every Town where Thamis rolls his Tyle,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is cy'd,
 And many a Boat, soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Wee,
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall.
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry.

Z z

Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-
hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bafe
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
cease.
Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting Car) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to
tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the stall;
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, ev'n the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did advance like modest Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch.
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
towerly pride.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail.
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heavenly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heavenly musick should be heard alive.

Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A Poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's design, in which was paint-
ed the story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the
Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flowery Treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring:
Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream;
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes :
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise :
And thus through Mists we see the Sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day :
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom is drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears :
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire
To set, like him, Heaven too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.
ON SILENCE.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity,
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be ;
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heaven was form'd, or
earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant
forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clamorous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low.
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain ;
Lost in the maze of Words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise ;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise !

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd ;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

35 Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good
name,
The only honour of the wishing dame ;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

40 But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are
free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee !
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wouldst thou
be !

XI.

45 Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause ;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy
Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Favourites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are hest by thee express'd ; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
Reads Maibranch, Boyle, and Locke ;
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastinets, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate :

On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face ;
All white and black beside :
Dauntless her look her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHYRNE.

PHYRNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear;
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
'Twas S' il vous plaist, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length she turns a Bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

D. R. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia.
Tythe Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise,—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays——if he will;
Toad Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews;
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

AN ESSAY

ON

SATIRE.

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope. Inscribed to
Mr. Warburton.

By J. BROWN, A. M.

PART I.

*Of the End and Efficacy of Satire. The Love of
Glory and Fear of Shame universal, ver. 29.
This Passion, implanted in Man as a Spur to Vir-
tue, is generally perverted, ver. 41. And thus
becomes the Occasion of the greatest Follies, Vices,
and Miseries, ver. 61. It is the Work of Satire
to rectify this Passion, to reduce it to its proper
Channel, and to convert it into an Incentive to
Wisdom and Virtue, ver. 89. Hence it appears
that Satire may influence those who defy all Laws
Human and Divine, ver. 99. An Objection an-
swered, ver. 131.*

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow sped;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in Yours and Britain's Heart:
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night;
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign:
With inextinguishable rage they burn;
And Snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But you, O Warburton! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taste the Raptures of a pure Delight;
You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
Satire's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence His and Satire's generous End.

In every breast there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame: 30
The Passion One, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The rising Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo, 35
And only fly, that Glory may pursue
She, Power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade. 40

Thus Heaven in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in Folly only wile,
Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies;
With raptures hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful Shadow tempts his view,
He for the imagin'd Substance quits the true;
Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice; 50
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious Nature plies her part;
And still her Dictates work in every heart.
Each Power that sovereign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they sed before. 60

And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of Evils, is perverted Shame.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd,
We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treacherous Chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Silla, quit the field:
The Daemon Shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The World will call you Fool."

Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driven, 75
Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heaven.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a Coward, and a Brave to God. 80

Faith, Justice, Heaven itself now quit their hold,
When to false Fame the captive Heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato dy'd;
Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaste Lucretia's Innocence betray'd 85
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satire's power: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
And bids the Hog in native horror rise;
Strikes towering Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Power,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure. 100
The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And every foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain; 105
Desponding Fops resign the clouded cane;
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd Bee, with art most subtly true, 110
From poisonous Vice she draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind;
Canning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles!
And Force, strong sinew'd, rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of Vice impetuous drives along, 115
Too deep for Policy, for Power too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wife;
The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But Satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a ruling Passion on the rest:
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the Brave that Earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
Bold Satire shakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is Spleen; all just reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear;
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
Turns laughless to strumpets, Braux to apes;
Drags the vile Whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the Daemon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good nature shul must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice:
Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save; 145
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind. 150

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satires' frown:
This to chaffise, as That to bless was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Ministers of Heaven.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent: 155
Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit Satire most:
Folly the Laureat's, Vice was Chartres' boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame? 160
Oft Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows, 165
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire. Justice and Truth its chief and essential Property, ver. 169. Prudence in the Application of Wit and Ridicule, whose Province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known Truths, ver. 191. Proper Subjects of Satire are the Manners of present Times, ver. 239. Decency of Expression recommended, ver. 255. The different Methods in which Folly and Vice ought to be chastised, ver. 269. The Variety of Style and Manners which these two Subjects require, ver. 277. The praise of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety, ver. 315. Caution with regard to Panegyric, ver. 329. The Dignity of True Satire, ver. 341.

DARE nobly then: But conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold be ever just: 170
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The Villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend,
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
As Foplings grin to shew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart: 180
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou Fiend accurst, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.

Nor fondly deem the real fool confess, 195
Because blind Ridicule conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
Lo Shaftsbury rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own: 200
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Prophaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join a while this tittering crew,
And own the Ideal Guide for once is true;
Deride our weak fore-fathers' musty rule, 205
Who therefore smil'd, because they saw a Fool;
Sublimed logic now adorns our isle,
We therefore see a Fool, because we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek: 210
Contemns each surly Academic foe,
And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand 215
Shall work Herculean wonders through the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man: 220
No more shall Reason boast her power divine,
Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye. 230
Beware the mad Adventurer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-eyed Reason at her helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.

Though distant Times may rise in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the present Age: 240
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning Manners by the past:
Bid Britain's Heroes (awful Shades!) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When low-born Sharpers only dar'd to lye,
Or falsify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye; 250
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a Scold;

Let no unworthy mein her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace :
 In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen ;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a fore,
 Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a — ;
 The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil :
 Her beauties half-conceal'd, the more surprize, 265
 And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
 Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd ;
 Style Claudius honourable, Bute chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye :
 Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly ? 270
 Deride not Vice ; Absurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.
 Nay more ; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
 The Knave exults : to smile, is to approve.
 The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
 When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each Theme belong,
 And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song :
 On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
 And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
 Thus when a modish folly you reneare,
 Free the expression, simple be the verse.
 In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
 That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer :
 In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
 Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by Hoyle ;
 Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades,
 And carries off the captive King—of Spades !
 Let Satire here in milder vigour shine,
 And gayly graceful sport along the line ; 290
 Bid courtly passion quit her thin pretence,
 And smite each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
 Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid ;
 When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay, 295
 Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ;
 Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
 And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires ;
 When rank Adultery on the genial bed
 Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head : 300
 When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
 And Traitors barter Liberty for gold ;
 When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
 Saps the foundation of a sinking State : 305
 When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise,
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies :
 Then warmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :
 On eagle-wing she gains Parnassus' height,
 Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight : 310
 Then keener indignation fires her eye ;
 Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly ;
 Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
 Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet Satire oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
 And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene !

She wounds reluctant ; pours her balm with joy ;
 Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
 But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
 She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine ; 320
 Where bursting glories, with departing ray,
 True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day :
 With joy she sees the stream of Roman art,
 From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart :
 Sees York to fame, ere yet to Manhood known, 325
 And just to every virtue, but his own ;
 Hears unobtain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim,
 A Sage's, Critic's, and a Poet's name :
 Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
 Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend : 330
 To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view ;
 And curls each flower to form a Wreath for you.

But tread with cautious steps this dangerous ground,
 Beset with faithless precipices round:
 Truth be your guide : disdain Ambition's call ; 335
 And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
 'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine ;
 The Poet can but set it in his line :
 And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
 A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold ? 340
 Let real Merit then adorn your lays,
 For shame attends on prostituted praise :
 And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
 But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by Satire's Law confin'd : 345
 She yields description of the noblest kind.
 Inferior art the Landscape may design,
 And paint the purple evening in the line :
 Her daring thought essays a higher plan ;
 Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350
 And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
 To paint the heart, and catch internal grace ;
 By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
 Now bid a Wolfey or a Cromwell rise ;
 Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355
 Call forth a Chesterfield's or a Lonsdale's mind.
 Here sweet or strong may every Colour flow,
 Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow :
 Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
 And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART III.

The History of Satire. Roman Satirists, Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, ver. 357, &c. Causes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of Satire, ver. 389. Revival of Satire, 401. Erasmus one of its principal Restorers, ver. 405. Donne, ver. 411. The Abuse of Satire in England, during the licentious Reign of Charles II. ver. 415. Dryden, ver. 429. The true Ends of Satire pursued by Boileau in France, ver. 439. and by Mr. Pope in England, ver. 445.

THROUGH Ages thus has Satire keenly shin'd,
 The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind ;
 Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
 And Men was guilty ere the Poet sung.

This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the Sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next, avenging Satire flew:
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire; 375
For Satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre;
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense;
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But, while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought;
Greatly sedate, condemn'd a Tyrant's reign;
And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent Eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swain Luxury!—pale Ruin stalks behind!
As countless Insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the Spring, and ravage every flower;
So barbarous Millions spread contagious death:
The sickening Laurels wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove;
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His Wit harmonious, though his Rhyme was prose;
He 'midst an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.

Yet scarce had Satire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her Country's shame) 420
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain:
A race antastick, in whose gaudy line
—Untutor'd thought and tinsel beauty shines:

365 Wit's shattered Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet blush'd to sing;
'Twas all his praise to say "the oddest thing." 430
Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee?
Flames that could mount, and gain the kindred skies, 436
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice:
A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Power, the Prostitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown; 440
Unrival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And Genius rise, a Monument of shame!

More happy France; immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious Satire blest, 443
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast;
Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile.
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle: 450
Behold for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centres every Poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight; 455
As Spectres vanish at approaching light;
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity; 460
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But fairly to express the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Stars' effulgence can display, 465
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the lightning; but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy Genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Italian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale: 480
Sublimar views thy daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wisdom to explore,
And bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart; 485
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.

Tantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
 Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of Vice,
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys: 490
 But Genius, fired by Truth's eternal ray,
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
 Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
 Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
 This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
 Thy Genius was indeed a Gift from Heaven.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine; 500
 Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
 Did Friendship e'er mislead thy wandering Muse?
 That Friendship sure may plead the great excuse:
 That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy Song, 505
 Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
 Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
 'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 510
 Say, shall an attitude Muse, if you inspire,
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
 Or if, O Walsburton, inspir'd by You,
 The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
 By You inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar, 515
 The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
 In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
 And bid her Country's glory fire her page;
 If such her fate, do thou, fair Truth, descend,
 And watchful guard her in an honest end: 520
 Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
 To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but thine.
 But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
 Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
 If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525
 To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
 Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound;
 And dash the smould'ring Center to the ground.
 Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see
 That guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy. 530

AN

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES;

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

OF Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while in the one hand he demands the Perfection of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone counterwails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
 A Wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent traicts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar:
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise:
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Through worlds unnumber'd through the God he
 known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou
 find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade;
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
 strains

5 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions, passions, being's, use and end;
 10 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought; 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of
 Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know?
 Or who could suffer Being here below? 80
 25 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly given, 85
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
 30 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest:
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
 45 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
 55 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such; 115
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone ingross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial power;
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave; whole nations to the deep?

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
" Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
" Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
" And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgin, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The general Order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
soar,
And, little less than Angel, would be more;

Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say, what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite; not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends.
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What mores of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And bound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Instinct varies in the growling twine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection now allied;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' intemperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this
earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, how green ye life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to Nothing—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full Creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heaven's whole foundation to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or to the head, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains 265
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame; 270
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
 All Discord, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good.
 And, spite of Pride, inerring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT:

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
 to Himself, as an Individual.

I. *THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its Providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to Individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.*

I. **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science
 guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrecent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its object nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.

Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight
Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite;
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whole well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
So, cast and mingled with his very frame, [strength:
The Mind's disease, its ruling Passion came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;

Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blis't beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawless sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey: 150
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
And several Men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 176
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educating good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one intert body acts with mind. 180
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passion shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 210
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
As Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and Vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view, is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice:
That disappoints th' effect of every vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd:
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride; 180
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To king's presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign:
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more; 265
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king:
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the Poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age: 280
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain; 290
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure other's wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet God is WISE.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to Society.

- i. *THE whole Universe one System of Society, ver. 7 &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far Society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, ver. 166. and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176. V. Origin of Political Societies, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear, ver. 237, &c. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government, on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed Government, ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.*

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest; "the Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But must be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World, behold the chain of Love.
Combining all below, and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end, 10
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the General Good. 15
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn: 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
Tho bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is this alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" 45
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goat:
And just as short of reason He must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit, and Tyrant of the whole: 50
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his worms,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:

For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very lie his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage faves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
 Which feels no more the stroke; or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
 To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, make him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest;
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best; 80
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to overshoot, but just to hit;
 While still too wide or short is human Wit;
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, Reason never long:
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing powers
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day?
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quicken'd æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,

Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves; each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the interest, and the love:
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These natural love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Memory and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 The State of Nature was the reign of God: [trod;
 Self-love and Scocial at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
 The same his table, and the same his bed:
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heaven's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah! how unlike the man of time to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, for to Nature, hears the general groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And every death its own avenger breeds;
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
 To copy instinct then was reason's part: 170
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
 "Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 "Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
 "Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 "Learn of the little Naut'lus to sail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 "Here too all forms of social union find,
 "And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind: 180
 "Here subterranean works and cities see;
 "There towns aerial on the waving trees.

" Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 " The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow,

185
 " And Anarchy without confusion know;
 " And these for ever, though a Monarch reign,
 " Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made: 200
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or
 fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend? [205]
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow;
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

Thus states were form'd; the name of King un-
 known,

Till common interest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts and arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
 fate,

King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,

And simple Reason never sought but one: 230
 Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;

To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when they own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran;

That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
 done,

Th' enormous faith of many made for one;

VOL. VI.

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 ' Invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?

Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, LAW; 245
 Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,

Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
 sound,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Power unseen, and mightier far than they:

She, from the rending earth, and hursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
 And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:

Then first the Flamen tasted living food: 265
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;

With heaven's own thunders shook the world be-
 low,

And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
 So drives Self-love, through just, and through

unjust,

To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause

Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,

What serves one will, when many wills rebel? 275
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,

A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:

All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-deference,

Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,

And found the private in the public good.
 'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,

Follower of God, or friend of human kind, 285
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore

The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;

If not God's Image, yet his shadow drew:
 Taught Power's due use to People and to Kings,

Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,

That touching one must strike the other too;
 Till jarring interests of themselves create

Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things:

Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
 made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
 More powerful each as needful to the rest,

And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring

Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight ; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity :
 All must be false that thwarts this One great End ;
 And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend. 310
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives :
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own Axis as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the Soul ; 315
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
 Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
 And bade Self love and Social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN
WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

- I. *False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from ver. 13 to 77.*
- II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal ; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 70.*
- III. *What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world ; and that the Good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94.*
- IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121.*
- V. *That we are not judges who are good ; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c.*
- VI. *That external goods are not the proper*

rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue : Instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in Men, possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er
 thy name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise :
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair opening to some Court's propitious shrine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our
 toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And led from monarchs, St. JOHN ! dwells with
 thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way ? The Learn'd are
 blind :
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these :
 Some, sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in Pain ;
 Some, swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain ;
 Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less,
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness ?
 Take Nature's path, and mad Opinions leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
 And, mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, " the Universal Cause 35
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ; "

And

And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some-way leans and hearkens to the kind: 40
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heaven's first Law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase; 55
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same, in subject, or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
Heaven breathes through every member of the
whole

* One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all confess?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in
Fear:

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
tence.

But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, or Virtue Woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust! 100
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!

Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more though Heaven ne'er
gave,

Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105

Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,

When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?

Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,

Or partial ill is universal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115

Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of Heaven complain

That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is still at ease

When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120

Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal
Cause

Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be imprest, 125

Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the Just then let it be:

But first consider how those Just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod, 140

This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.

What shocks one party will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis
true, 145

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;

And which more blest? who chain'd his country,
say,

Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is
fed."

What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread? 150

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

"No—shall the good want Health, the good want
"Power?"

† Add Health and Power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded Power? why private? who no
"king?"

Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand? [165]

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and fix,
Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes, [175]
Yet fight'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a faint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,

Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;

Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,

The lover and the love of human kind. [190]
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,

Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no Condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small difference made,

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade; [195]
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,

The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. [200]
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,

Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:

The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with

strings, [205]
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. [210]

No! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? [215]
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness
lies:

"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wife?"
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; [220]

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the Politic and Wife: [225]
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great: [230]

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed [235]
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What 's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

Just what you hear, you have; and what 's un-
known,

The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. [240]
All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade

An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, [245]

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit 's a feather, and a Chief a rod;

An honest Man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As Justice tears his body from the grave; [250]
When what 's oblivion better were resign'd,

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self approving hour whole years out-weighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,

Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.
† In Parts superior what advantage lies?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wife? [260]
'Tis but to know how little can be known;

To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,

Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand. [265]
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view

Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;

Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: [270]
How much of other each is sure to cost:

How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;

How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, [275]

Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. [280]
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,

See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete!
 In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
 'Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 O! wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or impetuous wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and evening to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous tame,
 A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below." 310
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if it end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears: 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain
 See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, [330
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, [340
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;

285 Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wife is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence:
 Happier as kindred, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Bliss but height of Charity. 360
 God loves from Whole to Parts: but human
 soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' overflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in, of every kind; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
 315 Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come
 along:
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends, [375
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
 That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below;
 And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will;

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they are formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every Man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37. &c. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver. 110. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary Character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, and which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human-kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
Knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake ;
To written Wisdom, as another's, less :
Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess.
There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein :
Shall only Man be taken in the gross ?
Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
Next, that he varies from himself no less ; 20
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
On human actions reason though you can, 15
It may be Reason, but it is not Man :
His Principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own ;
Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not 40
take.

Of, in the Passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none ;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight ;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
When Flattery glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.

But these plain Characters we rarely find :
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of 1
mind :

Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole ;
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
The Dull, flat Falsehood serves, for policy ;
And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lie :
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wife ;
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;

Early at Business, and at Hazard late ;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate ;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball ; 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithful at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Venison to a Saint without. 80
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head ! all Interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette, 85
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (say, Montague, or more sage Char-
ron !)

Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
A perjurd Prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless Regent tremble at a Star ? 90
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithless through Piety, and dup'd through Wit ?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and Nature only are the same : 95
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game ;
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why, 100

Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold if Fortune or a Mistress frowns, 40
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions shew the man : we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind : 110
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the
great :

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in Reasoning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120

The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.

What will you do with such as disagree ?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
Must then at once (the character to save) 125
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave ?
Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar could retreat ?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat. 130
Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk ?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
One action Conduct ; one, heroic Love.

'Tis

'Tis from high Life high characters are drawn:
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chancellor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will?
Wife, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wife, more learn'd, more just, more every
thing.

Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the foil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the Gem above the Flower.

'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will sneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? fly: A Presbyterian? four:
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's Opinions: Scots now shall tell
How Trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent, dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turns with
Climes,

Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the lust of Praise:
Born with what'er could win it from the Wife,
Women and Fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;

A constant Bounty, which no Friend has made;
An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice,
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.

That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

—In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.

Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest:

Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:

"Mercy," cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl!"

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests at-
tend,

Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

"No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
dead—

"And—Betty—give this Check a little Red."
The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd

An humble-servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
stir.

"If—where I am going—I cou'd serve you, Sir!"
"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,

And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned"
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what all?"

"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul"

The

The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold, he cry'd. 260
 "Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
 And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 "Oh, save my Country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

*There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finish-
 ed than this Epistle: Yet its success was in no pro-
 portion to the pains he took in composing it. Something
 he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed
 to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for
 the small attention given to it. He said that no one
 character in it was drawn from the life. The public
 believed him in his word, and expressed little curi-
 osity about a Satire, in which there was nothing per-
 sonal.*

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true!
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
 Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simpering Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
 Choose a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy talk,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening Mask:
 So morning Insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

VOL. VI.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend. 30
 To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.
 Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"
 A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!" 40
 Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than Wife;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
 Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's prayer, 55
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim;
 And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres;
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns; [65
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
 See Sin in State, majestically drunk,
 Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk; 70
 Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
 What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
 The Nose of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomede, lecturing all mankind
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
 Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
 Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.

5 C

Wife

- Wife Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please; For how should equal Colours do the knack? 155
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease; 95 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught; "Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
 With too much Thinking to have common Thought: Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
 You purchase pain with all that Joy can give, "With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100 "Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a
 Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate, Heart. 160
 No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate. She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends, But never, never, reach'd one generous Thought.
 Because she's honest, and the best of Friends. Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Or her, whose Life the Church and Scandal share, Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
 For ever in a Passion, or a Prayer. 105 So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
 Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace) As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
 place!" Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratsie and Tears, 110 Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair. 170
 The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught, She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 To kill those foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought. Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit; But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit. Of all her Dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind! She bids her Footman put it in her head.
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wife?
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth: Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180
 Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools, One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120 Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a
 No thought advances, but her Eddy Brain Queen:
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again. The fame for ever! and describ'd by all
 Full sixty years the World has been her Trade, With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made. Ball. 185
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125 Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage, And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit, 'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
 The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit. To draw the naked is your true delight.
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
 Hell, None see what Parts of Nature it conceals: 190
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130 Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
 Her every turn with Violence pursued, We owe to models of an humble kind.
 Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude: If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
 'To that each Passion turns, or soon or late; 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate: From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curse! 135 To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
 But an Inferior not dependant? worse. Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive; From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live: But grant, in public Men sometimes are shown,
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust A Woman's seen in private life alone: 200
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great; Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
 A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat. Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends, There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or
 By Spirit robb'd of Power, by Warmth of Friends, Pride,
 By Wealth of Followers! without one distress 145 Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice, 205
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness! That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.
 Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer, In Men we various Ruling Passions find;
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir. In Women, two almost divide the kind;
 To Heirs unknown descends th'unguarded store, Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 Or wanders, Heaven directed, to the Poor. 150 The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway. 210
 Pictures, like these, dear Madam, to design, That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line; Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light, Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right: They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take; 215
But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Power all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat, 225
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures, the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 235
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable Night; 240
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old-age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end; 245
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine! 250

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the
light,

All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, 255
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear; 260
She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will, 265
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill, 270
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a foster Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Favourite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules, 275
Your taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools:

Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280
Be this a Woman's Fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285

Averted half your Parents' simple prayer;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the self
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
Kept dross for Dutchesse, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of Riches.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, &c. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessarys, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you
and me?

You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heaven:

And Gold but sent to keep the Fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too; its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven supply'd two sorts of Men,
To squander These, and Those to hide again.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,

We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of th' Elect;
Given to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold be-
stows;

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;

'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

What Nature wants (a phrase I must distrust) 25

Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust:

Useful, I grant, it serves what Life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, Society extend:

P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.

B. I raise Armies in a Nation's aid:

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35

From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,

And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,

"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest Paper-credit! last and best supply!

That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40

Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,

Can pocket States, can fetter all our Kings;

A single leaf shall wait on aump o'er,

Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore;

As leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter'd to and fro

Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow: 45

Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,

And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! what such bulky Bribes as all might see,

Still as of old, incumber'd Villainy!

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,

With all their brandies, or with all their wines?

What could they more than Knights and Squires

confound,

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?

A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would

spoil! 50

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;

"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;

"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;

Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60

Affraid his cheere Sir Morgan might we meet;

And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

Whom, with a wife to wild, and mien so maz'd,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
hogs, 65

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,

With spurning heels and with a butting head.

To White's be carry'd as to ancient games, 70

Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,

Dear home fix Whores, and make his Lady weep?

Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,

Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?

Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75

To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille?

Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,

What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and
all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then enquire?

Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,

Cloaths, and Fire. 80

Is this too little? would you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last! 85

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;

To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,

In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;

Or heal, old Narfes, thy obscener ail,

With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail? 90

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)

Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend;

Or find some Doctor that would save the life

Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:

But thousands die, without of this or that, 95

Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.

To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,

T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their

part;

Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his

heart:

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule

That every man in want is knave or fool:

"God cannot love," says Blunt, with tearless eyes) 45

"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

But the good Bishop, with a meeker air, 100

Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of self,

Each does but hate his neighbour as himself: 50

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides

The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides 110

B. Who suffers thus, mere Charity should own,

Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine, they

foresee,

Some Revelation hid from you and me: 55

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;

115

He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?

To live on Venison when it sold so dear. 60

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?

Phryne foresees a general Excise. 120

Why she, and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?

Alas, they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife

Wife Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold.
Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial souls; whose life one Avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's
hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate:

"At length Corruption, like a general flood,
" (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
" Shall deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,
" Spread like a low-boim mist, and blot the Sun;
" Statesman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
" Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box,
" And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
" arms!"

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scrivener, fir'd thy
brain,

Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aham'd to see
Senates degenerate, Patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace.

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,
"The Ruling Passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that Passion, if it has no Aim;
For though such motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each Passion
senses,

"And different men directs to different ends.
"Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in Man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammion pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next a Fountain, spouting through his Heir,
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though the ale of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with needles, moats with crosses stor'd,
With soups unto gill and sallads bled his board?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Eremites, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old
Hall,

Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noctive bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smoakless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:

Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not to his Son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes; than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!

Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;

'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the
cup,

And Zeal for that great House which rats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant hands:
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and turns a
Pope.

And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
To enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, or ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;

To balance Fortune by a just expence,
Join with Economy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;

Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty
given,

And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heats, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that
cheats.

Is there a Lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatterer, or Buffoon?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Player?

Who

Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary Traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the Market place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265

Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives. 270

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an useless race

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mimes to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man possess—five hundred pounds a year. 280
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown? 285

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, search it there, were to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. 290
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living sav'd a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live long wig, which Gorgon's self might own, 295

Eternal huckle takes in Parian stone.

Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!

And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung, 300

The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,

With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him, 305
That life of Pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimic Statesmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.

There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And Fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"
As well his Grace reply'd "Like you, Sir John?"
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, Reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?

Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.

His only daughter in a stranger's power, 325
For very want; he could not pay a dower.

A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that fold them for two pound.

What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend; 330

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!

Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?

A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing to the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340

There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were
sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old; 350

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds
sweep

The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355

And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,

He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;

And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,

An honest factor stole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,

So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.

Some

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 " I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
 " Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
 " And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on every side, 370
 Till all the Dæmon makes his full Descent
 In one abundant shower of Cent per Cent,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
 And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:

Seldom at Church, ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife.
 There (so the Devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight; 385
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
 Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the Fair)
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
 First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
 His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
 She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.

In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
 My Lady falls to play: so bad her chance, 395
 He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
 The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
 The Devil and the King divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TQ

RICHARD BOYLE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

The Vanity of Expense in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the sword Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of

mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, and in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expense of Great Men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

TIS strange, the Miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
 Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
 Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats: 5
 He buys for Topham Drawings and Designs;
 For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
 Rare Monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane. 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
 For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got Wealth to waste? 15

Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."
 Heaven visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
 And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
 See! sportive Fate to punish awkward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide: 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
 That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
 Fill half the land with imitating Fools;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
 Turn Arts of triumph to a Garden gate: 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
 Then

Then clap four slices of Pilaster on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear.
Something there is more needful than Expense,
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no Science, fairly worth the seven:
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all:
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow Sense, of every Art the Soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a *Strow*.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory fails;
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls:
The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the Plain,

You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light;

A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Through his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus
stray'd,
Or fate delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine Taste an opener Vista loves,
For to the Dryads of his Father's groves;

One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views, 95
With all the mournful family of Jews:

The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What fums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,

40 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdigag before your thought
To compass this, his Building is a Town, 105
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground, 110
Two Cupids squat before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Norhern wind.
50 His Gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the Wall!

No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildness to perplex the scene;
55 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees.

Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees; 120
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
60 And there a Summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers:
There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

65 My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smrit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But fort—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot Terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,

Just at his Study door he'll bless your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Looks, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135
These Aldus printed, those Du Suel has bound
I.e. some are Vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
30 That summons you to all the Pride of Prayer:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
25 And bring all Paradise before your eye.

To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
90 And gaping Tritons spew to wash their face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat. 155

So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there. 160
 Between each Act the trembling falvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God blest the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, carels'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread, 170
 The labourer bears: What his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
 Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense. 180

His Father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
 Whose chearful tenants blest their yearly toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future buildings, future navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
 Till Kings call forth th'ideas of your mind, 195
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
 Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
 Bid Temples worthier of the God ascend;
 Bid the Broad Arch the dangerous flood contain,
 The Mole projected break the roaring Main; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land;
 These honours, peace to happy Britain brings;
 These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead;
 Vol. VI.

Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr
 toil'd;

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods:
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey;
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some bury'd marble halt preserves a name;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column, and the crumbling bust: 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
 shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and
 name:

In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learn'd spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd:
 And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an Ocho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine: 45
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
 Her Gods and godlike Heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regards engage;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage: 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
 There, Warriors frowning in historic brats:
 Then future ages with delight shall see,
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
 Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine:
 With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,

" Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 70
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I
 said,

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,

All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
 hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they
 glide.

By land, by water, they renew the charge;

They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.

No place is sacred, not the Church is free,

Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of
 rhyme,

Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming Peer,

A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,

Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,

And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,

The world had wanted many an idle song)

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace; 35

And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility; I read

With honest anguish, and an aching head;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,

This saving council, "Keep your piece nine years." 40

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take
 "it; 45

"I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make
 "it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace:

"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libel'd me—"but here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,

"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55

"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission
 ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, "Sdeath! I'll
 "print it,

"And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with
 "Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks: 65

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clasp the door,

"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70

His very Minister, who spy'd them first,

(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or
 built.

And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face? 75

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous
 things,

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;

Keep close to cars, and those let asses prick,

'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80

The truth once told (and wherefore should we
 lie?)

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb

through,
He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew :
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Ravius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll

offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—? One Flatterer's worse than

ail.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court:

I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"—
Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I hid'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self, (great Dryden's friends before)

With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and
spells,

Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry; I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The Bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turn a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a

year;
He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bad translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chase!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,

Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or wirlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft Dedication all day long.
Horace and he went hand in hand in song,
His Library (where busts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and sometimes eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the Great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose
quill!

May every Eavius have his Bufo still!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the Great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:
Let me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and Queenberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!

(To live and die is all I have to do:)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a Patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?

210 Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)

Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt

275

"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."

215 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.

"No, such a Genius never can lie still;"

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.

280

Poor, guileless I! and can I choose but smile?

220 When every Coxcomb knows me by my Style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,

285

Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a Tear!

225 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,

Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,

Who loves a Lie, lame slander helps about,

Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:

290

That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,

230 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:

Who can your merit selfishly approve,

And shew the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,

295

Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;

235 Who tells what'er you think, what'er you say,

And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,

And sees at Cannons what was never there;

300

Who reads but with a lust to misapply,

240 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.

A la'n like mine no honest man shall dread,

But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,

305

Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?

Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

250 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In muzzling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

315

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

255 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

O at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,

320

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

260 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,

Now high, now low, now master up, now mis,

And he himself one vile Antithesis.

325

Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,

The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,

265 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,

Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbits have express'd,

330

A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,

270 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's Praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways:
 That Flattery, e'en to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same;
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—
 Welcome nor thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome e'en the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
 P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was hit:
 This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knocked at Thibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on Walsley's lie.
 To please his mistress, one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grug-street on his quill,
 And write whatever he pleas'd, except his Will;

Let the two Curlls of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul and muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family. James Moore! 385
 Unspotted name, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
 Of genie blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P.
 Their own. 390
 And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age. 395

No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart. 400
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise!
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I. 405

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend, 413

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen!
 A Whether that blessing be deny'd or given,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.

Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; “*Probatum est.*”
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's Praise,
You'll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce,

With Arms and George and Brunswick crowd the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smoothe the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the Poet's lays,
It is to History he trusts for Praise.

F. Better be Cihber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Feter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarfdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she:
F— loves the Senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all else, as one Egg to another.

I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall with my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.

5 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verfman or Profesman, term me what you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
10 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's moic:

15 But touch me, and no minister so sore
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song

20 Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels:
85 Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

90 Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
Whether Old-age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day.

Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
95 To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:

35 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

100 F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,

In flower of Age you perish for a song!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?

110 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
50 Flatterers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?

Could

Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the
Laws.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120

To Virtue only and her friends a Friend,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep.

There, my retreat the best Companions grace,

Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:
And He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my
Vines;

Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;

Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me,
tell;

And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me. 140

This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—
What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
Consult the Statute, "quart." I think, it is,
"Edwardi sext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave Epistles, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed; 155
In such a case the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 51
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endued, 25
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbe-
cued!"

Oh blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30

When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see; 35
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
Till Beccaficos sold so devilish dear

To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40
Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,

I'll have a Party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend;

I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45

About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;

Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which

For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) 50
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,

And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found 55

A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd),
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60
He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,

Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass, 65

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:

(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: The stomach (cramm'd from every dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Whole

BOOK II.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the
Art

To live on little with a cheerful heart;
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.

Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the School-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each Worshipful and Reverend guest

Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy every labour it pursues!

How coming to the Poet every Muse!

Not but we may exceed, some holy time,

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage;

And more the sickness of long life, Old-age;

For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemperate Youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'fon. You sup-

pose,

Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could

come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why had not I in these good times my birth,

Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,

That sweetest music to an honest ear;

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,

The world's good word is better than a song)

Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pye

Are no rewards for want, and infamy!

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,

Curs'd be thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name;

And buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

"Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in

need

"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the Sun, let County spread her ray,

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?

Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,

As M^o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her

mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And who stands safest? tell me, is it he

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus BARNUM spoke, who always speaks his

thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought:

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of thousands, and if now Excis'd;

In forest planted by a Father's hand,

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little I can piddle here

On brocoli and mutton, round the year;

But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)

That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards,

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords;

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,

Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my

own:

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;

And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,

And figs from standard and espalier join;

The devil is in you if you cannot dine:

Then chearful healths (your Mistress shall have

place);

And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:

Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!

My Life's amusements have been just the same,

Before, and after Standing Armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;

I'll hire another's? is not that my own,

And yours, my friends? through whose free opening

gate

None comes too early, none departs too late;

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)

"Pray heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;

"I wish to God this house had been your own:

"Pity! to build, without a son or wife;

"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

What's Property? dear Swift! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to Peter Walker;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;

Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;

Or in pure equity (the case not clear)

The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:

At best, it falls to some ungracious son,

Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my

own."

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,

Become the portion of a booby Lord;

And Hemsley, once proud Fockingham's delight,

Slides to a Scrivener, or a City Knight.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,

Let Us be fix'd, and our own master's still.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modest Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Generals now, retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their Old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Evening satiate of Applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK'S cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)

"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take
"breath,

"And never gallop Pegasus to death;

"Left stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15

"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
horse."

Farewell then Verse, and Love, and every Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All: 20
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what Doctors I apply?

Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:

As drives the storm, at any door I knock, 25
And house with Montagne now, or now with
Locke:

Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true: 30
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
Long as the Night to her whose Love 's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of the soul; 40
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wife:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of fight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite: 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

VOL. VI.

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55

With wretched Avarice, or as wretched Love?

Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can
controul

Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:

Know, there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh
apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60

Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,

Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,

A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch Bear;

All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65

And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.

But to the world no bugbear is so great,

As want of figure, and a small Estate.

To either India see the Merchant fly,

Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,

Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!

Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,

Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?

To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75

And ease thy heart of all that it admires?

Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!"

"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

There London's voice, "Get Money, Money still!"

"And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,

From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!

From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,

To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Bernard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85

"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
pounds?

A pension, or such Harness for a slave

As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.

Bernard, thou art a Cit with all thy worth;

But Bug and D^l, Their Honours, and so forth. 90

Yet every child another song will sing,

"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

True, conscious Honour, is to feel no sin,

He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within;

Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95

Compar'd to this, a Minister 's an Ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,

This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?

The modern language of corrupted Peers,

Or what was spoke at CRESSY or POITIERS? 100

Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,"

"With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;

"Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;

"If not, by any means, get Wealth and Place."

For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing, 105

And foremost in the Circle eye a King.

Or he, who bids thee face with steady view

Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness
through:

And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }

If such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110

Should chance to make the well dress'd Rabble
stare;

In honest S^z take scandal at a Spark,

That less admires the Palace than the Park: —

3 E

Faith.

Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave :
 " I cannot like, dread Sire, your Royal Cave ; 115
 " Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 " Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a Slave:
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
 Well, if a King 's a Lion, at the least 120
 The People are a many-headed Beast :
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do ?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125

Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main ;
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews ;
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews ;
 Some with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn ; 130

Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn ;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
 In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone : 135
 But shew me one who has it in his power
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
 " No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-
 hill !"

Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
 Now let some whimsey, or that Devil within
 Which guides all those who know not what they }
 mean, }

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen ; 145
 " Away, away ! take ail your scaffolds down,
 " For Snug 's the word : My dear ! we 'll live in
 Town."

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown ?
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
 The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quar- 150
 ter,

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
 Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich ? }
 Well, but the Poor—The Poor have the same }
 itch ; }

They change their weekly Barber, weekly News, 155
 Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes ;
 Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one ;
 They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

You laugh, half-Beau, half-Sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary !
 But when no Prelate's Lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd, 165

Is half so incoherent as my mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ebb and flow of Follies all my life)

I plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
 Turn round to square ; and square again to round ; 170

You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this Madnefs but a common case,
 Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply ;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry !
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
 Is this my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend ?
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend ;
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That Man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own ; 180

Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd ;
 Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while op-
 press'd ;
 Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power ;
 At home, though exil'd ; free, though in the
 Tower ;

In short, that reasoning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just less than Jove, and much above a King,
 Nay, half in heaven—except (what 's mighty odd)
 A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-god !

BOOK I.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
 To make men happy, and to keep them so."
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flowers of
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)
 This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5
 Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my Friend ! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies,
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what Earth's low entrails hold, }
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ; }
 All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold ? }
 Or Popularity ? or Stars and Strings ?

The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings ? 15
 Say, with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze ?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing :
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire ;
 Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.

Thus

'Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;

For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
Procure a Taste to double the surprize,
And gaze on Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright Brocade or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth day Nobles' splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall One whom Nature, Learning, Birth con-

spir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the Power of Words,
So known so honour'd, at the house of Lords:
Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaux invited over,
And desperate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
There all Men may be cur'd, when'er they please.
Would ye be blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?

Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
Tis, mark th' advantage; just so many score,
Will gain a Wife with half as many more,

Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such Friends—as cannot fail to last.
A Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus shall give him Form and Antis Birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,
Who, proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
His Wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
But if to Power and Place your Passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord,
To do the Honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Clouds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the Chair:
"That makes three members, this can chuse a Mayor."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace protest,
Adopt him Son or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about and laugh at your own Jest.
Or if your life be one continued Treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.
Or shall we every Decency confound;
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our
round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew;
From Latian Syrens, French Circzan Feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts;
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our Country and degrade our Name?
If after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you great Patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend;
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?

Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,
After a Life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued or Property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind;
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, every Labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Wonder of Kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, he it yet confess
Your People, Sir, are partial to the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;

It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skeiton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our fires?
In every Public Virtue we excell;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British Bards begin to immortalize?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine a Modern and a Dunce? 60

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England, he may do"
Then, by the rule that made the Horse tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.

Shakespeare (whom you and every Playhouse bill
style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own despatch.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The Life to come in every Poet's Creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the saying of old Ben? 80
In all debates where Critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art
Of Shakespeare's Nature and of Cowley's Wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
writ;

"How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow; 85
But for the Passions, Southerne sure and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God. -90

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the Obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.

Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like flashing Bently with his desperate hook,
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected Fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110
One Simile, that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many
page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
While, if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon but Applause.

On

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
 If I but ask if any weed can grow;
 One Tragick sentence if I dare deride,
 Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You 'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And, to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
 What then was new, what had been ancient
 now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty dead?
 In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
 Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd;
 In every taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
 Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excel,
 Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
 And every flowery Courtier writ Romance.
 Then Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
 Lely on animated Canvas stole
 The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
 On each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
 But Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church or State;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.
 Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his family in every rule,
 And send his Wife to Church, his Son to School.
 To worship like his Fathers, was his care;
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
 To prove that Luxury could never hold;
 And place, on good Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfathers, all will wear the
 bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lye,
 Not —'s self e'er tells more Fibs than I;
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;

We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.
 He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
 Ev'n Radcliffe's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they 've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would
 smile)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
 Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
 And rarely Avarice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet.
 Of little use the Man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose:
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
 And (though no Soldier) useful to the State.
 What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King:
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
 No whiter page than Addison's remains;
 He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
 Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And stretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Stern hold glad the heart with Psalms:
 The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could Devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and
 Turk.

The

- The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
 And Heaven is won by Violence of Song. 240
 Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Sinu'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And aunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produced the point that left a sting behind;
 Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to Flattery's side; but some, more
 nice, 260
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.
 We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's
 charms:
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
 Though still some traces of our rustic vein 270
 And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
 Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
 The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
 What pert low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how loosely does Astræa tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
 But fill their purse, our Poets' work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295
 O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
 There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
 The many-headed Monster of the Pit; 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd:
 Who, to disturb their bitters mighty proud,
 Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
 What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
 Ever the Taste of Mobs, but now of Lords;
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
 The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot, and horse; 315
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
 The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-appealing note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
 Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd
 chair.
 Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach, 340
 Let me for once presume to instruct the times,
 To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art; 280
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the
 air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
 But not this part of the Poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their
 spring?
 How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355
 My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and with their leave, will tell the fault:
 We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

BOOK II.

EPISTLE II.

The season, when to come, and when to go, 1360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
 Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine 365
 For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
 But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;
 And from the moment we oblige the town,
 Expect a place, or Pension from the Crown;
 Or, dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375
 Yet think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben and furly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conquering Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing;

What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the 395
 sword;

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in 400
 sleep;

Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
 The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.

A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,

"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415

(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
 Besringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

"Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur." HOR.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's
 Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
 Bows, and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

"My only son; I'd have him see the world:

"His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.

"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

"Merc wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

"Your Barber, Cook, Upholsterer, what you please:

"A perfect genius at an Opera song—

"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

"His whole ambition was to serve a Lord:

"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15

"Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's
 "heart.

"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,

"And then unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal.

"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20

If, after this, you took the graceful lad,

Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,

I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;

Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25

And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light;

I told you when I went, I could not write;

You said the same; and are you discontent

With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30

Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!

D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old

Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:

Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35

He slept, poor dog; and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desperate mind,

Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,

Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, } 40

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,

Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,

Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter

(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);

"Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) see yonder walls!

"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!

"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."

Don't you remember what reply he gave?

"D'ye think me, noble General, such a Sot?

"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in Greek the wrath of Peieus' son.

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,

The better art to know the good from bad: 55

(And little sure imported to remove,

To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But

But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Celi;
And certain Laws, by sufferers though unjust, 60
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm pre-
vail'd.

For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
If I should scribble, rather than repose.

Years following Years, steal something every
day.

At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:
This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied Mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learn'd roast an egg.
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square— 95
Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—

"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass? 105
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S.-v.—nce in a Car?

Go, lofty Poet! and in such a croud,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run,
To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd 115
before?

The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stepp'd from its Pedestal to take the air! }
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your elo-
quence,"

"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Theobald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we
please.

"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write: 150
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain, bad Rhymers, all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The Men, who write such Verse as we can read?
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
How'er unwillingly it quits its place,

Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears, 165
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,

Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong, }
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But shew no mercy to an empty line: 175
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;
"As those move easiest who have learned to
dance."

If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool;

Call

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in prime Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord : 185
Who, though the House was up, delighted fate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :

In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife ;
Not quite a madman, though a puffy fellow ; 190
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends im-
mur'd,

They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd ; in short,
they cur'd :

Whereat the gentleman began to stare---
My Friends ! he cry'd, p-x take you for your
care ! 195

That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my
fate :

Wisdom (cur'd on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull : 200
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind.
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the Soul 205

Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before ;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the Pensive Grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

It, when the more you drink, the more you
crave,

You tell the Doctor ; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as disease ? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
" Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and
place 220

Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace ;
Look in that breast, most dirty Dean ! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there ? --

Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatterers
preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
A Property, that's yours on which you live.

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :

All Wordly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own : 235

He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit :

Now, or long since, what difference will be found ?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

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Heathe to himself, and such large-acred men, 240
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,

Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat ;
Buy every Pellet they afford to eat.

Yet these are Wights who fondly call their own
Haif that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-
town. 245

The Larvæ of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity should stand :

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,

Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man, and forever : wretch ! what worldst thou have ?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255

Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail ?
Join Cotswold's hills to Saperton's vale,

Let rising Granaries and Temples e,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke !

Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265

There are who have not---and thank heaven there
are.

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270

Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;
The other flights, for women, sports, and wine,

All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's
mines :

Why one like Bu--- with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275

One, driven by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :

Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;

That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual : His great End the same.

Yes Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285

My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place :

But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :

I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
Another, not to heed to treasure more :

Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

What is 't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not ?

The ship itself may make a better figure ;
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger :

I neither strut with every favouring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth,

In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of Avarice? I have none."

I wish you joy, Sir of a Tyrant gone; 305

But does no other lord it at this hour,

As wild and mad? the Avarice of power?

Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?

Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

With terrors round, can Reason hold her
throne, 310

Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,

In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,

And count each Birth-day with a grateful
mind? 315

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end;

Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?

Or will you think, my friend, your business
done, 320

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn to live will, or fairly make your will;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your
fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age

Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the
stage:

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,

Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

DR. DONNE'S SATIRES (*Paraphrased.*)

S A T I R E II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew

This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:

Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still

One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,

That all beside, one pities, not abhors;

As who knows Supphea, smiles at other whores. 5

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;

It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:

Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows
how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,

Poor and dishonour'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15

So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,

The glided puppets dance and nod at above.

Heav'd be the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:

Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair: but songs no longer move:

No rat is thym'd to death, nor maid to love:

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,

And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to
get, 25

As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.

Those write because all write, and to have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet

Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;

His rank digestion makes it wit no more:

Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;

For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs, 35

Who live like S--t--n, or who die like Chartres,

Out-cant old Eddas, or out-drink his heir,

Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;

Wicked as Pages, who in early years

Act sins which Priests' Confessor scarce bears. 40

Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake

Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;

Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell

In what Commandment's large contents they
dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence: 45

Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave

Impudence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,

Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,

And brings all natural events to pass,

Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50

No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be

More pert, more proud, more positive, than he,

What further could I wish the sop to do,

But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?

Pierce the soft labyrinth of a Lady's Ear 55

With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?

Or court a Wife, spread out his wily part,

Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts,

Call himself Barrister to every wench,

And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60

Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold

More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:

Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.

'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65

If Peter deigns to help you to your own!

What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!

And what a solemn face, if he denies!

Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear

'Twas only Suretyship that brought them there. 70

His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire,

He flurves with cold to save them from the fire;

For you he walks the streets through rain or
dust,

For not in Chariots Peter puts his trust;

For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75

Takes God to witness he affects your cause,

And lies to every Lord in every thing,

Like a King's Favourite---or like a King.

These are the talents that adorn them all,

From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80

Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,

Not more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.

In stillings and in pence at first they deal;

And steal so little, few perceive they steal;

Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85

From Scors to Wight, from Mount to Dover

strand;

And when rich Widows purchase lascivious nights,

Or when a Duke to Justice punts at White's,

Or City Heir in mortgage melts away;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Covenants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *for heirs*: 100
 No Commentator can more sliily pass
 Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
 Or, in quotation, shroud Divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the
 doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer the Power and Glory
 clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the
 ground? 110

We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of poor that throng'd
 of yore

The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fullsome Bacchanals;
 And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could
 starve.

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without of-
 fence; 125

Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,

Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,

Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5

And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.

The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,

To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,

Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd; 10

I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;

I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:

Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;

Yet went to Court!—the Devil would have it so.

But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15

Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)

Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;

So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,

As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,

As vain, as idle, and as false, as they

Who live at Court, for going once that way!

Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came

A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25

Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,

Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:

A venier monster, than on Afric's shore

The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,

Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves
 contain,

Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,

At night would swear him dropp'd out of the
 Moon.

One, whom the mob, when next we find or make

A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35

And the wise Justice starting from his chair

Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,

Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare,
 was black:

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40

Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,

But mere tuff-tassety what now remain'd;

So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,

First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, and speaks language
 too,

And knows what's fit for every state to do;

Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,

He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,

Talkers I've learn'd to bear: Motteux I knew, 50

Henly himself I've heard, and Budget too.

The Doctor's wormwood style, the Hash of
 tongues

A Pedant makes, the storm of Conson's lungs,

The whole Artillery of the terms of War,

And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling Bar; 55

These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,

Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.

A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancel Cores,

Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,

With royal Favourites in flattery vie, 60

And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out: I whisper, Gracious God!

What sin of mine could merit such a rod?

That all the shot of dulness now must be

From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65

Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame

To crave your sentiment, if — your name.

What Speech esteem you most? "The King's,"
 said I.

But the best words?—"O Sir, the Dictionary."

You miss my aim! I mean the most acute 70

And perfect Speaker?—"Onslow, past dispute."

But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closter style,

"But Hoastly for a period of a mile."

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:

Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75

Nay troth th' Apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus, others talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till Iery'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not Druggerman at Ebel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tower had stood. 85

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
"The King would smile on you---at least the
Queen."

Ah, gentle Sir! you Courtiers scorn us--- 90
But Tully has it, "Nunquam minus solus."
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spanish way:
Though in his pictures Lust be full at play'd,

Few are the Converts Aretine has made; 95
And though the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entrance'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and re-
plies:

"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"

Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family;

He every day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk: 105
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eat and Bred.

"Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! strangely low,
"And coarse of phrase,---your English all are so.
"How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye
mean?

I have but one: I hope the fellow's clean.

"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your Paduany."

Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dismille--- 115
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and
shows, 130

More than ten Hollingsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows;
and what

A subtle Minister may make of that:
Who fins with whom: who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:

Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his seat,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:

Who, in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:

Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:

Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town: 145

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising Courtier will have toll.

He tells what Strumpet places sells for life,
What Squire his lands, what Citizen his wife:

At last (which proves him wiser still than
all) 150

What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,---yet he thrusts in more:

Turns Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And takes Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart. 155

Like a big wife at sight of leathier meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.

Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every Man;

Swears every place entail'd for years to come, 160
In sure succession to the day of doom:

He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
Than Spain robsen, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165

Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,

Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wife
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.

I felt th' infection slide from him to me; 170
As in the pox, some give it to get free:

And quick to swallow me methought I saw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175

To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.

Not Famius! more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

I quak'd at heart, and, still afraid to see 180
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,

Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To whole some Solitude, the nurse of Sense; 185

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!

There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.

Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free:
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195

Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?

Who cannot flatter, and darest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?

Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,

Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a Court in wax! 205
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things---
No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a King!" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fool's coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for fight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to
hit!"

And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
'T would burst even Heracitus with the spleen,
To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahmoud, or some queer Pa-god.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 254
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest? 255
Peace, fools, or Gouton will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made every Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them
both, 260

Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath,
The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door. 265
And with a face as red, and as as hot,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapsady,

Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than them all: 275
Each Man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizzly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as
mine: 280
Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Di-
vine!

From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in
Print,

And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel--- 5
Why new, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
Tory:"

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Babo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do Business, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex, 15
In reverend Bishops note some small Neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
His fly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS
smile:

An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
But faith your very Friends will soon be fore;
Fidlers there are, who with you'd jest no more--
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The Great man never offer'd you a ghost.

Go see Sir ROBERT---

P. See Sir ROBERT!---hum---
And never laugh---for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Power; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with a Vernal tribe
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be
free;
A Horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A Joke on Jekyll, or some odd Old Whig,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig; 40
A Patriot is a Fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the Man so near 45
"His prince, that writes in Verse, and has his
ear?"

Why answer LYTTLETON; and I'll engage
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper bale,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50
Sejanus, Wolfey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some Statesman in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are
fore, 55
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue balance all again. 60
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flowers of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd Cream of Courtly
Sense, 70
That first was H---vy's, F---'s next, and then,
The S---re's, and then H---vy's once again.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the Nation's Sense;
Or teach the Melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest.
All parts perform'd, and all her Children blest!
So---Satire is no more---I feel it die---
No Gazetteer more innocent than I---
And let, a God's name, every Fool and Knave 85
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his Grave,

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You still may lash the greatest---in Disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
But let all Satire in all Changes spare
Immortal S---k, and grave De---re.
Silent and soft, as Saints remov'd to Heaven,
All Ties dissolv'd, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame trans-
port,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's
disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their
Place:

But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast
their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sovereigns dy'd, could scarce be
next,

Considering what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110
And at a Peer, or Peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a Sister or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Favourite's Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's
skill?

Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120
It is for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like
Kings?
If Blount di patch'd himself, he play'd the man;
And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and
Wife?

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And huris the Thunder of the Laws on Gin. 130
Let modest Foster, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaise in Doctrine,---yea in Life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward Shame, 135
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame;
Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same below'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
And stoops from Angels to the dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore;
Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more,

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,

Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops ble's;

In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws;
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150

Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet through the land proclaim,

That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160

In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Power,
'Tis Avarice all, Ambition is no more!

See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!

See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!

The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,

At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry
"Nothing is sacred now but Villainy." 170

Yet may this Verse if such a Verse remain)
Shew there was one who held it in disdain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRE S.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel---Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow
'twill it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle every line,

In reverence to the Sins of Thirty-nine! 5

Vice with such Giant-strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10

Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.

Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?

Come on then, Satire! general, unconfin'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind. 15

Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!

Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!

Ye reverend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them,
who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a sister, who foreswore a Debt, 20
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The poisoning Dame---F. You mean---P. I don't---F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!

The bribing Statesman---F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector---F. There you stoop too low. 25

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30

As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

Suppose I censure---you know what I mean---

To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no; his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Trade man who set up to-day,

Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild;

Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40

Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)

The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;

Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,

The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45

Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe

Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

Then better sure it Charity becomes

To tax Directors, who thank God! have Plums;

Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50

May pinch ev'n there---why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?

Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

Who now that obsolete Example fears?

Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,

You make men desperate, if they once are bad:

Else might he take to Virtue some years hence 60

P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S---k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.

When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,

And melts to Goodness, need I Scarborough name?

Pleas'd let me own, in Esther's peaceful Grove

(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's Love)

The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,

I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew?

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert: 70

Secker is decent; Rundel has a Heart;

Manners with Candour are to Benson given;

To Berkley, every Virtue under Heaven.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?

That instant, I declare, he has my Love: 75

I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;

Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.

Of, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm Sense, and Stanhope's noble
Flame, 80

Compar'd, and knew their generous End the same:
How pleasing Atterbur'y's softer hour!
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85
Argyll, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or Wyndham, just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own?

Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in
vain, 90

Rank'd with their Friends, nor number'd with
their Train;

And if yet higher the proud List should end,
Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays:

I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise; 95

Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,

Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)

Din'd with the Man of Rofs, or my Lord Mayor.

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not
grave)

Have still a secret Byass to a Knave:

To find an honest man, I beat about;

And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verie. 105

But random Praise---the task can ne'er be done:

Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,

Each Widow asks it for the Best of Men,

For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground: 110

The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the Greatest of these days,

To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?

Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115

What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce cou'd gain,

And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in
vain.

No Power the Muse's Friendship can command;

No Power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line; 120

O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!

---What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's
no sin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,

The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply---

Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave, 130

And Lyttelton a dark, designing Knave;

St. John has ever been a mighty Fool---

But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Has never made a Friend in private life,

And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spur-gall'd Hackney of the
day,

When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

To break my windows if I treat a Friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the
dirt? 145

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules

Of honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150

To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:

But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,

Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;

The prudent General turn'd it to a jest,

And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155

Which not at present having time to do---

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront
to you?

Against your worship when had S---k writ?

Or P---ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?

Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160

[In Power a Servant, out of Power a Friend]

To W---le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery bedropt the Crown,

How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,

Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;

Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,

Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,

As Hog to Hog in Huts of Westphaly;

If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:

The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line

Quite turns my stomach---

P. So does Flattery mine:

And all your courtly Civer-cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

But hear me further---Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185

Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;

But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;

And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,

Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190

Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,

Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?

No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,

Without a staring Reason on his brows?

And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195

Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?

The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.

When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,

Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.

Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a Covecomb's honour like his fence;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave.
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! lent for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must
guide:

Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Yet tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobweb, o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preacher, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of
Kings.

All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A Monarch's sword, when mad vain-glory
draws,

Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's
shrine,

Her priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,
And opens the temple of Eternity. 235

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Artists cists into the grave;
Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsully'd mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus
sings,

And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies: 245
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of
Law;

Here, last of Britons! let your names be read; 250
Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead, -
And for that Cause which made your fathers
shine,

Fall by the Votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man. 255

VOL. VI.

Horace

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it---as you do at Court.

You humour me when I am sick, 5
Why not when I am splenetick?

In town what objects could I meet?

The shops shut up in every street,

And funerals blackening all the doors,

And yet more melancholy whores: 10

And what a dust in every place!

And a thin court that wants your face,

And fevers raging up and down,

And W* and H** both in town!

"The dog-days are no more the case." 15

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:

Then southward let your bard retire,

Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,

And you shall see, the first warm weather,

Me and the Butterflies together. 20

My Lord, your favours well I know;

'Tis with distinction you bestow;

And not to every one that comes,

Just as a Scotman does his plums.

"Pray take them, fir---Enough 's a feast: 25

"Eat some, and pocket up the rest"

What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!

"No, fir, you'll leave them to the hogs."

Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your favours on a sop,

Ingratitude 's the certain crop;

And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or should 35

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a difference in his thought

Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me

A safe companion and a free; 40

But if you'd have me always near---

A word, pray, in your honour's ear.

I hope it is your resolution

To give me back my constitution!

The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45

Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,

That laugh'd down many a summer sun,

And kept you up so oft till one:

And all that voluntary vein,

As when Belinda rais'd my strain. 50

A weazel once made shift to sink

In at a corn-loft through a chink;

But having amply stuff'd his skin,

Could not get out as he got in:

Which one belonging to the House 55

('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)

Observing, cry'd, "You 'scape not so,

"Lean as you came, fir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your application;

I'm no such beast, nor his relation; 6

Nor one that temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans :
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-sea subscriptions take who please,
 Leave me but liberty and ease.
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My bread, and independency !
 So bought an annual-rent or two,
 And liv'd—just as you see I do ;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well,
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low.
 There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
 To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
 "Harley, the nation's great support---"
 But you may read it, I stop short.

The latter Part of SATIRE VI.*

O Charming noons ! and nights divine !
 Or when I sup or when I dine,
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum :
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And even the very dogs at ease !
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses :
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn :
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
 For their own worth, or our own ends ?
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all ?
 Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely "à propos :"
 Name a town-life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
 A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his board,
 Just as a Farmer might a Lord.
 A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, "coute qui coute."
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean) :
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring.

* See the first part in Swift's Poems.

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
 65 " But Lord, my friends, this savage scene ! 175
 " For God's sake, come, and live with men :
 " Consider, mice, like men must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I :
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 70 " (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at Court)." 180
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they came, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn :
 75 ('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)
 Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 80 And tips with silver all the walls ; 190
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors,
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
 The napkin's white, the carpet red : 195
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, " tête à tête."
 Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish,
 135 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 " Que ça est bon ! Ah goûtez ça !
 " That jelly's rich, this malm'ey healing,
 " Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 140 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205
 " I'm quite ashamed---'tis mighty rude
 " To eat so much---but all's so good.
 " I have a thousand thanks to give---
 " My Lord alone knows how to live."
 145 No sooner said but from the hall 210
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all.
 " A rat, a rat ! clap too the door"---
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 150 Or Gods to save them in a trice ! 215
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
 " An't please your honour, quoth the Peasant,
 " This same dessert is not so pleasant :
 155 " Give me again my hollow tree, 220
 " A Crust of Bread, and Liberty !"

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

A GAIN? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.

Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifts with thy charms!
 Mother too fierce of dear desires
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To number five direct your doves,
 There spread round Murray all your blooming
 loves;
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With every sprightly, every decent part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind;
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
 His house, embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves, and young de-
 fires;
 There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my
 arms;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the Canal,
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die.
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly
 Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton fits sublime,
 In Spenser native Muses play:
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay---

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
 Then rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
 And thole, new Heavens and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
 They had no Poet, and they died:
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
 They had no Poet, and are dead.

O N

Receiving from the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY

FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
 De'cend in all her sober charms;
 "And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
 "Take at this hand celestial arms.
 "Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 "This golden lance shall guard desert,
 "And if a vice dares keep the field,
 "This steel shall stab it to the heart."
 Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
 Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
 And dipp'd them in the sable well,
 The fount of fame or infamy.
 "What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
 "A standish, steel and golden pen!
 "It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
 "I gave it you to write again.
 "But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
 "You'll bring a house (I mean of Peers)
 "Red, blue, and green, my white and black,
 "L—— and all about your ears.
 "You'd write as smooth again on glass,
 "And run, on ivory, so glib,
 "As not to stick at fool or ass,
 "Nor stop at flattery or fib.
 "Athenian Queen! and sober charms!
 "I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
 "'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
 "In Dryden's Virgil see the print.
 "Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 "That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 "I'll list you in the harmless roll
 "Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER,

SENT to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our Author after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
'Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain! 5
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend!
For Swift and him despis'd the face of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
Dextrous, the crowing, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath, 25
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.

Ev'n now, she shades thy evening-walk with 35
hays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise):
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,

Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE YEAR 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide;

Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
A face untaught to sigh; a judging eye, 5
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontlets flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.

Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to what'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN's Translation

OF

FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou re-
fute

This, from no vena! or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
And each from each contract new strength and light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flattering scenes our wandering fancy 20
wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-studied carbles fix our eye;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare, 35
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd gem the work of years! 40
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint en-
gage; 55

Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul:
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
And these be sung till Granville's Myræ die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in every line:
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-
bred:

His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair. 10
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress;
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd be-
fore;

The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's
death,

But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30
Too much your sex are by their forms con-
fin'd,

Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your
guide;

Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by
shame.

Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wish for change by those ac-
curst,

But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life, 45
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a Fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward 55
part:

She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart.
But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too:
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarm: 60
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;

Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn, 65
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Monthermer was only chang'd in name; 70
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you 75
view,

And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation,
1715.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country
air,

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she 10
went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking
rooks:

She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-
day;

To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea, 15
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'Squire; 20
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to
Heaven.

Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack:

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
Then gives a smacking butt, and cries,--no words,
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the
stable,

Makes love with nods, and, knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
coarse,

And loves you best of all things--but his horse. 30

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on every green;

Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
Knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,

And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-aches, or the want of
rhyme)

Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you.

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,

Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,

Streets, chairs, and cockcombs, rush upon my sight;

Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,

Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

THE

BASSET-TABLE,

AN

ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE basset-table spread, the Tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph; the Tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpheu. 5
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listen-
ing fair,

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
Once, one bad deal, three Septembers have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
 With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:
 Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone, 15
 Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
 And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
 The knave of clubs thence lost: Oh! who could
 guess
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress! 20

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à propos,
 She all the cares of Love and Play does know:
 Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
 Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
 By cards' ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
 Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great pen' worth), bought. 30
 See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case:
 Jove, Jove himself does on the scissors shine: 35
 The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box,---once the pledge of Sharper's
 love,
 When rival beauties for the present strove;
 At Corticelli's he the Ruffe won;
 Then first his passion was in public shown: 40
 Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This snuff-box, on the hinge see brilliant shine!
 This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
 Have made a soldier sigh a lover swear.
 And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal card.
 In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
 Though my own secret wish was for the knave. 50
 The knave won Sonica, which I had chose;
 And the next pull, my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart:
 This cur'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair, 55
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;

She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An awkward thing, when first she came to town:
 Her shape unfashion'd and her face unknown: 60
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enlivening red:
 I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
 And by my interest, Cozens made her stay.
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
 She dares to steal my Favourite Lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
 When Winnall tally'd, I would part no more!
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
 And see the folly; which I cannot shun. 70

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
 ceiv'd!
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
 Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd, 75
 To gaze on Bassett, and remain unwarm'd?
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent
 rank;
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train:
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain: 80
 In bright confusion open Rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain:
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon Bassett, you who reason boast; 85
 And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must th' heart com-
 pose,
 Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
 Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes! 90
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
 He loves,---I whisper to myself, he loves!
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
 I lose my memory of my former fears;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
 Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
 For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd bullies play.
 Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
 But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares 100
 To Bassett's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a Beau;
 Prudina likes a Man, and laughs at show.
 Their several graces in my Sharper meet; 105
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
 The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side: 110
 The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
 Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (says an Author, where I need not say)
 Two Travellers found an Oyster in their way;
 Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
 While scale in hand Dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take (says justice) take you each a Shell.
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
 'Twas a fat Oyster---live in Peace---Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Question of
MRS. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam
 Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
 'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good-nature;
 Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
 That rails at dear Lepell and You.

Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham com-
 mends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and namelets numbers rail:
 This more than pays whole years of thankless
 pain,
 Time health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bend,
 And I and malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE.

BY MR. POPE.

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733,
 when he was old, blind, and in great distress,
 a little before his death.

AS when that Hero, who in each campaign
 Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal
 slain,
 Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
 Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe;
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind, 5
 But pitied Beliarious old and blind?
 Was there a Chief but melted at the sight?
 A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies; 10
 Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
 A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes
 groan, 15
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
 Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's Friend.

PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA.

BY POPE AND MALLETT.*

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
 Fair, o'er the Western world, renew'd its
 light,
 With arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
 The Tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.
 With her th' Italian scene first learn'd to glow; 5
 And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
 Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspir'd:
 Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.
 What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
 Britain, by juster title, makes her own. 10
 When Freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight;
 And hers, when Freedom is the theme, to write.

* I have been told by Savage, that of the Pro-
 logue to Sophonisba the first part was written by
 Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it;
 and that the concluding lines were written by
 Mallet. DR. JOHNSON.

For this a British Author bids again
The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame: 15
She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?
Asks of the British Youth—Is silence here?
She dares to ask it of the British Fair.

To-night, our home-spun author would be true,
At once, to nature, history, and you. 20

Well-pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.

If France excel him in one free-born thought, 25
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.

Nature! informer of the Poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine. 30
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

M A C E R:

A C H A R A C T E R.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
First fought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel.
Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford; 5
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play out-did poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the Wit to make the most of little: 10
Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.

So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid; 15
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her Simplicity:
In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
But just endur'd the Winter she began,
And in four Months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

VOL. VI.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er since our Grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Peas;
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm is seen
By all their winding play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery Rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth;
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unremitting Tooth.

3 H

POPE'S POEMS.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors.
Watering soft Elysian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's Brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mænder,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander
With thy flowery Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of Juno sleeping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour;
Not grave through Pride, nor gay through Foily;
An equal Mixture of Good-humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham.

COMPOSED OF

MARBLE, SPARS, GEMS, ORES and MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translu-
cent wave

Shines a broad Mirrour through the shadowy Cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral Roofs distil,
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,
Unpolish'd Gems no Ray on Pride bestow,
And latent Metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!
And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.

Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
Where, nobly penive, St. John sat and thought; to
Where British rights from ying William stole.
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day

OH, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and
a Friend!

Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new, 5
But like a Sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former year, 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year. 15
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or Ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN

On his BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair Account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one. 5
Kind BOYLE, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudding!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bad, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise 15
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Left flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And fates agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

The Fourth EPISTLE of the First
Book of HORACE's Epistles.

A MODERN IMITATION.

SAY, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic Muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is there a greater work in hand,
Than all the tones of Haines's band?
"Or shoots he fully as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they rise?
Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
E'en Chartres' self is scarce a name.
To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
What could a tender mother's care
With better, to her favourite heir,

Then wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
And lift thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In spite of fears, of mercy's spite
My genius still must rail and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's life retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS.

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE,
BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet
have died.

EPIGRAM

On one who made LONG EPITAPHS.

FRIEND, for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF
APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil
move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
Love,
And strong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd distracting town, farewell!
 Thy fools no more I'll tease:
 This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
 Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!
 Earl of Warwick make your moan,
 The lively H——k and you
 May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
 Till the third watchman tell;
 Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
 Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell A: but not's raillery
 On every learned sot;
 And Garth, the best good christian he,
 Although he knows it not,

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
 Farewell, unhappy Tonsol!
 Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
 Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
 My vixen mistress squalls;
 The wits in envious feuds engage;
 And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
 In Hallifax's urn;
 And not one Muse of all he fed,
 Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
 Betray, and are betray'd:
 Poor Y——r's sold for fifty pound,
 And B——ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
 When I no favour seek?
 Or follow girls seven hours in eight——
 I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
 Deep whimsies to contrive;
 The gayest valetudinaire,
 Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for others ends,
 Though fond of dear repose;
 Careless or drowsy with my friends,
 And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
 For sober studious days!
 And Burlington's delicious meal,
 For fallads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
 Whose soul, sincere and free,
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
 And so may starve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE. SINCE my old friend is grown so great
 As to be minister of state,
 I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
 That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

Craggs. Alas! if I am such a creature,
 To grow the worse for growing greater;
 Why fith in space of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to
 his Royal Highness.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent, are the Muses and
 Graces;
 You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your
 faces.

ON AN OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O Gate, how cam'st thou here?
 Gate. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
 Batter'd with wind and weather.
 Inigo Jones put me together.
 Sir Hans Sloane
 Let me alone:
 Burlington brought me hither.
 1742.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
 The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
 But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES left by Mr. Pope, on his lying in the same Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of Rochester slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.
But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.
Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE,

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

FEW words are best; I wish you well
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.
If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;
For three whole days you here may rest,
From office, business, news, and strife:
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

"His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
"Munere!" VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET, In the Church of Withyarn in Suffex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd
The scourge of Pride, though sanctified or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet soft his Nature, though severe his Lay,
His anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Blest Satirist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As how'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.

Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his ease.
Blest Peer! his great Forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other LUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
And Patrons still, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King
WILLIAM III. who, having resigned his place,
Died in his Retirement at Eathamsied in Berk-
shire, 1716.

A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet re-
sign'd:

Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A generous Faith, from Superstition free:
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was: who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT.

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor, HARCOURT, at
the Church of Stanton-HARCOURT in Oxford-
shire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most
dear;

Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET
FIDELIÆ.

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXIV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE.

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:
No Conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
Sour affect, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the LORD DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Whom knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,

Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these fears, Mortality's relief,
And 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a Verse receive:
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a Master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or what e'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

On GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Hurrapity, in Age below'd!
For thee, the hardy Veteran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and
Great:
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Contest with Science in the Vale of Peace,

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast he satisfi'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour tempering virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lish the age:
Above Temptation in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd through Life, lamented in the End.
These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

Another.

WELL then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honest Jack:
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum:
Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
God said, Let Newton be! and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of Rochester,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SNE

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heaven, dear Father! now have all thy
Heart.

Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE

Dear shade! I will:

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
Is there on Earth, one care, one wish beside?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN,
—He dies, and dy'd.

XIV.

On EDMOND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And every opening Virtue blooming round,
Could have a Parent's justest Prize from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking State;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had thine approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet foster Honours, and less noisy Fame
Attend the shade of Gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage form'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And, Chiefs or Sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in
Westminster-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your dust we keep;
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Follies like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Another, on the same.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

XVI.

Lord CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH*.

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—he civil;
The rest God knows—so does the Devil.

* This Epitaph, originally written on Henry Mirandula, is applied to F. Coningsby, and printed among the works of Swift. See Huckleworth's edition, vol. vi. S.

On BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. POPE.

RESPECT to Dryden. Sheffield justly pay'd,
And noble Villiers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

THE

D U N C I A D:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem lapses into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, reviewing the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Hays to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described penning among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purpores thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thaulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Euclid the Poet Laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him Successor.

B O O K I.

THE mighty Moaher, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,
I sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunc the second reigns like Dunc the first;
Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunciad, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunc with an e, therefore Dunciad with an e. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of Shakspeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's (as Shakspear) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a
"Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear;
"the alteration whereof in a learned language is
"an achievement that brings honour to the
"Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be
"remembered to posterity for his performances of
"this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philémon."

THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, and Autograph of Shakspeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Curators of his Monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the new spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an Edition of an author in Marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole Verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a Total new Shakspeare at the Clarendon press.

BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of Shakspeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakspeare hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thunder's head,
 Dulness o'er all possid'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dorage this fair Idiot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
 Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
 For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

REMARKS.

Though I have as just a value for the letter E, as any Grammarian living, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunciad; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One e therefore in this case is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not superior to Reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, Sic MS. In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIBL.

This Poem was written in the Year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first Edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunders filled them up at their pleasure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

“ ——— who brings

“ The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.”

And it is notorious who was the person on whom his Prince conferred the honour of the Laurel.

VOL. VI.

Oh Thou! whatever tit'e please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bæotia though her Power retires, 25
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm ac-
 quires.
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

REMARKS

It appears as plainly from the Apostrophe to the Great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion or caressed by the Great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero: who, above all other Poets of his time, was the Peculiar Delight and Chosen Companion of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of Persons of Quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a Son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

“ Still Duncie the second reigns like Duncie the first.”

BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother and her Son, &c.] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the Mother, and not the Son, is the principal Agent of this Poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her Colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition,) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished until the last.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muses.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their Judgments, their Interests, and their Inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned scriblerus has omitted to advertise the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractively for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged Sense of the word, for all Slowness of Apprehension, Shortness of Sight, or imperfect Sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, Industry, and some degrees of Activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsyturvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind. This remark ought to

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
 Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
 One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
 Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
 Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
 And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

REMARKS.

be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion,)

"Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
 "Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies."

BENTL.

Ver. 17. Still her old Empire to restore.] This restoration makes the Completion of the Poem.—
 Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivocal in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,] Ironical, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our Realm acquires.] Ironical iterum. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Post-laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appears in him towards these unhappy objects of the ridicule

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone, 45
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake: 50
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.
 Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
 Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
 Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
 How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry, 60

REMARKS.

of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets,) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an Apology for all that are to be satirized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies,] is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram:

"Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
 "So very much is said;
 "One half will never be believ'd,
 "The other never read."

Ver. 44. New-year Odes.] Made by the Poet Laureat for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The New-year Odes of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone.] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of Booksellers of that name.

Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motly Images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land:
Here gay description Ægypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal-green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
faces)

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

REMARKS.

Ver. 85, 86. 'T was on the day, when * * *
rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a
Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in
blanks, but most certainly could never be that which
the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way
agrees with the chronology of the poem.

BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly
by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous
Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and
another by land, on the same day, over the Persians
and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day
more.] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with
poets in praise of poetry.

Ibid But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day
more.] Settle was poet to the City of London.
His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon
the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the
Pageants: But that part of the shows being at length
frugally abolished, the employment of City poet
ceased; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no
successor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whose Interludes were
printed in the time of Henry VIII.

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

REMARKS.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in restless Daniel.] The first
edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:
a great Mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but
Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never
attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel
himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom
wrote Verses as well as Politics; as appears by the
Poem de Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by
some lines in Cowley's Miscellanies on the other.
And both these authors had a resemblance in their
fates as well as their writings, having been alike
sentenced to the Pillory.

Ver. 104. And Eusden eke out, &c.] Laurence
Eusden, Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a cata-
logue of some few only of his works, which were
very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets,
saith of him,

"Eusden, a laurell'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric,
p. 413, 414. affirms, "That all the Galimatias
"he ever met with, none comes up to some verses
"of this poet, which have as much of the Ridi-
"culum and the Fustian in them as can well be
"jumbled together, and are of that sort of non-
"sense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas,
"that there is no distinct one left in the mind."
Farther he says of him, "That he prophesied his
"own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid,
"and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the ac-
"complishment of it, from what he hath lately
"published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not
spared a reflexion, "That the putting the laurel on
"the head of one who writ such verses, will give
"futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and
"justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid. p. 417.
But the well known learning of that noble Person,
who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have
screened him from this unmannerly reflexion. Nor
ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after,
that the laurel would have better become his own
brows, or any other's: It were more decent to ac-
quiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham
upon this matter.

"—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have
it,
"But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King
gave it?
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his
name."

Session of Poets.

In each she marks her Image full express,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;
Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success. 110

REMARKS.

The same plea might also serve for his Successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram made on that occasion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prose fin.

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureat, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Abfalom* and *Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage] Mr. Theobald, in the *Censor*, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man" [I wish that reflection on poverty might be spared] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor *Furius* (again) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his Heart, but the sacrifice of his Revenge, &c." Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad. A book through which Folly and Ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look big and very dull, and strut and hobble, check by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect, on the *Essay on Criticism*, p. 26. 29. 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I re-

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunces,
Remembering she herself was Portness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:

REMARKS.

"gard him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic Madness of the times, have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as Hobbes says) is Power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am; to my Country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the Laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little Ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to shew that this Author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curll, my Bookteller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his Slander and his Poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which first see A full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called *A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering Poison to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your
Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your
Mother;

Swearing and supperless the Hero fate,
Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his
Fate.

Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,

REMARKS.

Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the Public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound Learning. That he is master of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays "more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Perc and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our Poet did; but that he spake worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his Wit, or for some Profit or Lucre to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Tho' in verse you fore-
close,

I'll have the last word: for, by G—, I'll write
Prose."

Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts
longest.

Ver. 115. supperless the Hero fate.] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all

Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ooe, and abdicated Play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
That slip'd through Craggs and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Phrensy could beget, 125
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd frug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug. 130
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The Friggery of crucify'd Moliere:

REMARKS.

the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's *Odyssy* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boissu calls a disguised sentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poetry brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he swore all the time?

BENTL.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

Ver. 132. The Friggery] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has no better employment." Life, p. 217, Octavo.

Ver. 133. hapless Shakespeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Non-juror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all."

There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald fore,
 With'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on Outside merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond Parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and
 Broome.

REMARKS.

Ver. 134. With'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the darling Hero of this Poem) have made on the Stage, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

Ver. 135. The rest on Outside merit, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts: The first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

Ver. 142. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of Poetry; leaving to Posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." WINSTANLY, *ibid*. Langbaine reckons up eight Folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his Brother Laureat; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in Tragedy (though more successful) in one of his Tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive:

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side, 150
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
 There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends, 155
 Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
 An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns: A folio Common-place 160
 Finds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
 Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
 A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.
 Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:

REMARKS.

Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dress'd in a sort of Beggar's Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fustian and thin Prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More solid Learning] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the Dry bodies of Divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a strange and marvellous beast called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespeare to mean rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer.

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; inasmuch that he might be called Translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a Country Gentleman a compleat Library." WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167. E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig,

● thou! of Business the directing soul!
 To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;
 Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.
 Some Demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
 My Life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the State, 195
 Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.

REMARKS.

which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it, and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For Wit or Reasoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulness, but when the first is founded in Truth, and the other in Usefulness.

Ver. 181. As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of these four verses is founded in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the Author of a poem called Successio.

Ver. 198.—grey-goose weapon] Alluding to the old English weapon, the grow of the long bow,

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or tread the path by venturous Heroes trod,
 This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal? 210

REMARKS.

which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon]

"———Si Pergama dextra

"Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent."
 Virg. ib.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak this of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le meme que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a Bishop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: But had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and Pastoral Letters? Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. at White's amidst the Doctors] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragables, being sometimes examined, and by a nice distinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The Doctors in this place mean no more than false Dice, a Cant phrase used among Gamesters. So the meaning of these sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Mist.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause; O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This Box my Thunder, this right hand
my God.]

"Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod mihi libo."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

REMARKS.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all
their glories,] Relates to the well-known story of
the geese that sav'd the Capitol; of which Virgil,
Æn. viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
"Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the
antithesis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the
Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a
goose sings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary cha-
racter of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl. ix.*

"—argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, adesse strepebat. And why au-
ratis porticibus? does not the very verse preceding
this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another,
consistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus
manuscriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uses
the same epithet in the same sense,

"—Auritas fidibus canoris
"Ducere quercus."

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a
proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling save the Monarchy of
Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to
the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously con-
fesses of himself, is true of all Ministerial writers
whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers,
"as the Geese by their cackling defended the Ro-
"mans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured
"them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies,
"but were as ready to have defended the Gauls,
"if they had been possessed of the Capitol."
Epit. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of Ministerial wri-
ters, hired at the price mentioned in the note on
book ii ver. 316. who, on the very day their pa-
tron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and
declared they would never more meddle with Po-
liticks.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the
MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them
all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated

This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer: 220
This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my
crown,

At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's
fault)

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny!

Unstain'd, and untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale house fire; 235
Nor wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire!

REMARKS.

by our Poet for his great Modesty—modest Cibber—
Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead.
This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Ho-
merical; the Dog was the ancient, as the bitch is
the modern, symbol of Impudence: (*Κυνος σημα*
σημα, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in
a superlative degree, may well be denominated from
Cerberus, the Dog with three heads.—But as to the
latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is
certainly the genuine reading.

BENTL.

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender
and passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which
he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of
man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent
on the many miserable fates to which they would
otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more christian pro-
geny!] "It may be observable, that my muse and
"my spouse were equally prolific; that the one
"was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the
"same year the other made me father of a Play.
"I think we had a dozen of each sort between us;
"of both which kinds some died in their infancy,
" &c". Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo. edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Pass,]
It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and
ministerial Pamphlets (in which this B. was a wri-
ter) and to send them Post-free to all Towns in the
kingdom.

Ver. 233 — with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey
climes,] "Edward, a very voluminous poet in
"Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London
"Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public
"house in the City (but in a genteel way) and
"with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) af-
"forded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, es-
"pecially those of the high church party."—
JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great
number of his works were yearly sold into the Plan-
tations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Mag-
got, declared this account to be a great falsity, pro-
testing that his public house was not in the City, but
in Moor-fields.

O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
 Or peaceably forget, at once he blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240
 Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
 With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
 Stole from the master of the seven-fold Face:
 And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
 The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250
 Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
 Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the
 head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms, it o'er the pyre;
 Down sunk the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260
 Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veal of fogs dilate her awful face:
 Great in Her charms! as when on Shrieves and
 Mayors
 She looks, and breaths herself into their airs.

REMARKS.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the first Notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This" (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope" But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines); the three first of them were faithfully printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble]. A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the Government. He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a Northern Author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Vol. VI.

She bids him wait her to her sacred Dôme:
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
 So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognise their Native Place.
 This the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
 And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of Fools.
 Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
 Prof. swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find, 275
 Now leave all memory of sense behind:
 How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Cor-
 nellie
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. Great Mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulness. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other Pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Wachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the Play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by avile Translation, &c." This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9. 10.

Ibid. Ozell] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for Priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets. p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1719, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.
 And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
 Let Paudry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:

REMARKS.

" whole Bench of Bishops, not long ago, were
 " pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discover-
 " ing the erroneous translations of the Common-
 " prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian,
 " &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew
 " better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's
 " version of Boileau's Lutrín, which the late Lord
 " Halifax was so pleased with, that he compli-
 " mented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c.
 " Let him shew better and truer Poetry in the Rape
 " of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket
 " (la Secchia rapita). And Mr. Toland and Mr.
 " Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of
 " Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise supe-
 " rior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is
 " free to deserve well of his country!" JOHN
 OZELL:

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimo-
 nies, as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland,
 and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A strange bird from
 Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the
 name of an eminent person who was a man of parts,
 and, as was said of Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiarum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of
 criticisms and libels in the last age, bred at St. Omer's
 with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he pub-
 lished Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ,
 the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself
 as a critic, having written some very bad Plays;
 abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous
 pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by
 Curll; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed
 in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of
 English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard] Hon. Edward Howard, au-
 thor of the British Princes, and a great number of
 wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of
 Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr.
 Waller, &c.

And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King. 310
 O! When shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law:
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And fuckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:
 God save king Cibber! mounts in every note. 320
 Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
 God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphant rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
 And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

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Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming,
 &c.] When the Statute of Gaming was drawn up,
 it was represented, that the King, by ancient cus-
 tom, plays at Hazard once a year; and therefore a
 clause was inserted, with an exemption as to that
 particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter
 had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the sum-
 mer the Court was at Kensington, which his Ma-
 jesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just
 indignation, prohibited. It is reported the same
 practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides,
 and the Hazard Table there open to all the profligate
 Gamesters in town.

" Greatest and justest SOVEREIGN: know you
 " this?

" Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head
 " can know,

" Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn
 " o'erflow."

DONNE to Queen Eliz.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The Voices and In-
 struments used in the service of the Chapel-royal
 being also employed in the performance of the Birth-
 day, and New-year Odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a Matron of
 great fame, and very religious in her way; whose
 constant prayer it was, that she might " get enough
 " by her profession to leave it off in time, and make
 " her peace with God." But her fate was not so
 happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory,
 she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends
 and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put
 an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern
 in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually re-
 hearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon
 which a Wit of those times made this Epigram:

" When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of
 " what sort?

" Doyou ask if they're good, or are evil?

" You may judge—From the Devil they come
 " to the Court,

" And go from the Court to the Devil."

So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud Thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation creak'd, God save king Log!

REMARKS.

Ver. 328—Ogilby).—God save king Log!] See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that Ogilby writ! which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity, and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

"Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a-while,
"When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
"How soon ye fade away!
"To compass Phœbus' car about,
"Thus empty vapours rise,
"Each lends his cloud to put him out,
"That rear'd him to the skies.
"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
"There he shall ever burn:
"Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth you were,
"And must to Earth return."

THE
D U N C I A D:

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kind; not instituted by the Hero, as by *Æneas* in *Vergil*, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games *Pythia*, *Isthmia*, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as *Thetis* herself appearing, according to *Homer*, *Odysseus* xxi. proposed the prizes in honour of her son *Achilles*). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Bookjellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her sport, to propose games to the Bookjellers, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the Game for Poets. Then follow the Exercises for the Poets,

of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of *Dedicatory*, the second of *Disputants* and *justian Poets*, the third of profound, dark, and dirty *Party-writers*. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise, not of their parts but of their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of the operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first that the author could never have used it; and, secondly, that he must have used that very one, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned *Scriblerus* for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog
And the loud nation creak'd, God save King Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder; And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, 'The Primitive Eucharist.' See the History of this person, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Irish Throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish Priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to whom this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défaite de Bouts rimées* of Sarasin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from which the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themistius, Orat. 1.

Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden showers,
Great Cibber fate: The proud Parnassian sner,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dullneis, and new bronze their
face, 10

So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of Wit.

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Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curll) is a false Assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment, of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleas'd jocosely to call mounting the Rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the History of his being tost in a Blanket, he saith, "Here Scriblerus! thou see'st in what thou asserstest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not Brazen, but Blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the Printer. Since what moved us to this Work, was solely the Love of Truth, not in the least any Vain-glory, or Desire to contend with Great Authors. And further, our Mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardon'd, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as do ever shun the Light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the Parties offended: For surely in this work, it hath been above all things our desire to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Pope himself was so transported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly and poured forth verses without number. PAU-

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They summon all her Race: An endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the faints of Drury-lane.
With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form the plac'd before their eyes, 35
And bade the nimblest racer win the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a Bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days. 40
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes the window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit,
A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

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dantly and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

Ver. 34. And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.] This species of mirth called a joke, arising from a Mal-entendu, may be well supposed to be the delight of Dulness.

Ver. 47. Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the Phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or so pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief: "Sir," (said the thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again,

All gaze with ardour: Some a Poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

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"and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young; F. Billers, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceedings by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces," (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram:

"Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own."

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest Motto:

"Hic cæstus, artemque repono."

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are an Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Cosmelia, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-Pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker; and some unowned Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:

"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and shall end."

He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll; "Behold that rival here!"

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;

"So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) and
run. 60

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lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person but fictitious. More from *μῆρος*, *multus*, *μῆρος*, *multitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, "Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moræ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus." Dedication of Moræ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, Vale, More et moriam tuam graviter defente. Adieu! More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIB.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the episode of the Bookfellers; Persons whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookseller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntless Curll;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very Names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: He speaks like the intrepid Diomedes; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the Gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard: a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive and prophetic: After this he is unrivalled, and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-strip the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies and wades, and hops;
 So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :

70

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curll to slide ; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings through all the
 Strand.

Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :
 Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
 The catiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear, Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any God's, or more ; 80
 And him and his if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind ;
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply ; 90

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two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings : Witness innumerable instances ; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality ; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour since received from him : So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, " that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but " seen or spoken to a good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.] The Bible, Curll's sign ; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap sh: pick'd her Votary's
 prayer, 95

And plac'd it next his, a distinction rare !
 Oft had the Goddeſs heard her servant's call,
 From her black grotto near the Temple-wall,
 Listening delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene ; 100
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vigorous he rises ; from the effluvia strong, 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 He passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ; 110
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care ;
 His papers, light, fly diverse, tost in air ;
 Songs, Sonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heaven rings with laughter : Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;

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Ver. 101. Where, as he fish'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd Taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of Poets : But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen ; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment ; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that " if Homer himself was not in debt, it was " because nobody would trust him." Pref to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers—" Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.—" Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*,

Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!

Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down
And turnt his whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade; 134
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:

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"an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality," says CURLL, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Meers, Warner, Walkins] Booksellers, and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

Ver. 126. Breval, Bond, Befaleel,] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true Curll declares Breval, a Captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poets: But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Befaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illusion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent Authors.

Ver. 138. Cook shall be Prior,] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Warton were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his Innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

So shall each hostile name become our own,

And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140

(With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

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Ver. 140. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

"The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
" (Though neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
" To show us which way blows the wind.
" Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point instruction every way.
" With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive
" One potent drop let this but shed,
" And every Rogue that stunk alive,
" Becomes a precious Mummy dead."

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his Genius: An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libell'd a person for his rueful length of face!" Miff's Journal, June 8. This Genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reg

A shaggy Tapestry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

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fections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not
" by our fault; it is often occasioned by calamities
" and diseases, which a man can no more help
" than a monster can help his deformity. There
" is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but
" what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—
" But the deformity of this Author is visible, pre-
" sent, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to him-
" self. It is the mark of God and Nature upon
" him, to give us warning that we should hold
" no society with him, as a creature not of our
" original, nor of our species: and they who have
" refused to take this warning which God and Na-
" ture has given them, and have, in spite of it,
" by a senseless presumption, ventured to be fa-
" miliar with him, have severely suffered, &c.
" It is certain his original is not from Adam, but
" from the Devil, &c." DENNIS, character of
Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not him! whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of balatro, calceatum caput, scura in triviis, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors might be preserved.

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The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable Verses:

- " While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
- " Its own celestial fire;
- " While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
- " Admiring, won't admire:
- " While wayward pens thy worth assail,
- " And envious tongues decry;
- " These times though many a Friend bewail,
- " These times bewail not I.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane, but
knows

Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!
In every loom our labours shall be seen, 155
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;

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" But when the World's loud praise is thine,
" And spleen no more shall blame,
" When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
" In one establish'd fame:

" When none shall rail, and every lay
" Devote a wreath to thee;
" That day (for come it will) that day
" Shall I lament to see."

Ver. 143. A shaggy Tapestry,] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Christ in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Clean hus, in *Jen. v.*

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer*: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hang'd. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the *Flying-post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Ver. 151. Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 160
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high,
"The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his Wife.
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size. 170

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obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poetry.

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Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Caramania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, see CURLL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures; that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

Ver. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739, "How melancholy must it be to a Writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your Subscribers, can this be done! What an Ingratitude to be charged on the Only honest Poet that lived in 1738! and than whom Virtue has not had a shriller Trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed, can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Book-seller.

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First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post:
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180
So (farr'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes: 185
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'it, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home. 190
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Aconis, and affects grimace:

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Ver. 189. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
"His rapid waters in their passage glow."

This I cannot but think the right: For, first, the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance a je ne sçay quoy, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word glow in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

- (1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726—With one resentment glows.
- (2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626—There the battle glows.
- (3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glw.
- (4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompas'd Hector glows.
- (5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
- (6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with resplendent arms.
- (7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glows

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas :
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opens, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Wellsted most the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
Unlucky Wellsted ! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her votarefs, from above, 215
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,

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I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent ; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time : But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford ; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Wellsted.] Leonard Wellsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. [He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator : And there was another in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the *Παπ Βαλς*, or the Art of Sinking, as a D-dapper and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole,

Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell !
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the Monkey tribe :
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 235
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) : A Cat-call each shall win :
Equal your merits ! equal is your din !

But that this well disputed game may end, 245
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent souls they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake ; 250
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay :
So swells each wind-pipe : Ass intones to Ass,
Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
Such as from labouring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempt'd to the vocal nose ; 255
Or such as bellow from the deep Divine ;
There Webster ! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield !
thine.

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by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time :

" Dear Wellsted, mark, in dirty hole,
" That painful animal, a Mole :
" Above ground never born to grow ;
" What mighty stir it keeps below !
" To make a Mole-hill all his strife !
" It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
" How proud a little dirt to spread !
" Conscious of nothing o'er its head !
" Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
" It blunders into Light and dies."]

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same ; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not ; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " Sdeath ! that is my Thunder."

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
In Tottenham fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

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Ver. 258. Webster—and Whitefield!] [The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: That by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthusiasm are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

Ver. 268. Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, "that this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer."—Comp. Art. of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's Action (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no Fable, and no Heroic Poem: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no Genius, first laying down, that "Genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint. Many men

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end) 270

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"(says he) have their Hints without those motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints nor the Motions." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696, Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the Psalms of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a Popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be Atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another Popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman, to consider, &c." Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the Persons and the Scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced on the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood. 275
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who best can dash through thick and
"thin,
"And who the most in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.
"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
"The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
"A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
"A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

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Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

Ver. 280. the Weekly Journals] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjust censor of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43. which says of his own Simile, that "It is as great as ever entered into the mind of man."
"In Poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and
"therefore characterised by the Tatler, No. 62.
"by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet."
Curll, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works,
"and a volume of Poetry consisting of heroic
"Epistles, &c. some whereof were very well done," said that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer

Then sighing thus, "And am I now three-score?
"Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make
"four?" 285

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep: 300
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:

REMARKS.

for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 291 Next Smedley div'd;] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * essay'd;] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of
"what he had not written, but others had revised
"and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece somebody humourously caused him to take for his motto, "De profundis clamavi." He was since a hired Scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack, 305
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
And Monumental Brass this record bears,
"These are—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

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Ver. 306, 307. With each a sickly brother at his back:—Sons of a day, &c.] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Osborne] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in age remained silent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to suppose that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men: though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings, were paid to Authors and Printers of Newspapers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister, to have expended, for the current dullness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at a Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered.

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull, 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares: 330
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nympha suck'd him
in:

REMARKS.

not even so much credit done to his Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author:

"Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
"Of social Pleasure, ill exchang'd for Power!
"Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
"Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe."

Ver. 315. Arnall.] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the Free Briton, a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight pence, out of the Treasury."—But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging Prelate, &c.] It having been invincibly insinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid Man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this Prelate in another part of the Poem.

How young Luteia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamente brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how, shown him by the Nut-brown
 maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades;
 That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams 340
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: and hence the mingle d way
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
 Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
 They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
 And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
 "Receive (he said) these robes which once were
 mine,
 "Dulness is fac'd in a sound Divine."
 He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd con-
 fess
 The reverend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable Army stand, 355
 A low-born cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
 Heaven's Swifs, who fight for any God, or Man.
 Thro' Lud's fac'd gates, along the well-known
 Fleet,
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
 Till showers of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways!
 So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

REMARKS.

Ver. 349. And Milbourn] Luke Milbourne, a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Ministers or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their Predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the Follies of the Great.

Here stop the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims 365
 A gentler exercise to close the games.

"Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
 "I weigh what author's heaviness prevails:
 "Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
 "My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's num-
 bers,
 "Attend the trial we propose to make: 371
 "If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
 "Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 "And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
 "To him we grant our amplest powers, to sit 375
 "Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
 "To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 "Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three College Sophs and three pert Templars
 came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same; 380
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
 The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
 The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
 Till all, tun'd equal, send a general hum. 385
 Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Through the long heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At every line they stretch, they yawn, they dose.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 390
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.
 Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but, thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's No kingdom here." 400

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budget aim'd to speak,] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay of Lord Oxford. Tindal was the author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S——, which was suppress'd while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shew'd it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very person.

Ver. 400. Christ's No kingdom, &c.] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

Who fate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them
lies

Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes,
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads. 410

At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton from Daniel and Ostræa sprung, 415
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay. 420
Why should I sing, what Bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a song, (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered him with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The same Mr. Law is author of a book intitled. An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel; in which he has detailed a System of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German Cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.

Ibid Mandevil] This writer, who prided himself in the reputation of an Immoral Philosopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the Imposition of fools; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton,] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, Fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

THE

D U N C I A D:

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is desir'd to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopp'd, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Sherus; how the Throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpse, or Piffar's sight, of the future Ruins of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last Book.

REMARKS.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the feat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet
 nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
 Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.
 A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along,
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams,

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuses in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.

BENTL.

Ver. 15. A slipshod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real Madness, as that which produces real Dulness. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas fire in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of Wit, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of Holiness. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occasioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it amends.

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar
 (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.)

Benlowes, propitious still to Blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of Light,
 Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,

REMARKS.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
 "And never scarce did learn my Accidence:
 "For having got from possum to posset,
 "I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the Reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Ale-house in Long-Are. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from the many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years; and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius sits,] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like causes as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; Qui Bavius non odit; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great Good-nature and Mercifulness through the whole course of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of Light,] An Hemistich of Milton.

REMARKS.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Booksellers, Printers for any body—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward and Pillory.

Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d Edit p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgin, 8vo. p. 11, 12.

"How unworthy is it of Christian Charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his Senses, it was committing a Crime for which the Law is deficient not to punish him! nay, a Crime which man can scarce forgive. or Time efface! nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady, &c." (to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears,] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that Scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part;) so likewise Concanen, Ralph the Flying Post, and all the herd of Commentators.—Tota armenta sequuntur.

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the Poet thus:

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALDS, partly SCRIBL.

VOL. VI.

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
Blind and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er. 45
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll! 50
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old Monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirling, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate. 60
For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

REMARKS.

Ver. 37 Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber. both for Dramatic Poetry and Politicks. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden," and that in the University of Cambridge there "were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And "Mr. Milbourne cried out, 'How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!'" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author and publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco [the first that was ever printed with cuts.] "Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judg'd he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Ver. 50. Might from Bæotian, &c.] Bæotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Generals of Greece:

"Bæotum crasso jurares ære natum," Horat.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, 70
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds, 75
He, whose long Wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!

Lo! where Meotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90

See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!

See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Western world believe and sleep. 100

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;

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Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemaean Library, on the gates of which was this Inscription, $\Psi\tau\chi\eta\varsigma$ $\iota\alpha\tau\pi\epsilon\iota\omicron\omicron\omicron$, the Physic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. thundering against heathen lore;] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strongest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doct̃or sanctissimus ille Gregorius, "qui melle prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin iussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a maioribus, incendio dedit. "probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, "et major autoritas, et diligentia studiosior." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.

Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.

See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods;
Till Peter's keys some chriſten'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pægin horn; 110
See, graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd; patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave Mummings! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!

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by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; because (says this Pope) "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy; "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur." The same Pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who come to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Easter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. Dove like, she gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to assert her cause!] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Freethinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they

See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd 135
Shall take through Gtubstreet her triumphant round;
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred tons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
Another D'Ursey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each Alehouse, thee each Gillhouse mourn,
And answering Gin-shops sorer sighs return.
Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbush of Law. 150

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only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulness, the Laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the Goddess herself appears in full glory.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;] "This Gentleman is son of a considerable Master of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way—He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many Law books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c. GILES JACOB of himself, Lives of the Poets, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbush of Law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a Respect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a Regard for my Judgment, otherwise he never would have subscribed two Guineas to me, for one small book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of Blunderbush to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his Repentance, subscribed to my two Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Friend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each Songster, Riddler, every nameless name,
A crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks; 160
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll. 164
Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

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hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are Good-nature, or Charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome]. These two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in Honour and Employment. The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billing-gate Paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where by malicious Inuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,
"The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

P—le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, called The mock Æliop, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:] There were several successions of these sorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of English Poets,

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
 Flow, Wellsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer;
 Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear,
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull; 171
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
 Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-thr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

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printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnauld, and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Pef. leel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Wellsted, &c.] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Wellsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent of the two Universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the Fame of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a Combination in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner; in both which the most Exquisite Judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters—His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His *Od.*—his *Epistle*—his *Verses*—his *Love-tale*—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry. WELLSTED of himself, *Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It should not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs), and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
 The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 176
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
 Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind; 180
 Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

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Whereas had they followed the Example of those microscopes of wit, Kutter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned Languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apostasy of the Prebendary of Rochester, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured observations. SCRIBLER.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiast of so solid learning. ARIST.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of these was Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intitled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his Cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram:

Like all their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
"Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight,
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type, 195
History her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest high! his breeches rent below;
Imbrownd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

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"Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
"Came hissing out in verse;
"Both were so forward, each would write,
"So dull, each hang an A—
"Thus Amphibœna (I have read)
"At either end assails;
"None knows which leads or which is led,
"For both heads are but Tails."

After many Editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.

Ver. 184. That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

Ver. 187. myster wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius high.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton Mowbray in Leicester-shire. From his own Parish school he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Mek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

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"his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—
"Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to Deaconship or Priesthood."
He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of State. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete Spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to talk: a licence from the King and Parliament in one place as another; at Hickeys's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons; so set up his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the Church, and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Eucharist—This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers: the device a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, ADVSVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, see Book II.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the years you lend)
 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
 The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
 Content each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220
 Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
 Perish, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

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Tho. Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my sons, &c.] The caution again Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame;] Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that Prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonstration" (saith he) founded upon the proportions of lines "and circles to each other, and the ringing of "changes upon figures, these have no more to do "with the greatest part of philosophy, than they "have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed the "Zeal for this sort of Gibberish [mathematical "Principles] is greatly abated of late: and though "it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon "of modern Philosophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, "has lain with his face upon the ground before the "Ark of God, Scripture philosophy; for so long "MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been published; and "the Treatise of Power Essential and Mechanical, "in which Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy is treated "with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet there is not one of the "whole society who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lie."—The philosophical principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."] The hardest lesson a Dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intitled Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225
 Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
 See now, what Dulness and her Sons admire!
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art. 230
 His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd);
 And look'd, and saw a fable Sorcerer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth:
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240
 Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
 Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
 What power, he cries, what power these wonders
 wrought? 250
 Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look and find
 Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would'st thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
 Whose farthest skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
 A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controls, 255
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:

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Ver. 224.—not to scorn your God.] See this subject pursued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it "a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles "the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their "first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. a fable Sorcerer.] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth:] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vast Egg] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
 "Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
 And, proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. 265
 But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
 And are these wonders, Son; to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
 In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd, renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Though my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal Praise, 280
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific Mayors,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Though long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:

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Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I see my Cibber there!] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words, (*Life*, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both house, out vying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me. But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord Mayor's day: and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like

Yet I: in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heaven; that thou my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carried off in some Dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up every blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And every year be duller than the last,
 Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her first imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way.
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy dotting ore.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er fortune'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus's our friend:
 Plot with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310

REMARKS.

most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention: he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee shall the patriot, thee the Courtier taste.] It stood in the first edition with the blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean no body but King GEORGE" and Queen CAROLINE; and said he would insert it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance." Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme) He translated the Italian Opera of *Polifemo*; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story—The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's *Iliad*) had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek Punningology.

Ver. 305, 309. Faustus, Plute, &c.] Names of

Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.
 Another Æschylus appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
 Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here, all ye Heroes, bow!
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year,
 See! the dull stars ro'll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
 On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

REMARKS.

miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Ver. 312. ensure it but from Fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in shewing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

Ver. 313. Another Æschylus appears!] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 325. On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ!] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambrose Philips] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a "justice of the peace;" But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed "he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same "foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but "he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford "him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends; 330

REMARKS.

Mr P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the Examiner: A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington: who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpension'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together; it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen.

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.
 Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
 Till Ins' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
 And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port?
 Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
 And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

REMARKS.

This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil*.

Ver. 332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great Part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single Water-Rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

SCRIBL.

THE
 D U N C I A D:

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as
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the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddesses coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddesses, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Corrupt and Fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees blustering about her a number of Insolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the Antiquary Annus, entreating her to make them Virtuous, and assign them over to him: but Mummus, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddesses give them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Insolents before mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Bræ-nests, Mojs, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Socrates; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To this her Adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Courtiers, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she

expels from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: the Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Powers! whose Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now ſlam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote every Brain, and wither'd ever Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bower
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not ſo indeed in Size, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the Greater and Leſſer Iliad. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itſelf was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.

BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulneſs) his high reſpect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſtly his Impatience to be reunited to her.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light.] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night. Order here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as Civil and Moral; the diſtinction between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: Light as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The Allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of Light or Science; venal to the deſtruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. a new World] In alluſion the Epicurean opinion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe;

She mounts the Throne; her head a Cloud conceal'd,

In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
(Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)

Soft on her lap her Laureate ſon reclines.

Beneath her foot-ſtool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.

REMARKS.

this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and Gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

Ver. 20. her Laureate ſon reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Colleague as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having paſt through the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many King-conſorts have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verſe our excellent Laureate took ſo to heart, that he appeal'd to all mankind, "if he was not "as ſeldom aſleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he ſays, "the reader will be as much pleaſed "to find me a Dunce in my old Age, as he was to "prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth."—Wherever there was any room for Briskneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, even in ſinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his Hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their works: And if in theſe he be as much aſleep as any fool, the Poet muſt leave him and them to ſleep to all eternity.

BENTL.

Ibid. her Laureate] "When I find my name in "the ſatirical works of this Poet, I never look "upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT "to himſelf. For he conſiders that my Face is "more known than moſt in the nation; and there- "fore a Lick at the Laureate will be a ſure bait "ad captandum vulgus, to catch little readers."—Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crown'd it, as we ſee by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureate?

BENTL.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-ſtool, &c.] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. Science is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and ac-

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound ;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the
ground ;

His blunted Arms by Sophistry are borne, 25
And shameless Billingsgate her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Casuistry in Lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
Mad Matheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie, 35
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye ;
There to her heart sad Tragedy address
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast ;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age. 40

REMARKS.

tive enemy, punished, or driven away : Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c. but nothing like Wit, Opera alone supplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBLER.

Ver. 39. But sober History] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions ; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great ; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came History and Satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the Goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs ? A question, says Scriblerus, which we thus resolve : History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself ; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause ; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and ani-

There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her Sister Satire held her head :
Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear re-

fuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo ! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside ;
By singing Peers upheld on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand : 50
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O Cara ! Cara ! silence all that train :
Joy to great Chaos ! let Division reign :
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage ;

REMARKS,

mated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'st thou, &c.] This Noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) " with a " lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them ; but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author, and myself, concerning the True Reading of certain Passages.

BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo ! a Harlot form] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian Opera ; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance, that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

" Already Opera prepares the way,
" The sure forerunner of her gentle sway."

Ver. 54. Let Division reign:] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus ; which proved so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, Encore.
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
 Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANEDL stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
 And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne,
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure Attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of Head:
 None want a place, for all their Centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen.
 The gathering number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
 Not these alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunces in College or in Town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
 Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the Pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred Gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
 And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muses Hypocrit.
 There march'd the bard and blockhead side by
 side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's power,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
 His stretch'd out arm display'd a volume fair;

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scriblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and Men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide;
 Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:

But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.

The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 But (happy for him as the times went then 115
 Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness smiling—"Thus revive the Wits!
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to five!)

A new edition of old Ædon gave;
 Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.

"Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130

REMARKS.

Ver. 108—bow'd from side to side:] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benson] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch Physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. The decent Knight] An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author at his own expence.

Ver. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last Edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should be published.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of Learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers; either by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances; or by setting up Monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave,] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page,] Pagina, not Pedissequus. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no Poet having had a Page since the death of Mr. Thomas Dursley.

SCRIBL.

So by each Bard, an Alderman shall sit,
A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess
prfs,
Each eager to present the first Address. 136
Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth by Virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

REMARKS.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

Ibid.—an Alderman shall sit,] Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver 132. A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit,] How unnatural an Image, and how ill supported! faith Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy Wit shall hang at every Lord,

something might have been said, in an Age so distinguished for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor Author of Hudibras, whose body, long since weighed down to the Grave, by a load of Debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his Spirit; wherein the Editor has achieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of, which was only, that he had picked gold out of another man's dung; whereas the Editor has picked it out of his own.

SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling, and but just shaken off his Load when he wrote the following Epigram:

"My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with
"gardens,
"Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
"But he's my neighbour, cries the Peer polite,
"And if he'll vint me, I'll wave my right.
"What? on compulsion? and against my Will,
"A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill."

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as Judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and Wit in finding out their likenesses, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the Fop flourishes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of praise, Addresses, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton shake through all their Sons.
All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus, Since Man from Beast by Words is
known. 149

Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pole of Words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

A Poet the first day, he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very Poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 169
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.

There truant WINDHAM every Muse gave o'er,
There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!

How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
How many Martials were in PULTENEY lost! 170

Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again; 176

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane usually borne by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Pers.

Ver. 174. that Master-piece of Man.] Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, "An Epic Poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle JAMES, &c.] Wilson tells us that this King, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal Clergy transferred from God to him. "The Principles

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my Priests, and mine alone maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign: 186
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern
wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.

REMARKS.

"of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says
"the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious
"reign."

Ver. 194. Though Christ-church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.

BENTL.

Ver. 196. still expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

SCRIBL.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent Scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity it (and sure, there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback) yet still I must needs think the Hackneys here cele-

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride, 205
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
The mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it Prose again. 214

REMARKS.

brated were not real horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse, UN GROSS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ἵππολόφανον, ἵππολόων, ἵππομάχον, and particularly ἵπποτονωμόν, a great, connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand. SCIP. MAFF.

Ver. 199. the streams] The river Cam, running by the wall of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. sleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain Wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. De Computationibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious Annotator on Dr. King's "Advice to Horace."]

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our Author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part, which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton: whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Bet-
ter:

Author of something yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At, 220
To found or sink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alfop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:

REMARKS.

the turgid to its proper class; the words "make it
prose again," plainly shewing that prose it was,
though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose
it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented
that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful
task; and commission them to dismount what Aristo-
phanes calls *Papað' iavwóðμova*, all prose on horse-
back.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great
than Letter;] Alluding to those Grammarians, such
as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single
letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a
double one, was therefore worthy of double honour.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your Al-
phabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes
to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma,
in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it
something more than Letter, from the enormous fi-
gure it would make among the other letters, being
one Gamma set up the shoulder of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a serious dispute,
about which the learned were much divided, and
some treatises written: Had it been about Meum and
Tuum it could not be more contested, than whether
at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me
doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum
hederæ.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to
insinuate that the dispute was not about Meum and
Tuum, which is a Mistake: For, as a venerable sage
observeth, Words are the counters of Wifemen, but
the money of Fools; so that we see their property
was indeed concerned.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Gram-
matical disputes about the manner of pronouncing
Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in
Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in as or a.
Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora,
which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be
mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in
this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These
are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse
ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad
Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alfop] Dr. Robert
Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of
Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alfop, a happy imita-
tor of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics
having had it in their choice to comment either on

For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek,
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal; 230
What Gellius or Stobæus hath'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic Eye, that Microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole; 235
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Nū.

Nor could a BARROW work on every block, 245
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read: 250

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.

What though we let some better sort of fool 255
Thrid ev'ry science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

He may indeed (if lober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme. 260

We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:

Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.

Then take him to develop if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man. 270
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.

REMARKS.

Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen
the worse author, the more freely to display their
critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] The first
a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts
and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic;
the third an author, who gave his Common-place
book to the public, where we happen to find much
Mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Bar-
row, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of
Christchurch, both great Geniuses and eloquent
Preachers; one more convertant in the sublime Geo-
metry, the other in classical Learning; but who
equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts
in their several Societies.

Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why lac'd? Because

Walker! our hat—nor more be deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroidered race, 275
And tittering push'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never fear'd with God.
The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake: 285
The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.

REMARKS.

Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Ver. 280. As if he saw St. James's] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant Orator] The Governor abovesaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntless infant! never fear'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whose great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the Priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 286—the blessing of a Rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this blessing should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune; but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for. And after many strange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her

Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.
Through School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 290
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at Great Bourbon's feet her silken fous;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian Souls: 300
To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Isles of Fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deep,
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every Vice on Christian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal Sense, of Operas or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

REMARKS.

son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good Scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the blessing of a rake signifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a Rake, as well knowing that its attendant Blessings would follow of course.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deep;] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her Carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no small rîque to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own Language, and acquir'd no more; 320
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
 And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound;
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325
 As Janfen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour
 Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero and the Dame, 335
 Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense or shame.
 Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
 Of ever listless Loiterers, that attend
 No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend. 340
 Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The Pains and Penalties of Idleness:
 She pity'd! but her Pity only shed 345
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
 But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebony wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.

REMARKS.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a Solo in his head;]
 With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how
 should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology!
 Read boldly an Opera, which is enough of confidence
 for such a head as has lost all its Latin. BENTL.

Ver. 326. Janfen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three
 very eminent persons, all Managers of Plays; who,
 though not Governors by profession, had each in his
 way, concerned themselves in the Education of
 Youth; and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or
 their Finances, at that Period of their age which is
 the most important, their entrance into the polite
 world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for
 this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms
 what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on
 ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil,
 had a particular interest in this lady.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The Poet
 seems to speak of this young gentleman with great
 affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who
 gives it to a wandering Courtly Squire, that travelled
 about for the same reason for which many young
 Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to
 Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from An-
 nius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many imposi-
 tions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and in-
 scriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Va-
 Vol. VI.

Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep, 351
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.
 Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360
 Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brags, though not in gold, 365
 And keep his Lures, though his house be sold;
 To headless Phæbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
 Lord of an Orho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370
 Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-re-
 nown'd,
 Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and laid,
 Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:
 Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base! 375
 Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.

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nity, but our Annius had a more substantial mo-
 tive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops] The first Kings of
 Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are
 extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that
 there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all
 Images; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monk-
 ish fable. Nevertheless one of these Anniusus made
 a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the col-
 lection of a learned Nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius] This name is not merely
 an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but
 probably referred to the Roman General of that name,
 who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Sta-
 tues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, "that
 "if any were lost or broken, he should procure others
 "to be made in their stead;" by which it should
 seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius
 was no Virtuoso.

Ibid.—Fool renown'd] A compound epithet in
 the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned
 for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A King of Egypt whose body
 was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in
 his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any
 of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being sto-
 len by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of
 Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mum-
 mius; for proof of which he brings a passage in
 Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned
 Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty,
 which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the
 theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe
 that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his
 time.

Ver. 375. Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? &c.]

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise:
 More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
 When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian Gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annus) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as Locusts blackening all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
 A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower. 400

But far the foremost, too, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!

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The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him, Whether the Medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.

Ver. 387. Witness great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose Horns they wore on their Medals.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A physician of great Learning and no less Taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower, 405
 Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and shower:

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tips its head.
 Then thron'd in glass and nam'd it CAROLINE:
 Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine! 410

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such varied light, in one promiscuous blaze!
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul where no carnation fades.
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silvery wing, 421
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.

I saw, and started from its vernal bower 425
 The rising game, and chac'd from flower to flower.

It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stop'd, I stop'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430

Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.

I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;

Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless Butterfly.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:

Live happy both, and long promote our arts.

But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440

The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;

A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.

Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd; 445
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;

The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;

The Mind in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss; 450

The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

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Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammer-smith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, This is My Queen Caroline.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study Flies!
See Nature in some partial narrow shape;
And let the Author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps and slow,
On plain Experience by foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause through Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;
And throw him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in Self, and but for Self be born:
Of nought so certain as our Reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh! hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
Wild through Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

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hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

Ver. 462. When Moral Evidence shall quite decay.] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See Craig's Theologie Christianæ Principia Mathematica. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable, as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddessa; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the Reader smile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was writ-

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snap'd his box, and strok'd his belly down,
Ready and reverend, though without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess Dame.
Then thus. From Priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd Son returns to thee:
First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in Pension, or in Punk!
So K *, so B *, sneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
Poor W *, nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

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ten, you might as soon have found a Wolf in England as an Atheist? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the Attchivement. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found Atheist, he always read it A Theist. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean Lecturer. A judicious Apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of Expression, It is a most certain truth that the Demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeses was the monster-queller? But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. First slave to words, &c.] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of modern Education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of Words only in Schools; subjects them to the authority of Systems in the Universities; and deludes them with the names of Party distinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind; as it establishes Self-love for the sole Principle of Action.

Ver. 506. smil'd on by a Queen!] i. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast! 551
Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that, a WIZARD OLD his Cup extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies; 520
A Feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 525
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.

But ſhe, good Goddess, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;

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Ver. 517. With that a Wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddess, which the Poet, in his Invocation, ver. 5. promiſed to ſing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former Friend,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an uſeleſs Friendſhip. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers to diſpute poſſeſſion with it.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. Loſt is his God, his Country— And nothing left but Homage to a King!] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good ſubject in a Monarchy: “Where” (ſays he) “there is no ſuch thing as love of our Country, the Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of the Prince ſupply its place.” De la Republique, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Author ſpeaks indeed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give it in his own words, “L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que comme une Chimère; l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue juſqu'à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, teint lieu de ce qu'en appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Âme et Fidélité.” Boulainvilliers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.

Ver. 528. ſtill keep the human ſhape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the ſudden plunging into pleaſures. Her's therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

Ver. 529. But ſhe, good Goddess, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures or Senſuality, till

And ſtill ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the Flatterer or Dependant paint, 535
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Intereſt her gay livery flings,
Intereſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe. 540

Others the Syrens Siſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.

Great C * *, H * *, P * *, R * *, K * *, 545
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight! 550

Leaves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

Another (for in all what can ſhine?) 555
Explains the Seve and Verduſe of the Vine.

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they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-intereſt, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the Pleaſures of Opera, and the Table. SCRIBL.

Ver. 553. The board with ſpecious Miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. Specioſa miracula (ſays he), according to Horace, were the monſtrous fables of the Cyclops, Læſtygones, Scylla, &c. What relation have theſe to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtygones ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad, is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy braſt. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in to ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before mentioned, of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay it is expreſſly ſaid, that all Fleſh is nothing in his ſight. I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a Prieſt, and ſorn after called a Sacrifice, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with Libation and Song. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly “Pigeons en crapeau” were a common diſh.

Ver. 556. Seve and Verduſe.] French Terms re-

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
 With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
 KNIGHT lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
 To three essential Partridges in one?
 Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
 Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
 The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd fort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,

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ating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

"Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
 Villandri priferait sa Seve et sa Verdeur."
 Déspreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to these Qualities in his Champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—[Hays] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, Cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of "Bladen" is a black man," is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, Wash Blackmoors white, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 567. Her children first of more distinguish'd fort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court.

Ill would that Scholast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has distinguished; or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, a Gentleman of the last Edition: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against Shakespeare, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the Tempest, hath now happily finished the Dunce's progress, in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubstreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulness of these Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a Gentle-

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
 Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
 Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rois a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
 Then blessing all, Go, Children of my care!
 To Practice now from Theory repair. 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full:
 My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

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man of the last Edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a Gentleman of the last Edition of the Dunciad. Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

"A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead."

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless Band

"Of ever-lifeless Loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend;"

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing: and so turn Wits and Critics, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a Humming-Bird or a Cockle, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons; where Taciturnity is the only essential Qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian. one a Gormogon.] A sort of Laybrothers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Masons.

Ver. 584. each Privilege your own, &c.] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace; 585
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more: 600
 And, nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for first Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND! 604
 More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
 nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?

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But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The Cap and Switch, &c.] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, John of Leyden, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knippercolling, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable footing. SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. Arachne's subtle line;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Phil. Transf.

Ver. 591. The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance, intitled, A call of Sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach Kings to fiddle,] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?] This verse is truly Homeric; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother compasses all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very

Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd:
 (St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept
 awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodd'd at the Helm:
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 615
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
 And Chiefs's Armies doz'd out the Campaign!
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
 O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620

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singular Epitaph of a Poem, to end as this does, with a Great Yawn; but we must consider it as the Yawn of a God, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a Roar; but then it is the Roar of a Lion, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and Chapels, &c.] The Progress of this Yawn, is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess: Then the Convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the Yawn; (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak;] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore beware, Reader, lest thou take this Gape for a Yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a Gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked, and despised. BENTL.

Ver. 615—618.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have short Memories,] This seems

Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong—

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Power.
She comes! she comes! the fable Throne behold
Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old! 630
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's strain, 635
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest:

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to be the reason why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii.

Πλὴν δ' ἂν αἰ μούσῃσι καὶ ἑὸν ὄμματι,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλύμπιας Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαντο—

And Virgil, *Æn.* vii.

“ Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
“ Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.”

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this Task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL.

Ver. 624. The Venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a Problem worthy the solution of Mr. Ralph and his Patron, who had lights that we know nothing of, —Which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to intrance the Dull, or to quiet the Venal. For though the Venal may be more unruly than the Dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to intrance than barely to quiet. SCRIBL.

Ver. 629. She comes! she comes! &c.] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our Poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit; since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night: 640
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Phyfic of Metaphyfic begs defence,
And Metaphyfic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires, 650
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public Flame, nor private dares to shine:
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimple divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
And universal Darkness buries All.

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the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. The fable Throne behold! The fable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the Colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the saying of Democritus. That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, He first put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,] Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other Lights, she is said only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of Religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that Morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprize such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

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